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HENRY CLAY SHELDON—THEOLOGIAN

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THIS article is not a personal eulogy; it is an historical study. Its occasion is the eightieth birthday of Methodism's most learned and most influential theologian.

Dr. Henry Clay Sheldon was born in Martinsburg, N. Y., March 12, 1845. He graduated from Yale University in 1867 and from Boston University School of Theology in 1871. During the year 1871-72 he served as supply at the Methodist church in Saint Johnsbury, Vt., and in 1872-74 was pastor at Brunswick, Maine. He was admitted into the Maine Conference on trial and also was ordained deacon in 1873, and in 1876 was ordained elder and received into full connection. In 1874-75 he studied at the University of Leipzig. On his return from Germany he became professor of historical theology in Boston University School of Theology, and held that chair for twenty years (1875-1895). He then transferred to the department of systematic theology, and occupied that position until he was granted the *emeritus* relation in 1921. For forty-six consecutive years he was thus actively engaged as a teacher of theology. This is a record unequalled by any other Methodist theological teacher with the exception of Dr. William Fairfield Warren, who, however, during most of his long career as an educator was able to devote only part of his time to the actual work of teaching because of his heavy administrative duties as Dean and President.

In its outward aspects Doctor Sheldon's life has been a comparatively uneventful one. He has not participated to any marked

extent in the councils of the church. He has not figured in the sessions of the Annual and General Conferences. With extraordinary steadiness of purpose he has devoted himself to the office of a teacher in the church. No ecclesiastical ambition has seduced him from the path of scholarly research. The lure of administrative position has made no appeal to him. Not even the excitement incident to a charge of heresy has fallen to his lot. To a very unusual degree he has escaped that curse of the scholar's life, the doing of "other things," and has been permitted to keep the even tenor of his way.

The result has been a literary output which he and the whole church may well look back upon with pride. The mere catalogue of his published works is impressive. His first work, a two-volume *History of Christian Doctrine*, appeared in 1886. This is now in its fourth edition. Next came his great five-volume *History of the Christian Church*. This and the preceding work have been widely used as textbooks. But more important still and considerably more widely used is his third great work, his *System of Christian Doctrine*, which appeared in 1903. This book is now in its tenth edition. Since 1908 it has been in our Conference Course of Study, and at a still earlier date it was introduced into the Conference Course of Study in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. These three great works cover the general field of historical and systematic theology. Having completed them Doctor Sheldon began to devote his attention to certain special problems, movements, and periods of the church's history. The results of these studies have been embodied in the following volumes: *History of Unbelief in the Nineteenth Century* (1907), *Sacerdotalism in the Nineteenth Century* (1909), *New Testament Theology* (1911), *Christian Science So-called* (1913), *A Fourfold Test of Mormonism* (1914), *Studies in Recent Adventism* (1915), *Theosophy and New Thought* (1916), *The Mystery Religions and the New Testament* (1918), *Pantheistic Dilemmas and Other Essays in Philosophy and Religion* (1920). In the meantime the demand for a more popular exposition of his system of Christian doctrine arose, and this demand was met by the publication of *The Essentials of Christianity* in 1923. In addition

to these many volumes Doctor Sheldon has written several briefer treatises, such as *Rudolf Eucken's Message to Our Age*, *Russell's Ventures in Adventism*, and an *Appendix to a Fourfold Test of Mormonism*, to say nothing of numerous articles contributed to theological magazines and to the religious press.

Such an output as this points to a life of unwearied activity. Only the most persistent industry could have made possible the publication of so many volumes, covering so wide a field. Doctor Sheldon is our *Doctor Universalis*. And it is no small testimony to the sound scholarship and permanent value of his works that they are all still in demand. So thorough, so well-balanced are they that they have a "standard" character.

But it is not simply the extent of his learning, his productivity and the general soundness and sobriety of his judgment that give to Doctor Sheldon's work its importance. What makes his work of historic significance to the church is that it marks the change from the older to the newer type of Methodist theology. No one who knows Doctor Sheldon would accuse him of being a radical. Not even the crudest theological reactionaries in our church have, so far as I know, assailed his orthodoxy. And yet it is he more than any other systematic theologian in our church who has given to our theology the stamp of what may be called "modernity." The change he introduced had no doubt been prepared for by others. His "theology," when it appeared, did not impress the church as a novelty. But it did stand in sharp contrast with all the earlier systematic treatises, so much so that Doctor Sheldon himself apparently had no idea that it would receive the kind of official recognition that has been accorded it. In 1897, when his class lectures on theology appeared in typewritten form, I urged their publication, but he met the suggestion by saying that it would be fifty years before the Methodist Episcopal Church would be ready to accept his standpoint. It turned out, however, that eleven years from that time not only was there no serious objection in the church to his theological position, but those very lectures were adopted as the textbook of theology in our Conference Course of Study. This fact might perhaps impugn any claim that Doctor Sheldon might make to being a prophet—as he himself

facetiously remarked when he was reminded of it—but it does not imply that he was mistaken in the view he held in 1897 of the marked contrast between his own type of theology and that current in the church up to that time. It is no exaggeration to say that he introduced into Methodist theology an abrupt change.

That this change did not cause any particular stir was due to a number of reasons, three of which may be briefly mentioned.

First, the earlier Methodist theology did not express the real genius of Methodism. It was not in the proper sense of the term a native growth; it was rather an exotic, transplanted from other spiritual climes. In the theological field early Methodism was not creative. It took most of its theology second-hand from others, and in it it had no immediate and profound interest. It was, for instance, over eighty years after Methodism was organized before its first "Systematic Theology" was written; and not until fifty years later was the next work of any consequence in the field published. The *Theological Institutes*, by Richard Watson, appeared in 1821-29, and the first edition of William Burt Pope's *Compendium of Christian Theology* in 1875. Both of these works display considerable learning, especially that by Pope, and both were in some respects remarkable productions. But it can hardly be said that the type of theology which they represent, and which held the field throughout the nineteenth century, stood organically related to the life and thought of the Methodist movement. Much of it was traditional in character, and sustained a purely adventitious relation to that vital experience of religion which was the basal emphasis in Methodism. Hence a change in theology did not affect the Methodist Church so seriously as it did some of the other communions.

Second, the Methodist works on systematic theology, written during the twenty-five years preceding the publication of Sheldon's *System of Christian Doctrine*, failed in a marked degree to adjust themselves to the new developments in the field of biblical criticism and of science in general. They distinctly did not keep pace with the times. This is true of Miner Raymond's *Systematic Theology* (1877), of John Miley's *Systematic Theology* (1892,

1894), and of the colossal work, entitled *Studies in Theology*, projected by Randolph S. Foster in his old age and carried through six volumes (1889-1899). Of these six volumes Bowne once said in all kindness that the pathetic thing about them was that they were obsolete before they came from the press. And the same might be said to a large extent of Raymond's and Miley's works. These scholars made no real advance beyond the theological method of Watson and Pope, and they fell noticeably behind the scientific and theological thought of their own day. They thus suffered from a double handicap. Their theology stood in no vital relation to the Methodist emphasis on religious experience, and it was out of accord with modern science. The result was that it became a burden to faith instead of a help; and hence it was with a measure of relief that the church laid it aside, as one would an outworn garment that never had been a fit, and accepted in its stead a more modern type of theology.

A third reason why the transition from Miley to Sheldon was effected with so little difficulty is found in Doctor Sheldon himself, his profound acquaintance and sympathy with historic Christianity. As professor of historical theology he had for twenty years immersed himself in the life and thought of the church. When he came, therefore, to his task as a systematic theologian, it was with a mind and heart rooted deep in Christian history. For him a disturbing radicalism was impossible. However modern he might be, he felt himself at one with the faith of the past. This feeling pervades his entire *System of Christian Doctrine*. The work is ballasted with such a profound knowledge and reverence for history that only the most recalcitrant obscurantist could have any serious doubt as to its safeness. It is this fact especially, a fact manifest in the temper as well as the content of the book, that has saved it to such a large extent from adverse criticism.

Thus far I have spoken of the transition from the older to the newer type of Methodist theology, introduced by Sheldon, without defining the nature of the change. The question now arises as to what the change consisted in. In what respects does Sheldon's theology differ from that of his Methodist predecessors? A

detailed answer to this question would call for a small volume. Here I can deal with only a few of the outstanding differences.

The first and most striking difference is found in the field of apologetics, in the method of grounding the Christian faith. The Methodist theologians from Watson to Miley and Foster were authoritarian rationalists. They based the Christian faith on the divine authority of Scripture, and this authority they believed could be established by purely rational considerations. The argument appears in its purest form in Watson, but in its substance it is repeated by the others. Watson distinguishes between "external" and "internal" evidence. The former he regards as primary and fundamental. It consists in an appeal to the fact of miracle and of prophecy. "Miracles," he says, "must be considered as the leading and absolute evidence of a revelation from God" (*Theol. Inst.*, one vol. ed., p. 55). The internal evidence, which has to do with the essential rationality and intrinsic excellence of the biblical revelation, is in itself altogether inadequate. "The reason for this," he says, "is evident. A mere impression of truth on the understanding could not by itself be distinguished from a discovery made by the human intellect, and could have no authority, as a declaration of the will of a superior, with the person receiving it; and as to others, it could only pass for the opinion of the individual who might promulge it. An authentication of a system of truth, which professes to be the will, the law of Him who, having made, has the right to command us, *external* to the matter of the doctrine itself, is therefore necessary to give it authority, and to create the obligation of obedience" (p. 41). A distinction is thus made by Watson between the truth of Scripture and its authority, and between what he elsewhere calls "rational" and "authenticating" evidence. "Rational evidence," as Raymond says, "shows reasons why the proposition is true, or why it must be true. Authenticating evidence shows reasons why we should believe it is true" (*Syst. Theol.*, I, 119). The latter type of evidence can only be found in miracle. Apart from miracles the teachings of Scripture might, says Watson, "be true, but they are not attested to be divine. We have no guaranty of their infallible truth, because our own rational powers are not infallible, nor those of the most gifted

mind" (p. 56). Hence "though the rational evidence of a doctrine lies in the doctrine itself, the rational proof of the divine authority of a doctrine must be external to the doctrine" (p. 58). But although "external to the doctrine" the authenticating evidence is rational in character. It is an appeal to the intellect. A religious teacher, says Raymond, "claims that what he says, God says; and as evidence that his claim is valid he proposed to do, and does do, what no man can do except God be with him" (I, 48). That is, he performs a miracle, and the miracle is convincing evidence of the truth and divine authority of his message. The inference from miracle to truth and authority is assumed to be logically irresistible; the human reason by its very nature acknowledges its cogency. The whole argument for Christianity thus takes the form of authoritarian rationalism.

Pope, Raymond and Miley, it is true, gave a larger place than did Watson to the self-evidencing power of faith or religious experience. But they did not make this idea an organizing principle in their theology. It remained external to their system; it did not form a structural part of it. While they conceded a certain apologetic value to religious experience, their own standpoint remained essentially rationalistic. Take, for instance, Miley's argument against the view that the Christian consciousness is a source of theology. "To assume," he says, "the religious feelings as first in order, and then to find in them the central truths of theology, is to reverse the logical and necessary order of the facts. Clearly a knowledge of the central truths of Christianity conditions the Christian consciousness and must be first in order. . . . As the Christian consciousness is thus conditioned by the possession of the central truths of Christian theology, it is impossible to deduce these truths from that consciousness. Back of these truths there is no Christian consciousness to begin with" (*Syst. Theol.* I, 21). In these statements an intellectualistic view of religion is manifestly implied. Christianity is represented as a body of doctrines rather than a unique form of experience. At least, experience is secondary; the doctrines come first, and so express the essential nature of the Christian religion.

These doctrines, it is true, are thought of as supernaturally

communicated. They did not originate in the human reason, nor do they even necessarily commend themselves to man's reason. In the latter respect a distinction was made between different doctrines of Scripture. Some of them were regarded as standing on the plane of "natural religion" and as having an adequate rational basis. To this group, according to Raymond, "belong the doctrines of the being and attributes of God, moral distinctions, the free agency, moral responsibility, and immortality of man, the fact of sin and need of salvation, probation in the life that now is, and retribution in the life to come" (I, 124). As distinguished from these doctrines, however, there are others that were regarded as the peculiar property of "revealed religion" and as completely transcending human reason. To these, says Raymond, "belong the doctrines of the trinity, divinity of Christ, the hypostatic unity, the personality and divinity of the Holy Ghost, the atonement, justification by faith only, supernatural agency in the regeneration and sanctification of the believer, the witness of the Spirit to adoption and heirship, and the resurrection of the dead" (I, 124f.). Substantially the same list appears also in Watson, except that he puts the atonement in the first group. Of the truth of the doctrines in the second group "we have," says Watson, "no evidence whatsoever" (p. 118). They are to be accepted wholly on the authority of Scripture. But this does not mean that they are in and of themselves irrational, or that it is irrational on our part to accept them. There are, we are told, adequate grounds for believing that the Bible is the Word of God; and, if it is such, its contents, no matter how much they transcend human reason, are in the very nature of the case rational. An irrational divine revelation is unthinkable. "Nothing," says Miley, "is accepted with higher reason of its truth than that which God has spoken" (I, 47). The standpoint of the earlier Methodist theologians was thus clearly and explicitly rationalistic. Their ultimate appeal was made to the theoretical reason, not to Christian experience. They thought that religious truth could be presented in the form of assent-compelling knowledge, so that even the non-religious mind would be forced to admit its logical cogency. This was the motive of the so-called "authenticating evidence," the appeal to

miracle and prophecy, as well as that of the so-called "rational evidence." Miracle was regarded as an adequate rational ground for accepting the super-rational teaching of Scripture. The entire apologetic structure thus in the last analysis rested on the non-religious reason; and in this sense the whole theological system of the earlier Methodist theologians was, as I have termed it, an authoritarian rationalism, or, what amounts to the same thing, a rationalistic authoritarianism.

When we now turn to Sheldon, we find all this changed. There is no polemic against the older view, but it is quietly set aside. We hear no more about "authenticating" as distinguished from "rational" evidence. Miracle recedes into the background. It is, we are told, "most appropriately regarded as a part of the rounded whole of revelation. Whatever it may have been to the contemporary generation, for us it is adapted to establish conviction in the biblical system only as it fulfills a function of revelation, only as it is harmoniously connected with the process of sacred history, and serves to disclose the character of God or to illustrate his redemptive purpose. Outside of this relation and office, it does not generate faith in the Bible, but rather needs an already existing faith to provide for its acceptance" (p. 118f.). Miracle thus becomes a deduction from faith rather than the ground of it. And with the adoption of this standpoint the "external evidence" of the older apologetics completely collapses. The "internal evidence" takes its place. "The proof for the Bible," says Sheldon, "lies in its contents—that is, in the spiritual wealth of the factors which it contains, and in their harmonious relation to each other—rather than in any form of external attestation" (p. 118). There is, therefore, no basis for the old distinction between the truth of Scripture and its divine authority. Apart from the convincing and convicting power of the truth it expresses, the Bible has no authority. Its authority consists in its truth. It is the truth of Scripture that proves its inspiration, not the reverse.

Such is the position adopted by Sheldon; and with it we are introduced to a new type of Methodist theology. The old rationalistic authoritarianism, with its assumption of biblical infallibil-

ity, is at an end. In its stead we have a theology that is at once more empirical and more rational, truer to the genius of Methodism and more in accord with modern science.

It is more empirical in two respects. First, unlike the older theology, it constructs its theory of inspiration in harmony with the facts instead of with an abstract ideal of perfection, and so rules out the notion of biblical inerrancy. Second, unlike the older theology, it holds that revelation not only finds its ultimate attestation in religious experience, but is also determined in its scope by its power of appeal to the human heart. Revelation is not, then, an objective entity, unrelated to experience. It is conditioned both in its nature and range by faith.

The newer theology, represented by Sheldon, is also more rational than the older in that it tends to limit revelation to the religious realm and denies to it a coercive power over the human reason. It allows to science its full rights and does not attempt in the name of religion to impose upon the modern man the imperfect scientific notions found in the Bible. Thus without being rationalistic it avoids a conflict with the theoretical reason. It does this chiefly by its freer attitude toward Scripture. The older theology was vitiated to an almost incredible degree by a false biblicism. It was led to take up irrelevant issues, wasted its strength in futile attempts to harmonize the Bible with modern science, and as a result failed to bring out, as it ought to have done, the distinctive character and true ground of the Christian faith. Faith stands in its own right; it has a reason of its own. In this sense we may, if we wish, speak of a new religious rationalism, a rationalism based on the autonomous validity of our religious nature instead of on the theoretical reason. Such a rationalism is founded on experience, and furnishes an incomparably firmer basis for the Christian faith than did the older authoritarian rationalism. Indeed, the latter has lost practically all value. It has been rendered obsolete by biblical criticism. The only fundamental and adequate apologetic is to be found in the self-evidencing power of faith. This I have sought to show at some length in my *Present Tendencies in Religious Thought*, recently published; and in developing this idea I have simply brought out the new point of

view introduced into Methodist theology by Sheldon's *System of Christian Doctrine*.

A second difference between Sheldon and the earlier Methodist theologians appears in their treatment of the doctrines of the trinity and the subject of christology. The point of special interest in this connection is the divinity of Christ. In his presentation of the evidence in support of this doctrine Sheldon marks a decided advance beyond his Methodist predecessors. The latter made a very uncritical use of Scripture, failing to discriminate between the different strata in it and citing the Old Testament almost as freely as the New. They also laid chief stress on the biblical ascription to Christ of such divine attributes as eternity, omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence, and immutability. It was his miracle-working power and his participation in the work of creation and providence rather than the ethical and spiritual quality of his life that in their opinion stamped him as divine. In Sheldon, on the other hand, the tendency is to emphasize the ideal character of Christ, his consciousness of oneness with God, his triumph over the world, his fidelity to his divine vocation, and his spiritual lordship over men. It is these qualities that stand out in the Gospel picture, and that make of Christ the true revealer of the Father and the Redeemer of the world. This line of evidence, however, does not lead Sheldon to deny value to the christological theories and affirmations that appear in the New Testament writings. He cites them and apparently accepts them as valid; but the stress falls on the facts of Christ's inner life rather than on speculations concerning his person, no matter how early they may be.

In his construction of the doctrine of the trinity Sheldon concedes a certain value to such analogies as those drawn from the different forms of mental activity, from the social implications of the ethical life, and especially from the idea of the divine immanence in us. In this respect he differs from the earlier Methodist theologians who denied all value to such analogies, and relegated "the trinity and its cognate doctrines" to the realm of absolute mystery. But while holding this view they were certain that "a Person in the Godhead continues his personality in the human

nature, which is therefore of necessity itself impersonal or without any personal existence independent of the Divine" (Pope, II, 115). This is also the position taken by Olin A. Curtis, and taken with the utmost emphasis. "All the personality," he says, "of our Lord he brought with him into human existence. He takes on an addition, a human addition, to his individuality, that is all. The mankind is ever impersonal, never anything but a lower coefficient for the abiding person of the Son of God" (*The Christian Faith*, p. 235).

In Sheldon, however, we find a different emphasis. He lays no special stress on the full personality of the preexistent Son, nor does he sacrifice the human to the divine element in Christ. He recognizes both, but if anything makes the human factor primary. He represents "the finite psychical nature in Christ" as mediating "the divine content in more or less of a partitive and successive fashion," and speaks of "the divine as fulfilling . . . the function of an oversoul uniquely related to the humanity of Christ and uniquely contributory to its furnishing for an unexampled mission" (p. 356). In these statements we manifestly have a step in the direction of an anthropocentric as distinguished from a theocentric christology, but only a step. Sheldon abides by the traditional recognition of the two natures, but he does so with so much moderation and metaphysical restraint that he may be regarded as leaving the door open to those who feel constrained to move further in the anthropocentric direction than he himself does. That there are impenetrable mysteries in the doctrines of the trinity and the person of Christ, he admits as readily as did the earlier theologians; but this, he feels, ought to make one cautious in one's metaphysical affirmations rather than the reverse. Why deepen the mystery and complicate the problem by bold assertions about the full personality of the preexistent Son and his entrance in personal fullness into human life, if the Christian faith does not require it? There are, to be sure, great religious values connected with these doctrines that must be preserved, but their preservation is not inconsistent with a large degree of metaphysical agnosticism. Sheldon rejects the thoroughgoing agnosticism of Ritschl, but he does so with no such intensity and animus

as does Curtis. "One drop of agnostic Ritschlianism," says Curtis, "one drop of even vagueness as to full selfconsciousness in the persons of the Trinity, and the ethical quality [in the death of Christ] is almost sure to vanish instantly" (p. 326). This, however, is tying up the value of Christ's redemptive work in too specific a way to metaphysics, at least for our unmetaphysical age. It is this characteristic of Curtis's theology more than anything else that accounts for its limited influence. Sheldon has been wiser, he has understood the temper of our day better; and in view of his own conservative leaning his definitions both of the trinity and the person of Christ are models of catholicity and restraint.

"Corresponding to the threefold manifestations of Father, Son and Holy Spirit," we read, "there subsist in the Godhead, in a certain logical order, eternal and necessary distinctions, which enter into the divine consciousness and determine the perfection of the divine life" (p. 227). The exact nature of these distinctions, except that they are eternal and necessary, is not stated. The one thing emphasized in the definition is that the historic manifestations of Father, Son and Holy Spirit are true manifestations of the eternal God. God, for instance, is like Christ. Then as a christological definition Sheldon gives us the following statement: "In Jesus Christ we contemplate the unique meeting-point of the human and the divine on the field of history—a being in whom the human and the divine subsist together in extraordinary and wonderful, but not unnatural, union" (p. 358). Here also we have no specific theory, but a broad and inclusive statement, within whose ample folds room is left for the anthropocentric as well as the theocentric standpoint. This is a great theological gain.

There are two other important developments in Sheldon's theology that call for consideration, but space will permit only a brief reference to them. One appears in his treatment of the atonement, and the other in his idea of the divine immanence.

The older Methodist theologians leaned either to the "satisfaction" or the "governmental" theory of the atonement. Watson and Pope were not satisfied with either, but expressed a preference for the former. Raymond rejected the "satisfaction" theory,

and expressed dissatisfaction with the "purely governmental" theory, but his own "declarative" theory was apparently only a modified form of the latter. Miley was a champion of the governmental theory, and contended that this is the true Methodist theory. Sheldon, however, rejects it, at least in the form represented by Miley. He criticizes Miley for distinguishing too sharply between God as Person and as Ruler. "There is," he says, "in truth no occasion for a disjunction between the personal and the governmental in him. In his absolute self-consistency he stands in the same identical plane as Moral Ruler and as Divine Person" (p. 400). But while rejecting the traditional governmental as well as the satisfaction theory Sheldon seems reluctant to adopt the Abeldarian or moral-influence theory, which sees in the death of Christ the supreme revelation of the love of God. He contends for "an objective element, or Godward bearing, in Christ's work"; but inasmuch as it "in no wise implies a change of attitude in time on the part of God toward the race," and as it consists simply in the demonstration "that the love which is out-poured so lavishly is still *holy* love," I cannot see that his view differs in any essential regard from the "moral theory" advocated by Bowne. It is this theory, if such it may be called, which is rapidly gaining headway in current religious thought; and Sheldon's treatment of the subject really marks the transition to it in Methodist theology.

The idea of the divine immanence, together with the personalistic idealism associated with it, stands opposed to the natural realism held by the earlier Methodist theologians. Realism affirms the extra-mental existence of the material world. However the world originated, it at present is an independent and self-running mechanism. There are thus, from the realistic standpoint, two kinds of being, one spiritual and personal, the other material and impersonal. This dualistic view of the world did not form a specific item in the older theology, but it constituted its background and virtually determined its conclusions on a number of important points. It was this realistic and dualistic philosophy that made the idea of miracle so fundamental and dominant in the older theology. For in an independent and self-running world

of nature it is only through miracle that God can make himself directly known and felt; the genuineness of the biblical revelation and the validity of Christian experience imply miracle. A sharp antithesis is thus established between the natural and supernatural; and how on this assumption to think of the divine providence, of answers to prayer, and of the relation of divine grace to human experience becomes an insoluble riddle. Confusion and obscurity in one's fundamental thinking result, and the whole theological situation is bedeviled, so that Curtis was hardly exaggerating when he referred to the crude philosophical realism of Wesley as an "unspeakable curse." Yet it was this type of thought that formed the philosophical background of all the earlier Methodist theologians. Not even Foster transcended it. It was Sheldon who first introduced into Methodist systematic theology the idealistic viewpoint with its conception of the divine immanence. This carried with it a new conception of miracle, of the natural and supernatural, of revelation and inspiration, of Christian experience, and of the general relation of God to the world, and in so doing removed to a large extent the intellectual scandal involved in the old conflict between science and theology. In this philosophical background of his thinking is to be found perhaps as important an aspect of Sheldon's theology as any, though it does not obtrude itself in the pages of his *System of Christian Doctrine*.

In the light of the foregoing facts it is evident how significant historically Doctor Sheldon's work has been. And this raises the question as to the special influences to which the new factors in his theology were due. There was, of course, the general development of philosophical and theological thought; but more particularly three influences may be specified. The first came from William Fairfield Warren, to whose wisdom and vision and scholarly ideals not only theological education but higher education in general in the Methodist Church owes more than to any other man. It was from him that Doctor Sheldon received his introduction to systematic theology. This preliminary course as "a specimen of sané liberality" set his feet in the path of progressive theological thought.

The second influence came from Borden Parker Bowne, the greatest thinker Methodism has produced. How far-reaching and significant the contributions of this distinguished philosopher to Methodist thought have been, only the future will reveal. One need but mention the names of Francis J. McConnell, Olin A. Curtis, and a score of other leaders and teachers in the church, to indicate something of the greatness of his influence. "From this source," says Doctor Sheldon in a personal letter, "I gained very valuable suggestions and a degree of confidence in dealing with fundamental questions that was distinctly helpful."

The third influence was that of German theology and philosophy. This was mediated to some extent by the work of Warren and Bowne, but Doctor Sheldon came into direct contact with it through his residence in Germany and a thorough first-hand study of the German theologians and philosophers. The influence from this source was varied in character. Perhaps that from the so-called Mediation School, represented by such men as Dörner and Rothe, was the most pronounced. But these men were to no small extent the heirs of Schleiermacher, and to him and that other great empirical theologian, Albrecht Ritschl, Doctor Sheldon also owed much, both directly and indirectly. Schleiermacher and Ritschl took the empirical principle implicit in Methodism and gave to it the most thorough theological development it has yet received. Their conclusions differ in many respects from our traditional theology, but in their fundamental thinking they stood far closer to the true genius of Methodism than did the earlier Methodist theologians; and that Doctor Sheldon has to a considerable degree incorporated their standpoint in his theology is one of the permanent debts we owe him.

It was not, however, simply external influences that shaped Doctor Sheldon's thinking. His theology was his own creation, the work of an indefatigable student and an independent thinker. It is not going too far to say that with the possible exception of Pope he was the first thoroughly equipped theologian that Methodism has produced. Miley had extensive learning, but he came to his special task too late in life to work out a harmonious and consistent system or even to keep abreast of the thought of his day.

The same was true of Raymond. Both of these men had passed middle life before they became teachers of theology. Raymond was fifty-three years of age when in 1864 he became Professor of Systematic Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, and Miley was almost sixty when in 1873 he was called to the same chair in Drew Theological Seminary. This fact, I have no doubt, accounts in no small degree for the theological backwardness of American Methodism during the last three decades of the past century. Of the other theologians Watson and Foster were too deeply engrossed in other tasks to be scholars in the proper sense of the term. Pope was forty-five years of age when in 1867 he became a teacher of theology in Didsbury College, having before that time spent twenty-five years in the pastorate. But he had as a preacher been a diligent student of theology and was a man of encyclopedic information. He lacked, however, architectonic ability. He was unable to unify and systematize his material. His *Compendium of Christian Theology* gives the impression of being a mosaic rather than an organic whole. So, if we take into account constructive ability as well as learning, Doctor Sheldon, in my opinion, was the first Methodist scholar to measure up to the full requirements of what a theologian should be. Certainly he has met these requirements far more completely than any of his predecessors; and he has done so because with him theology has been a life-task.

Methodism in the past has been too much inclined to look upon theology as a kind of ecclesiastical accessory, necessary perhaps as an adjunct to church activity, but not an essential part of it. The result has been that she has not made adequate provision for the theological training of her ministers, nor has she given adequate encouragement to thorough and original investigation in the field of theology. We have been too complacent in our attitude to our own theology; we have prided ourselves as being "preachable" or we have tacitly expressed ourselves as being contented with it by taking an indifferent attitude toward theology in general. We have not as a church come to grips with the theological problem as we ought and as we must do, if we are to fulfill our mission in this day and particularly in the day to

come. We have been too passive in matters theological, we have accepted too readily leadership from without. For this there no doubt have been historical and perhaps adequate reasons. But a new responsibility for educational work now rests upon our church, a responsibility that she dare not and, I believe, will not shirk. We need to be more creative than we have been in the field of religious thought, we need to construct our theology more in harmony with the distinctive nature and major emphases of the religious movement that we represent. But this we can do only as we throw more of our resources and more of our energy into theological education. We need to make provision for a larger number of such careers as that of Doctor Sheldon. He stands out to-day as a shining example of the immense service that can be rendered the church by a lifetime of devotion to theological scholarship.

This article has dealt almost exclusively with Doctor Sheldon as a theologian; but it ought not to close without a word of a more personal character. Modest and retiring in nature, he has not obtruded himself upon public attention. To an extraordinary degree he has been a devotee of his life-work; but this does not mean that the man has been lost in the scholar. Not loquacious or communicative by nature, he has nevertheless always stood in an approachable, friendly and helpful relation to his students. Not only have they admired him for his learning and respected him for his ability, but they have had an equal confidence in him as a man. Without a trace of affectation, with perfect simplicity and candor he always met their problems sympathetically, and they in turn have freely accorded him a full measure of their affection and esteem. To-day they are scattered the world over, and there is not one of them that does not in his heart thank God that it was his privilege to sit at the feet of "Uncle Henry."

SARTOR RESARTUS

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IN Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, Milton, a newcomer in the glen of Drumtochty, offers Archibald MacKittrick, the mail carrier, commonly known as Posty, a booklet oozing with a watery piosity. Posty refuses it on the grounds that "such bookies hae nae logic for an able-bodied man." Besides, he has just borrowed Jamie Soutar's copy of Carlyle's *French Revolution*. Then, with the characteristic perspicuity of his race, he adds a few words of constructive literary criticism: "A han' na muckle time for readin' and Tammus Carlyle's a stiff body, but his buks are graund feedin'."

Carlyle was not a dispenser of literary sawdust. Neither does he provide milk for babes. Upon his pages we find meat for strong men. *Sartor Resartus* is anything but a substitute for an after dinner nap or a game of dominoes. Dr. John Kelman does not in the least exaggerate when he says: "Without some knowledge of Sartor it is impossible to understand any serious book that has been written since it appeared." It would, perhaps, not be a transgression of the strictest laws of truthfulness to say that no book which has been published in the English language within the past two centuries has been such a potent force in dominating the spiritual life of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

This world-shaking volume was born in obscurity and cradled in ignominy. From 1828 to 1834 Thomas Carlyle and his brilliant wife found their home upon the lonely hill farm of Craigenputtock, "the hill of the hawks," sixteen miles from the post office. Emerson, who in August, 1833, journeyed out across the moors, "in search of a wise man," says, "I found the house amid desolate heathery hills where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." It was here that Carlyle grew to his full mental stature and first wrote his name upon the pages of the intellectual and spiritual history of his generation. From the old stone house

upon the moor came words which still make a mighty impact upon the mind and heart of man. In these days as Germany emerges from an abject degradation and a moral bankruptcy it is only fair for us to remember that England's spiritual renaissance in the nineteenth century was due to lessons which she learned from the land of Luther and Goethe. Carlyle was saturated with the best in German literature and was by no means unacquainted with the fundamental teachings of the Teutonic philosophers. Therefore his masterpiece must be studied against the background of Germanic thought. The Germany which kindled the genius of the stormy-souled Scot was a land of passionate idealisms, untainted by the lust of empire, and a teacher of the teachers of mankind. But when all is said, *Sartor Resartus* is primarily the spiritual autobiography of Thomas Carlyle. It represents the quintessence of what life had taught him during the first thirty-five years of his residence upon this planet.

The prophet of Craigenputtock most certainly did not, like Byron, awake in a night and find himself famous. When the work was completed, its author submitted it to three publishers, who were unanimous in refusing to have anything to do with it. Eventually, in 1833, it found a refuge in Fraser's magazine, in which it appeared in eight installments, published with reluctance and paid for at half price. The readers of this publication, as far as their reactions were made known, were the exact opposite of being enthusiastic over what is possibly the finest prose poem in the English language. "Stop that stuff or stop my paper," was the order of one subscriber. Another cried, "When is that stupid series of articles by the crazy tailor going to end?" One critic pronounced it "a heap of clotted nonsense." In those days there were only two men so poor as to do the work reverence. One was a Catholic priest of Cork, a Father O'Shea. The other was Carlyle's American friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Not for five years could there be found an English publisher who had the audacity to produce it in book form, the first separate edition appearing in America in 1838. This in brief is the beginning of what Carlyle himself has termed "the beggarly history of poor Sartor."

No modern reader will have any particular difficulty in

understanding why the English public of the eighteen thirties did not know exactly what to make of *Sartor Resartus*. Not least among these reasons is the fact that in the whole range of English literature, no other work is written in such a markedly individualistic style. Carlyle is describing his own style when he says: "On the whole Professor Teufelsdröck is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences perhaps not more than nine tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of dashes and parentheses and dashes), and ever with this or that tagrag hanging from them; a few even sprawling out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered." Naturally the readers who rhapsodized over Macaulay's stately staccato found little music in the roaring of the thunder. Yet Carlyle's style has the merits of its qualities. He was a master of words. His sentences thrill with life. His diction is passionate, tender, denunciatory, grotesque, idyllic, tempestuous and majestic. It sweeps on with the rush of a mighty river, now dashing through the mountain's rock-girt passes and now, willow-bordered, gently gliding through daisy-pied meadows. In sincere writing the style is the man. The style of *Sartor Resartus* is Thomas Carlyle.

The book, which professes to be the biography of Diogenes Teufelsdröck, a professor of generality of things in general, in the University of "One Knows Not Where," is really the story of the spiritual pilgrimage of Thomas Carlyle, of his journey from the Cimmerian valleys of doubt and despair to the sunlit hills of affirmation and hope. The title, "The Tailor Repatched," is suggested by Carlyle's having had such close affinity with the great and terrible Dean of Saint Patrick's that in his college days he was nicknamed "Jonathan," on account of his exceptional command of the vocabulary of vituperation. In *The Tale of a Tub* Swift speaks of the universe as a large suit of clothes which invests everything. The relation of a "philosophy of clothes" to a discussion of spiritual fundamentals is the key to an approximately correct understanding of the vital truths of the volume. Carlyle, influenced by the transcendental philosophy of the generation, had a dominating sense of the importance of Ideas as contrasted

with Things. He thought of all the external, the machinery and convention and ceremony of life as Clothing. Constitutions, Traditions, Creeds, all of the visible expressions of the soul of man are garments which clothe the invisible. Richard Garnett has said that the work is a "book spun from a single metaphor." In Goethe's *Faust* the Earth-spirit names this solid-seeming world "the living garment of God." The inner meaning of *Sartor Resartus* is that man and society are but vestures and symbols, that the fundamental realities are spiritual, that it is the letter which killeth, but the spirit which giveth life.

The second part of the book is entirely biographical. The heights of spiritual achievement are not easily scaled. Man must climb over delusive appearance to reality. This is the central idea of Carlyle's story of the life of Teufelsdröck. For this hypothetical German scholar the curtain of the drama is raised in the little orchard-embowered village of Entepfuhl, where his foster parents, Andreas Futteral and his wife, dwelt "in seclusion and cheerful though now verging towards old age." The chapter entitled "Idyllic" thrills with the tragic poetry of the expanding life. "The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity and knows not what we mean by Time: as yet Time is no fast hurrying stream, but a sportful sunlit ocean; years to the child are as ages. Ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower, or that slower or quicker decay and ceaseless down-rushing of the universal world-fabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is yet unknown; and in a motionless Universe we taste, what afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long rough journey is at hand. A little while, and thou too shalt sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; thou too with old Arnould, wilt have to say in stern patience: 'Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?'"

Carlyle is a prose Rembrandt. The reading of some of these biographical pages is like passing through a richly hung gallery. We see the little boy upon the orchard wall eating his supper of bread crumbs boiled in milk, looking at the western mountains and "those hues of gold and azure, that hush of the world's expect-

tation as day died." Or perhaps he is listening to the fathers of the hamlet talking under "the brave old linden" while the wearied laborers reclined and the unwearied children sported in the glory of the summer twilight "when the sun like a Proud Conqueror and Imperial Taskmaster turned with his gold and purple emblazonry, and all his fireclad bodyguard of prismatic colors." Upon these pages we have delineated the expanding of the soul. To the little boy, the auroral light of dawn does not entirely vanish as he journeys farther from the east. He hears the ponderous stage-coach, slow-rolling under its mountain of men and luggage, go northward through the village in the silence of the dead of night: then into his mind comes the far-reaching thought that "any road, even this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the world." But still existence is a bright element of joy; out of which, as in Prospero's island, wonder after wonder bodied itself forth to teach by charming.

Sometimes the dramatic power of the artist is so great that we really think, not of Carlyle, but of Teufelsdröck, but after all Entepfuhl is the little lowland Scottish village of Ecclefechan and the home of the youthful Diogenes is the cottage of the pious, keen-minded, pithy-speaking, hard-fisted, forthright Puritan, James Carlyle, who was his son's first and most potent teacher. Carlyle, it must be remembered, was a product of a Puritan home. But in such a rigorous, frugal, solitary, repressed environment was nourished the seed from which grew noble fruit. He learned the lessons of obedience and reverence and sincerity, without which there can be no genuine moral education. He was taught that tinsel is tinsel, call it gold who may. It was another lowland Scot who told the world that

The rank is but the Guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

In reechoing and spiritualizing this truth, Carlyle was not uttering empty words: "Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in heaven and in man; or a duke's son that only knew there were two and thirty quarters on the family coach?"

After the joyful, lyrical years by the fireside of home come Teufelsdröck's gymnastic and academic years. Carlyle calls the Annan Academy, which he entered in his tenth year, "The Hinterschlag Gymnasium," and says that with his first view of it "his evil days began." The young barbarians with whom he was associated, persecuted him. He refers to his teachers as "hide-bound pedants without knowledge of man's nature or boys; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account books." After this came the University, which, in Carlyle's own experience, was Edinburgh. His alma mater he pillories in these words: "It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered Universities." Perhaps one other quotation should be given here as an evidence of the disappointment of these sterile days: "The hungry young," he says, 'looked up to their spiritual nurses; and for food, were bidden eat the east-wind.' What vain jargon of controversial Metaphysic, Etymology and mechanical Manipulation falsely named Science was current there, I indeed learned, better perhaps than the most. Among eleven hundred Christian youths there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated; by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting (*renommieren*) than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do." He admits that in this small, badly selected library he laid the foundations of a literary life but complains that his whole universe, physical and spiritual, was a machine. The cold formalism of the eighteenth century was still casting its shadows upon the intellectual life of Scotland. The young man in the university was called to grope his way, without a guide, through the cypress-shaded valleys of doubt and hopelessness. His early heaven and simple faith no longer sufficed. He began to mistake "God's fair living world for a pallid, vacant Hades." But although the fires of faith burned low, there were still sparks among the ashes. Not yet had doubt darkened into unbelief.

In the years following the rosy dawn of romance for a little while gilds his sky and then again come the leaden clouds of hopelessness. Conscious of genius, he can find no way to earn his

bread. The world with its multifarious activities has no place for him. This phase of the life of the German professor is, like most of the biographical parts of the volume, most palpably autobiographical. It took Carlyle a long time to find himself. At twenty-five Macaulay wrote his essay on Milton and won immediate popularity, wealth and fame. At forty, Carlyle was only beginning to emerge from obscurity. But *Sartor Resartus* is not a mere chronicle of externals. It has to do with battles fought in the human soul. The work is divided into three books. It is, perhaps, in the second book that we come into the closest contact with the deeper aspects of life. Three of the chapters in this section of the work, "The Everlasting No," "Center of Indifference," and "The Everlasting Yea," constitute a noble chronicle of the victory of a soul over unbelief and despair. In "The Everlasting No" there is depicted the utter hopelessness of a life from which almost every vestige of faith has departed. The mechanical deism of the intellectuals of the eighteenth century had taken away his God. He exclaims, "Is there no God, then; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his Universe and seeing it go?" To him, this godless universe seemed to roll on, "void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility; a huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, or a vast, solitary Golgotha and Mill of Death." He is only saved from suicide by a certain afterglow of Christianity. No longer is the religion of his fathers a real credo, but it is a set of associations and sentiments of tremendous power. It is the slight anchor which amid the perils of a wild sea saves him from destruction. He lived in continual, indefinite, pining fear. But fundamentally, Teufelsdröck is no whimpering, tremulous coward. There is iron in his being. Fear gives place to defiance. To himself he says: "What art thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable bi-ped! what is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death and say the pangs of Tophet, too, and all that the devil and man may, will or can do against thee! Hast thou not a heart; canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be; and as a child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet

itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet it and defy it!" This was at least a mile-stone upon the path to victory. It is the exact life philosophy expressed in Henley's lines of ringing militancy:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

This grim-eyed, hopeless stoicism is far from being an ideal attitude toward life, but it is at all events better than the poignant misery of utter despair.

Then comes "The Center of Indifference," a point of danger in any life. The great tragedies of existence come not from denying or assailing spiritual truths but rather from ignoring them. Paganism in the modern world is a spirit of absolute unconcern in regard to the unseen realities. But Teufelsdröck still followed the gleam. With him indifference meant not spiritual atrophy but a looking out from self. He now became

"... a name
For always roaming with a hungry heart."

Towns and cities, farms and factories, governments and armies, all phases of the passing drama that we call life, now became food for his soul. A zest for knowledge drove him. He learned to interpret the mighty lessons of history. Books unrolled their mysteries before him. "Experience," he says, "is the grand spirit-

ual doctor." His heart, for awhile, became quiet, but he had not yet hurled his burden from him. His hands were loosening but still he was not free. He was not satisfied to be a spiritual connoisseur. The world to him must be more than a spectacle. Still he was a "fugitive and a wanderer," a traveler without a destination. There were still spiritual mountains which he must climb. But no man can journey from the Negative Pole to the Positive without passing through "The Center of Indifference."

In the triumphant life, after the Center of Indifference, is the Everlasting Yea. "Temptations in the Wilderness!" exclaims Teufelsdröck: "Have we not all been tried with such? Not so easily can the old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our life is compassed around with necessity; yet the meaning of life itself is no other than freedom from Voluntary Force: thus have we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *WORK THOU IN WELL-DOING*, lies mysteriously written in Promethean Characters, in our hearts; and leaves no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve—must not there be a confusion, a contest, before the better influence can become the upper? Our Wilderness is the wide World of an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left." Professor James has given us the essence of a thousand volumes in the phrase: "Pool your mysteries in freedom." In the fact that to groping finite man has been given the power of self-determination lies the explanation of more than one of the abysmal mysteries of existence. It is not through metaphysics but through action that one masters the vital truths of living. It was the stress of the moral conflict, the battle between the clay and the spirit, that helped Carlyle to free himself from the baneful obsession that all was vanity.

But more than this, he now began to hear the "still, sad music

of humanity." As he walked the castled hills of Edinburgh and looked down upon the packed streets, with their abodes of generations of hopeless poverty, his heart pulsed with a genuine sympathy for "poor, wandering, wayward man." He then loses sight of his own woes in the sorrows of mankind. The first step toward "The Everlasting Yea" is annihilation of self. Goethe had taught him at least this truth. But will this self-repression bring happiness? No. "Happiness to be got must be forgot." He who seeks it does not find it. How then is man to attain happiness? Carlyle here makes no attempt to unravel the knot and use his sharp sword to a decided purpose: "Foolish Soul! What Act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be happy? A little while ago thou hadst no right to be at all. What if thou wert born and predestined not to be happy, but to be unhappy. Art thou nothing other than a vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to eat? and shrieking dolefully if enough is not given thee? Close thy Byron; Open thy Goethe."

"Es leuchtet mir ein, I see a glimpse of it," cries he elsewhere: "There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness and instead thereof find Blessedness. . . . On the roaring bosom of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him." The turning aside from the seeking of mere pleasure and the striving for the attainment of the highest spiritual gifts finally brings the pilgrim of the soul to the sun-crowned heights of the Everlasting Yea.

Professor MacMechan, one of the comparatively few editors of *Sartor Resartus*, says that the simplest interpretation of this passage is "that Teufelsdröck after a period of unbelief turns again wistfully to the faith of his childhood." This comment, however, is to be accepted with a few reservations. Carlyle himself naturally never returned to the faith of his fathers, if we measure his creed in terms of logic. But for all practical purposes he was an eighteenth century Calvinist. Sentiment is possibly a more potent factor in the life of most men than logic.

Such was certainly the case with Carlyle. On some occasions Carlyle was a severe critic of Christianity, but the most dominant and vital part of his teaching consisted of those truths with which he had been indoctrinated in the days of his youth in the Annandale farmhouse. The same distinguished authority whom I have just quoted goes on to say: "I have no wish to assail Carlyle's reputation for heterodoxy, but I fear that he cannot be defended from the charge of preaching Theism, in *Sartor*, at least. He either means by God much that his old mother meant, as indeed he continually assured her, or he means nothing."

The victory, however, was not yet won. How was he to combine his stronger faith with the concrete problems of existence? How was he to adjust his firmly based, towering ideals to the harsh facts of an exceedingly unideal world? Here again Goethe is his teacher. It did not take the man who was saturated with the teachings of the Weimar sage long to grasp the truth that the ideal is to be found in the realm of the actual; that man's fundamental task is to know his duty and do it. Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus* especially, preaches this very same gospel and with even greater emphasis and power than did the German seer. Because, unlike Goethe, he lived it. He says: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty. Thy second duty will already have become clearer. Fool! the ideal is in thyself, the impediment, too, is in thyself: thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape the same ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou givest it be heroic, or poetic? O thou that pinest in the prison of the actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see. . . . Produce! Produce! Were it but the infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh, wherein no man can work." Carlyle's spiritual metamorphosis was a transferring of emphasis from the emotional and the theoretical to the practical.

Perhaps the most fundamental chapter in the book is "The Natural Supernaturalism," which has been characterized as the "most potent chapter in nineteenth century literature." Carlyle was not a metaphysician but a prophet, yet through his contact with Goethe he was indoctrinated with the Kantian transcendental philosophy of the preceding century. Neither was he entirely unlearned in the teachings of the philosophers themselves. It is entirely probable that Fichte had considerable direct influence upon him. Perhaps he had not worked out a metaphysic in all of its minutiae, but basically he was an idealist of the idealists. He believed and taught many in many ways that fundamental reality is spiritual. Here is a thought which brings us near indeed to the center of the teachings of the Annandale prophet: "Thus like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are leveled and her seas filled up in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God.

We are such stuff
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep!

In "The Glass of Fashion," "The Gentleman with the Duster" complains of the sodden materialism of modern England. If this is true, there is nothing that the generation of to-day needs more than the gospel of "The Natural Supernaturalism."

Other passages of surpassing power must be ignored here. The consummate and Doré-like description of old Teufelsdröck in his tower while below are the joyful and the sorrowful, men dying and men being born, men praying and on the other side of a brick partition men cursing, with the vast, void night around them all, is not easy to forget. We see the lights of gay mansions "with supper rooms and dancing rooms," full of light and music

and high swelling hearts, and the Condemned Cells where the pulse of life beats tremulously and faint, and blood-shot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. We see them all heaped and huddled together, crammed like salted fish in their barrel or weltering like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling together to get its head above the others. And then we hear the calm words of Teufelsdröck: "But I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars."

In addition, to deal with Sartor and fail to notice its mighty social implications, would be following those who would produce Hamlet the play without Hamlet the man. Carlyle's book upon "the philosophy of clothes" is full of social dynamite. Ruskin, than whom no man ever glowed with a nobler and more unselfish social passion, said that Carlyle in three books, *Past and Present*, *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, and *Sartor Resartus*, had said all that needed to be said upon the subject of social and political reform. From the very first Carlyle was proudly interested in the practical, economic problems of his day. His unceasing emphasis of the true worth of a man not being determined by his garb, his wealth or his standing in society could not be divorced from the problems of politics or of industry. But it is in *Past and Present*, a book by far too vital and prophetic to be allowed to lie in innocuous desuetude upon the shelves of any forward-looking, humanity-loving reader of good books, that we find the essence of what might be termed Carlyle's social message. *Sartor Resartus*, like Emerson's "Nature," is a synthesis of most of the thoughts which its author amplified in his later books. But it is not without its passages of tremendous social import, paragraphs which could have come from no other pen than that of the seer of Craigenputtock. In the chapter entitled "Helotage" there are words which find possible even more of a response to-day than they did when they first appeared, almost a century ago: "It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor: we must all toil or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary;

but for him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy Heaven of rest envelops, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two specters, Fear and Indignation bear him company. . . . That one man should die ignorant who has capacity for knowledge, this I call tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times the minute, as by some computations it does."

English literature has run its course for approximately twelve centuries, but almost a thousand years passed before its spirit became essentially democratic. Even Shakespeare, born of the English yeomanry, was, extrinsically at least, an aristocrat. In his plays the peasant is a clown, in every sense of the word. It was not until the days of romanticism in the eighteenth century that there was sounded in English literature the deeper note of humanity. But with a few notable exceptions the first poems permeated with the broader sympathy were the work of men who had never experienced the pangs of poverty or the bitterness of hopeless toil. Wandering in the softened twilight of the little churchyard at Stoke Pogis, with the graves of the rude forefathers of the hamlet around him, Thomas Gray could grow melancholy over "the short and simple annals of the poor." But he was not one of them. Even Goldsmith was not of the peasantry. His father was the country preacher of *The Deserted Village*.

A man he was to all the country dear
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

And in these days forty pounds a year in "Sweet Auburn" represented a no small degree of affluence. But with Robert Burns, the British cotter himself sang of life's natural sorrows, losses and pains. Burns could speak for those who for centuries had walked the thorny road of poverty. He was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. It was from the same lowland cotter stalk that Thomas Carlyle came. His family tree was a little bush but no man was prouder of his lineage. Carlyle had not only pride of worth but pride of race, pride in the clan from which

he had sprung, a family whom a neighboring Scot characterized as "pithy, bitter-speaking bodies and awfu' fighters." The social philosophy of Sartor is dominated by the stiff-necked, earnest, independent, aspiring idealism of the moorland peasant. In one of his noblest passages he glorifies "the nobility of labor—the long pedigree of toil." But even here his dominant spirituality asserts itself. He not only honors the toil-worn craftsman, but also him who labors for "the spiritually indispensable"—"the bread of life," and rises to heights of poetic truth and beauty when he says: "If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These two, in all their degrees I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth. . . . Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of Heaven spring from the humblest depth of earth, like a light shining in great darkness."

In closing this necessarily inadequate discussion of an epoch-making, tradition-defying book we go back again to its fundamental idea—the world in clothes. Our subtly spun creeds, most sacred traditions, our little systems that have their day and cease to be, are but vestures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are, Teufelsdröck tells us, "Church clothes, spun and woven by society." They wax old as doth a garment, but throughout the vanishing generations man's soul and his God standeth sure. *Sartor Resartus* is fundamentally an iteration of the mighty truth sung by poet, proclaimed by prophet, lived by saint, the truth of the primacy of the spiritual. Such a message is not for one age but for all times.

In 1873 Matthew Arnold decided to cross the ocean and lecture to the sons and daughters of our modern Philistia. His visit is an interesting minor episode of our literary history and was not unbeneficial either to Arnold or the American people. One of the results of this trip was his lecture on Emerson with its beautiful, impressive exordium. He begins by saying: "Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in

the air there which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him forever." Then he goes on to speak of the entrancing voice of Newman, of the "clear and pure voice" of Emerson as it came across the Atlantic, of the greatest voice of the century, that of Goethe, and not least, "There was the puissant voice of Carlyle; so sorely strained, over-used and misused since, but then fresh comparatively toward England that no other man has been and done like you." But more than an eleventh chapter of Hebrews would be needed to chronicle the names of those who looked to Carlyle to awaken and to enlighten them, to deliver them from the body of this death. And the Carlyle whose voice awoke and inspired and spiritualized the young life of a century ago was not the Carlyle of Frederick the Great, the tragic mistake of his life's afternoon, but the Carlyle of *Sartor Resartus*, the book within whose chaotic pages we find the essence of the truth which for more than a half century he proclaimed to those having ears to hear.

To speak of *Sartor Resartus* is not to wander among the ruins of an outworn and forgotten past. To call the essential part of its teaching modern would be a worthless attempt at banal patronizing. It is not modern but timeless. And if the day ever comes when the timely blinds us to the timeless, then will the hungry sheep look upon and be not fed, the voice of the prophet be heard no more in the land, and those truths which never can be proved will but faintly glimmer through the dream of things that were like the deserted altar fires of a forsaken faith. Forbid that we should steal the funeral lamps from the old prophets "to light the martyr fagots round the prophets of to-day." Yet not to every age are vouchsafed souls pregnant with the pure prophetic fire. Still in the life of man is fought the eternal battle between the clay and the spirit. And in *Sartor* there is that which helps him to stand more firmly and to better fight the good fight of faith.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CROSS

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THE cross is the unfailing symbol of the Christian church everywhere. While in certain branches of the church and at certain seasons the cross is more prominent, in no group and at no time are the cross and Christianity ever disassociated. Is their association a chance quirk in the channel of history that was later incorporated into the ends of an ambitious church organization? In short, is the cross germane to the essential spirit of the Christian religion? Is it true that this association points to a real unity, and that each is a living commentary upon the other? Many men have thought that such is the case. In times past men have insisted that the cross is the most adequate symbol of that type of experience which is central in Christianity. And so some have held that the only way to approach the holy of holies of the Christian faith is by the cross experience. Conversely, they say that Christianity has taken a crude cross, formerly a sign of disgrace and of heartless cruelty, and made it into an immortal symbol of an experience in which God and man are pledged to unfailing friendship and mutual devotion.

To the apostle Paul belongs the honor among interpreters of having first insisted upon the organic unity of Christianity and the cross. For in defending his ministry in the little community at Corinth he selected the theme of his apology: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." In our day, many good people do not like to hear the story of Calvary's cross. The story is gruesome, and there is reason why some persons whose devotion to Christ is unquestioned prefer not to recall it. At least, some Christians prefer not to recall that event after the usual fashion. To them there seems to be an unhealthy emphasis in our wonted type of sermon, song, and story. It is not for us to sit in judgment upon these persons. I want only to suggest that the story of the cross and the message

of the cross are two very different considerations. The former concerns the description of an event, the latter has the task of the correct interpretation of it. It is possible to be more or less familiar with even the details of the story of that cross of Calvary's fame, and yet be a stranger to its message. Historical Christianity gives incontrovertible evidence of this fact. The church has been right in insisting that Calvary's cross is primary to the understanding of the Christian religion. The church has been wrong in focussing attention upon the story of the cross even to the extent of a morbid iteration of minutiae, and a resultant neglect of its message. That mistake consists essentially in separating the life of Christ from the death of Christ, and then in interpreting the death of Jesus in the shadow-light of analogies that have little of significant relation with it. In this faulty interpretation three types of analogy have been prominent. Religionists have harked back to the ancient institution of sacrifice, and so have told us that Christ's death is an "atoning sacrifice" in our behalf; he was "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Alongside the Father of Jesus there is enthroned another Deity who gave literally his "only Son, Jesus Christ, to suffer death upon the cross for our redemption; who made there, by his oblation of himself once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world." Generations have sung:

"Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed."

Or with a more literal deference to the scape-goat idea:

"When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God."

Of recent date a bishop writes: "The crucifixion is the reddest rose of tragedy that ever blossomed upon the thorny stem of human history; and yet it passes out of the realm of tragedy and beyond the accident of human agency into the currents of the

divine order, moving from eternity. Christ was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The human participation has its place, in the order of its consciousness, with the immemorial sins of men. . . . But the sacrificial suffering and the everlasting covenant of blood in the crucifixion stand in relation to the counsels of the Most High. The quality of suffering expressed in the spiritual life of the universe is not only the measure of an office of healing to the uttermost, but is the interpretation of Godhood to itself."

As if to vary the figure, the institution of slavery was appropriated as a ready vehicle of the significance of the death of Jesus. Man is bound in the slavery of sin. Only Christ's death could set him free. Hence all the variations upon the theme of the death of Jesus as the "purchase price of our redemption." Salvation is a simple affair, "'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid." The transaction is most direct and complete:

"Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified:
Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

To some the barter idea brings unqualified assurance:

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made."

Again, a church into which much of the legalism of the Roman world had come interpreted the death of Christ in the language of the courtroom. Man transgressed, either consciously or in Adam, the laws of an infinite God. The justice of God demands infinite satisfaction for this affront to his majesty. But man is unable, finite creature that he is, to afford satisfaction of divine justice. Christ, the sinless Son of an infinite God, alone could repair the effrontery of man's transgression. Christ offered

himself as a substitute. Under the constraint of his own mercy, God modified his justice and accepted Christ's death as a substitute in discharging the penalty due to sinful man under the terms of divine justice. That God accepted this substitute is a victory of divine mercy over his justice.

"In perfect love he dies;
For me he dies, for me:
O all-atoning sacrifice,
I cling by faith to thee.

"In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own."

Plainly, such analogies malign the character of God revealed by Jesus Christ; they are contrary in spirit to the figure constantly employed by Jesus. According to him, God is our Father and men are children in his family. The relationship of God and man is most adequately expressed in the ideal home. Is it not time to do two things? First, let blasphemous analogies perish through disuse. Secondly, let us retrieve the blunder which separated the life and death of Jesus. They are organic parts of a whole; each is a living commentary upon the other. Neither can be understood apart from the other. Especially, the only way to interpret the death of Jesus correctly is in the white light of the life he lived; the only way to the understanding of Calvary is to walk through Galilee.

In the light of Galilee, Calvary discloses the eternal and uncompromising antagonism of sin and love. There we see sin and love at strangle-hold, a climactic presentation of the enmity that always divides them. These twain cannot live at peace in the same world. That is the message of the cross. It takes Calvary's cross to tell the whole truth about the power of sin in human life; only Calvary with its cross can tell the whole truth about the majestic power of love in human life. Only Jesus on the cross can reveal the utter hopelessness of their reconciliation. One must give way before hostilities can cease and peace come as a permanent boon to humankind. Our world needs to understand

that message, and Calvary is our schoolmaster here. Was it this insight that brought the apostle to preach, "Jesus Christ and him crucified," as the inevitable message for Corinth? Corinth was a sin-ridden city, and there was life in Corinth which love was trying to save. For lack of knowledge of the whole truth about sin and love in human life men perished in that city, and they still perish throughout the world for the same reason. After all, this is only blighting ignorance. Still men are victims of the delusion that they can reap the luscious fruits of sin and avoid its uncanny consequences. Only a minor part of its outworking is open to our view; we see it piecemeal. We turn in disgust and dismay from the brutalities of sin as that story is told in current reading. Scarcely do we realize that we observe only the surface lines of its train. The terrible fact that sin is primarily treachery against love escapes us. Men reckon not with the subtlety of sin; the blackness of it is hidden from public gaze. Hence the opinion is common: If immoral living does not bankrupt a business, scandalize a home, incur social ostracism, disintegrate the mind to a marked degree, or cause bodies to be halt and maimed and blind—sinning is not half bad. The consequences we anticipate are upon the circumference. The deeper and more menacing half escapes notice until we walk into the innermost citadel of a human life and discover that a kind of creeping paralysis of soul has accomplished its deadly work upon the organs of a man's spiritual vision. Behold now love poisoned in its every adventure. Watch the shades slowly drawn by spiritual myopia until the heaven-born view of goodness and of God merges into an ominous gray within a shadowland beyond the soul's reach. Here begins a real vision of what sinning does in a life, and its first crime is the outrage of love. The Nemesis of sin is spiritual before it is physical.

I

In telling the completed story about sin, Calvary's cross makes plain three imperative truths. Straightway, sin mars the beauty and undermines the strength of its victims. If a man stay by it, sin will eliminate him from the race after a completed life. But the choice of immoral living on the part of individuals is the lesser

part of the story. No man sinneth unto himself. Every life is a member of a great social organism. Sin is a contagion which propagates itself by underground channels. Its victims number the innocent with the guilty. Willful victims are in the minority. Our charitable asylums and penal institutions witness to the indescribable social infection of moral evil. In its eyes nothing is sacred; no one can claim immunity on the ground of innocence or hatred for it. The morally pure and innocent are preferable subjects. And the reason is deep rooted in the nature of sin. Sin is essentially parasitic and self-destructive, and its propagation depends upon acquiring fresh grist. Isolate the victims of sin to-morrow, and it would annihilate itself. It is precisely this horrible truth that Calvary brings home to us. Golgotha is simply a dramatic enactment of the outworking of sin in human life. The spirit of intolerance and envy, religious bigotry combined with political intrigue, murdered the man in whom the finest flower of moral purity and spiritual insight ever appeared. Sin always erects a cross in human experience, and perforce must find innocent victims or imperil its continued existence. Isolation from the vitality of new victims would mean its annihilation. In the light of Calvary we should see the futility of all those well-knit arguments about the self-destructiveness of immoral motives and methods in modern life. Immoral systems that prey upon human beings can always distribute their poison through the arterial system of human society, and thus salvage themselves. Vain is the hope founded upon the argument, futile because abstract, that an economic system based upon the monetary standard of value and motivated by greed, or that a political order which relies ultimately upon external force, carry within them the seeds of self-dissolution. All the germs of suicide are present, but economic foresight and political sagacity can devise ways ever new for dispersing the infection throughout the organic tissues of human society. No system, however unjust, will die of "natural" causes as long as congestion is prevented in its vital centers. Sin destroys its victims, innocent and guilty, but its vitality is assured so long as the social body does not arise as a unit to hedge its encroachment upon virgin areas.

Moreover, sin falls with its heaviest weight upon the innocent. This is in part because a certain blindness and callousness is the insidious and inevitable consequence of moral delinquency; more especially because the real viciousness of sin can be perceived by those in whom love lives in larger measure. Only the eyes of love can see its completed work; only the hands of love seek to stay its havoc. Yonder on Calvary, in a very real sense bearing the weight of the world's sin, is the One who knew no sin. His work days were burdened with it and his untimely death was made more hideous by the fact that he loved humankind the more deeply. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." They did know that they were killing a man without just cause. But only Jesus knew the full implications of this their final stab of enmity, and that knowledge increased his burden beyond measure. The experience of Jesus is an epitome of humanity's experience. It is re-enacted every day, in every land. As long as humanity is one family, its members shall know this vicarious burden. One afternoon I listened to a broken-hearted mother weep out her story. It was her boy who was the willing victim of evil ways. Time and again his loved ones had contributed all that love could offer to help him carry out his hopes. But he ended his blundering attempt a suicide. The father soon died of a broken spirit. The mother spent her last few days enshrouded in a sorrow that quickened her pace to the end. A wife was left a nervous wreck, under the care of a physician for years. A little girl faced life aware of the disgrace of her father's wretched career. You ask, Where does the heaviest burden of sinning fall? Look about you, and toward Calvary.

The cross stands forever as a herald of the truth that sin cannot invade a man's life with the power of guilt except that man give his consent. After sin incarnate in the enemies of Jesus had finished its worst work, the Christ of God was morally unscathed. Calvary says that if sin ever mars my life with the stain of guilt, I will be responsible. The inmost citadel of my selfhood has one entrance; I, myself, am the keeper and the key. God has so placed it in my hand, and there are no duplicates. Holman Hunt gave this truth its immortal setting in color. A man is

within his soul-castle. Christ stands without and knocks and waits. The latch is on the inner side of the door. Such is the risk and the glory of God's fatherhood. Jesus Christ by his life and death vindicated that risk and that glory. Sin could cut short the life of man's best friend, but the hallowed ground of Jesus' inner life remained undefiled. Thus far could sin go, and no farther. That is why we call him Living Lord and Master. What the Spirit of God has wrought in the life of Jesus, God's Spirit can do in the experience of every man on the same conditions. The fact of Calvary declares that Jesus continually reaffirmed the Father's will against the guilt of sin in his life, and that we may do likewise.

II

On Calvary's cross sin and love had come to death-grip. One must give way, and one did. Hence, we may live by love alone. Sin says: "Man is of the earth earthy; he must waste and die." Love answers: "Man is a child of God; he lives by the breath of love eternal." Jesus affirmed the truth of love's claim by the loyalty of his life. Two ways opened, the cross and compromise. Jesus chose the cross in loyalty to love, and that loyalty crowned him the Christ. Nothing else could. And so may we who contemplate the cross catch also the bright and triumphant score of its message.

Love is the one wholly constructive power in human life. Sin disintegrates! Love builds up! What fresh air and wholesome exercise is to the body, love means to the mind and spirit. Love integrates the powers and concentrates the energies of daily life; it is the lodestone of strong and courageous living. This is manifest in the daily ministrations of Jesus. The cross is the immortal declaration that the power of love never fails, and is always constructive, creative. Wherever Jesus went new hope and fresh courage was born in the human heart. Wherever love goes human lives are regenerative. Jesus' eyes of love led him to a daily discovery of gems of character under the wastage of human weakness and sin. Once committed to his constructive task, no cost or cross could blind his vision or divide his loyalty. History has

confirmed the wisdom of his devotion, for love goes on salvaging and fortifying and enriching human life. The apostle was right: "God was in Christ Jesus reconciling the world unto himself." Just at this point traditional interpretations of the cross in terms of the institutions of sacrifice, the countinghouse, and the courtroom are an unspeakable libel upon the character of God and the nature of love. They represent love as a passive aloofness awaiting the "satisfaction" of this condition and of that. The fact is that love erects no barrier to human redemption, and love's eternal readiness to forgive creates repentance in the heart it would save. Repentance is a fruit rather than a condition of love's initiative. Can the Sermon on the Mount without peril be forgotten while trying to understand the cross? The same Jesus is the author and the meaning of both. Both speak the selfsame message, "Go the second mile," "Love your enemies," "Be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Love is abundantly "satisfied" in carrying on the work of creating character in the likeness of God. On Calvary, love is carrying out its perfect work in the life of the Master; his death is the negative phase in that perfect work. Had love been thwarted in the least with the life of Jesus, Calvary would never have seen the light of day. It is the success of love with Jesus' life that makes Calvary possible, and inevitable, and meaningful. The same principle holds for every Christian. If we do not meet Calvary's experience, it is a safe inference that somewhere we have compromised the ideals of love and defeated its upbuilding work in us. Like the Master, the disciple must give daily confirmation that the purpose of love to create a God-like character claims his full devotion, irrespective of costs incidental to that loyalty. Calvary expresses love's determination to win men over to its life-giving ends. This quality of persistence Thomas Curtis Clark has set to music:

"I dreamed that I could flee from Him,
And through the morn and noon I sped—
So swift, I thought, He could not see;
But when the day began to dim,
Lo! there was He.

"I fled from Him through countless years;
I sought the shadows of the night;
But I could not His love forget;
A penitent, I turned in tears—
He followed yet.

"And still he follows, on and on;
And I still stumble—but in trust;
For I have learned, with growing night,
That, if there is for me a dawn,
He is its light."

Love lives and grows by the richness of its giving. God has ever been giving himself to men, when and as they have been willing to receive his Spirit. Not even God can hoard love. Its vitality depends upon finding objects for its creative art. Nor does love ask for the basis of desert. Its giving is measured by human need and by its capacity to enlarge character God-ward. This is for us a hard saying. So long has the idea of an abstract and quantitative justice belayed our minds, we seem determined not to understand Jesus. Men have heard and still hear it said with such assurance, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," "Measure for measure." When Jesus declares with his whole life and death that the law of good will must transplant the law of retaliation, we listen and are skeptical. He lived out his faith that the law of love rules with supreme authority in God's heart, and we still refuse to make that venture with him. He crystallized his words and life into the deed on the cross, and yet we forsake his message in order to be loyal to our own false analogies. For, as A. E. Burroughs wrote, "The Cross is God's own confession that the world will not work out along the hard lines of retributive justice." Calvary's great mission is to help our unbelief rise to meet this truth, to convince us of the nature of the only justice that can be called Christian. Now and again prophetic souls have understood that this truth crowned Jesus the Christ of God, and they have shared their vision. For Christian justice will find messengers of such variety that the whole world shall finally believe. The playwright sometimes becomes its teacher. In the *Merchant of Venice* the legal and Christian conceptions struggle for triumph. Shylock stands for the justice which the law allows

and which the court must award. The bond of the law must be executed, and thrice the money cannot stay its execution after the time has expired. "Justice" supplies the reason:

"An oath, an oath, I have an oath in Heaven:
Shall I lay perjury on my soul?
No, not for Venice!"

Shylock will not summon a physician to heal Antonio's wound; it is not so nominated in the bond. But when he thinks the law most effective, the impossibility of its justice stands revealed. Portia speaks for the law:

"Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice."

Now Shylock understands. The exceeding cruelty of legal justice no more moved him than it does countless other Shylocks who, in the name of justice, grab and get what the law countenances. What cruelty could not teach, the impossibility of that measure for measure type of justice did finally declare. Then Shylock begs to be delivered from his own justice, and pleads for the higher justice that he once scorned.

All this the cross heralded long ago as the truth of experience. Only that justice which repudiates "measure for measure" in order to give according to human need and its opportunity to lift life toward God is really practicable. Calvary brands the forensic type of justice not only an impossibility and a failure from the human standpoint, but as a libel against the character of God. For God keeps the key to the nature of Christian love in his own hands. Love's attitude and expression is determined by his character, not by man's attitude toward God. "God was in Christ Jesus reconciling the world. . . ." Traditional interpretations of the cross have forgotten that, and they have denied those words from Paul. God's unfailing attitude toward men

stands for the justice of love, and the character of that love cannot be changed by any power other than God's. He will not change the outworking of Christian justice; he cannot change it and remain the Father of our Lord Jesus. Shall we continue to insist that God is a mistake, and that men can really live by a spirit other than good will? We may persist, if we will. But Calvary will speak with an immortal voice in protest of our folly:

"'Twas on a day of rout they girded me about,
They wounded all My brow, and they smote Me through the side:
My hand held no sword when I met their armed horde,
And the conqueror fell down, and the Conquered bruised his pride.

"What is this, unheard before, that the unarmed maketh war,
And the slain hath the gain, and the Victor hath the rout?
What wars then are these, and what the enemies,
Strange Chief with the scars of Thy conquest trenched about?"¹

Finally, the cross declares that compromise on great moral issues is the method of a shortsighted stupidity, and is sure to end in defeat. Jesus might have compromised his moral ideals and avoided the cross. Then would he have purchased length of days at the cost of his right and his place as the Saviour of the world. There is a certain granite quality in the justice of divine love which the world might have underestimated, except for Calvary. Divine love is absolutely uncompromising in its dealing with moral evil. The reason is near at hand. Love cannot compromise with sin without the prostitution of its character. By its nature Christian justice is committed to the destruction of the power of sin in human life. Our custom is to overlook this element of sternness in love. We forget that its glory would pale except for love's uncompromising opposition to sin in the world. Too often in the background of our thinking is the aphorism: "Love is blind." That is slander upon love of the divine order. If God's love is blind to sin in my life, he loves me to my hurting. God cannot so love and keep his place as the Father of Jesus. Or in a pious mood we think to quote scripture: "Love covers a multitude of sins." Love divine covers from prying eyes, but never from its own. The higher the quality of love the more keen is its aware-

¹ Francis Thompson, *The Veteran of Heaven*.

ness to the presence of defect in the beloved. Under the spell of sentimentality we muse inwardly: "God is love, and therefore sin cannot be such a serious affair as some would have us think." Here the cross disillusion us. The only world in which sin is a serious matter is one where God is love. A God of love cannot compromise with moral evil and maintain his character. The appearance of sin as moral evil is contemporaneous with the prophet's word about a God of righteousness and mercy and justice. The god of the legalist could be humored and won over to favor by gift of costly sacrifice. But such a god is only half moral, and his worship means the corruption of the moral life at its source. The Old Testament message of the Jehovah of righteousness appears in the New as the God of love. The God of Jesus can be "satisfied" only by a righteous life, nothing less. Many in surprise and dismay shall say: Lord, did I not endow a college? Did I not found a hospital and deed it to the church? Lord, did I not establish a foundation for sending missionaries to darkened lands, and through thy servants work wonders? Lord, did I not serve on the church officary for two and thirty years, paying many a deficit, and never once did I entertain the doubts of destructive criticism concerning thy Word and the fundamental doctrines given us by churchly men? The cross makes answer: Depart from me, ye workers of injustice within the human family. The light of the knowledge of the justice of love came to you in the person of Christ Jesus, and you followed him not. You gave lip homage, but deemed his gospel of divine justice a beautiful and impractical ideal; you thought it was not meant to be taken too seriously in the world of affairs. You compromised in the life and death issues of Christian justice; only the highway of righteousness is the way of life. "Except your justice shall exceed the justice of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Love cannot compromise with moral evil without the prostitution of its character.

THE CROSS AS A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AND A
STANDARD OF DAILY CONDUCT IN PERSONAL
AND GROUP RELATIONS

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THE best possible life of Christ, it would seem to me, would be a life of Christ written by himself. One word from Christ himself is worth a dozen words from Peter, or Paul, or John. There are things, perhaps, which Peter wrote, and Paul wrote, and John wrote, which are the results of their thinking after they found salvation. They found certain values in Christian experiences, and going back over the life of Christ, they inserted many things to corroborate what they had felt, and which they drew from their religious consciousness. Their personalities are to be found certainly in their writings, so we have the Petrine Christianity, the Pauline Christianity, and the Johannine Christianity.¹

But the wonder of the Christian story goes back of these men and all they wrote. The experiences of Peter and Paul and John were real. They are part of the religious and social history of the world. The personality of Jesus awakened these experiences. Jesus has continued down to our own time to awaken in men and women similar if not identical experiences. The mystery of his personality is that he does create religious reactions of a most decisive character in the human race. Unless a man wants to be changed at the very center he had better have nothing to do with Christ.

Biblical criticism has been busy for a quarter of a century separating the history from the theology in the record, and that is well. The historian does discover this, that there is something in the mind of the race which finds itself, discovers itself, in the presence of the historic Jesus. Every new generation, then, feels the necessity of constructing a new theology and a new philosophy around the personality of Jesus. He is central for the religious mind of the world.

¹ *Problems of the New Testament Today*, R. H. Malden.

Now what I want to ask in this present discussion is, "Why is Christ so central, so unique a personality?" He reached the men of his day, and he reached the men of yesterday, and he is reaching the men of our day. President Harding in 1923, standing on the slope of Blue Mountain in Oregon, said, "I want it distinctly understood that I am a Christian. I am a Christian soldier." In 1924 President Coolidge wired from Washington to Springfield, Mass., his desire to take up active membership in one of the Christian churches. There is nothing new about this. When Gladstone was twenty-one, a sophomore in Oxford University, this is what he wrote down in his diary: "April 25, 1830. In practice the great end is that the love of God may become the *habit* of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: 1. The spirit of love. 2. Of self-sacrifice. 3. Of purity. 4. Of energy." Lord Morley takes more than six hundred pages to write Gladstone's life, after he had examined 30,000 different records, and he stops to say, "This is the biographic clue."²

Will you tell me what is the autobiographic clue of Jesus? Has he left any evaluation of his own life? I think he has. Once a cloud fell upon him just before his death and he cried earnestly, "Father, save me from this hour." But after Gethsemane, and after Calvary, and after the tomb was unsealed, he talked with two going to Emmaus. He reviewed his own life and told them that his death was not a disaster; it was a design. When they were sad at his death he himself revealed it as a glorious thing. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" To these men Christ tried to rationalize his suffering experience, his agonizing death. To them he reads the riddle of his life. He defends God in permitting him to suffer and die. Its results will be worth all that it cost.

It was suffering that wrought in him that beauty of holiness, sweetness of patience, wealth of sympathy, and grace of compassion which constitute him as our Saviour, and make him to draw all men by his divine attraction.

I have no theory of the atonement to give you in preference to another. The glory of the cross has sometimes been obscured

² *Life of Gladstone*, vol. i, page 52.

by our heavy and learned theology. The cross was originally planted on Calvary, but we have planted it in an environment of doctrine. We have traced the cross back to divine decrees, and inserted it into drawn covenants. We have made it a bargain with God, and stated it in terms of Justification or Propitiation. To most of the common people it is a mystery, and we will help them little with our little sermons on "The Science of the Cross."

Jesus did not describe his death as a Satisfaction to God, but as a Regeneration for man. Theology we must have, but it belongs to the realm of theory; but the Cross is the heart-truth of religion which deals with life, is life, spiritual life.

When I think of the Cross and want to make it seem rational and reasonable I think of what Dr. Joseph Cook said years ago in Tremont Temple, Boston.³ Bronson Alcott, a great schoolmaster, was sitting on the platform. Doctor Cook described how a boy of ten had repeatedly broken the rules of the school and was growing into a bully. So Bronson Alcott set the rule that a further infraction would be punished by a stout ferrule applied to the palm of the hand. The boy had the wrong spirit and attitude, and openly broke the rule. Alcott called him forward before the school, told him how much he disliked to punish, but the honor and peace of the school must be upheld. He volunteered himself to take the punishment, and when the boy drew back, he placed the ferrule in the boy's hand, extending his own, and insisted that the boy strike hard. This the boy did and the blood came. The boy was transformed. "Without the shedding of blood." Oh, the love and sympathy and yearning back of the blood of our divine Teacher. No room here for a scheme of salvation, a plan of salvation, a philosophy of salvation. At the foot of the Cross of Christ I fall and cry, "Jesus paid it." Just how, I cannot tell you, perhaps, but just why, I can. He did it because he loved me. And he put no blame on his Father. "Ought not Christ to have suffered?" It is both right and reasonable. I can accept it with my mind, and I can embrace it with my heart.

Has not the Cross to many minds degenerated into a symbol and a sentiment, a beautiful symbol of gold set with pearls, a beau-

³ *Boston Monday Lectures*, Joseph Cook, page 157.

tiful sentiment that gathers up the sweetest songs and stories in literature? A light-hearted, frivolous girl may buy at the jeweler's store a glorious golden cross with her father's money. She may hold in her hand a Bible with wonderful leather binding stamped with a golden cross, and ride to church in a costly limousine. She may behold on the steeple of the church a cross shining resplendent, covered with beaten gold. She may listen to the oratorio of the Messiah, and behold a great canvas painted by an old master depicting the passion of Jesus. She may even criticize the rendition of the music, and the artist's expression on the face of Jesus, and return to her round of pleasures untouched by Christ in the world of art, and music, and architecture.⁴

Jesus on the Cross may be smothered by flowers, and polite compliments, and his great heart broken by unrepentance. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." We will never know him by the mere beauty of graceful ideals or agreeable emotions. When we sigh and weep as we see the jagged nail-prints, and cry, "For me, for me," then, and only then, will we experience the power and majesty of the Cross.

There is a Sunday-school chair in an old Methodist church in the East, by the side of which I kneeled one Sunday morning, and I, a boy of fourteen, felt the arm of Dwight L. Moody about my neck. That dear man of God had lifted up a Cross in his sermon, and I thought it was a shame that the Lord of Life should die. But Mr. Moody explained that it was for me, for me, that Christ suffered. I believed it. I have acted upon it. I took a plain man's word who said he was representing Christ. The action of the Cross on sin worked in my case, though I did not understand the philosophy of it.

This question of Jesus presumes that he ought to have suffered. He affirms his personal belief in the principle of self-renunciation. It was a rule for Christ, and it became a rule for me. "Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." But when my sins were forgiven, the Cross continued to be my inspiration. The Cross gave me a discipline for perfecting my soul. The equivalent of life, highest life, is sacrifice. I had a

⁴ *The Mind of the Master*, Ian MacLaren, page 116.

great mother, and the greatest thing about her was her sacrifice. I had a great teacher, and the greatest thing about her was her sacrifice. I have a great Saviour, and the greatest thing about him is his sacrificial death. The greatest drama ever enacted was the drama on Calvary. The greatest tragedy ever written was the story of Good Friday afternoon. The greatest expression of love the world ever saw was when God died.

So the young man of twenty-one at Oxford was reasonable in writing down in his diary that the great end of life was to make the love of God the habit of his life, and that particularly self-sacrifice was to be sought. If there is anything higher as a motive power it has never been revealed. Three times Prime Minister of a great empire, handling great financial budgets that went out to the ends of the earth, it was for him a good thing that he settled it early, that there was nothing higher than self-sacrifice.

Sacrifice is the law of the kingdom of God. It is not only the snubbing post to which we tie our religious experience, but it is the standard of our daily conduct. The business man will not go far in the commercial world before he must choose between maintaining his Christian integrity and pulling a crooked deal for quick but unfair gain. It will not do to say honesty is the best policy. The psalmist saw the prosperity of the wicked and we see it to-day. He must choose honesty when it is a mighty poor policy, a losing policy so far as the bookkeeping shows. Just being honest will not make you rich; it may make you poor. But a man who has felt and accepted the deep philosophy of the Cross will not hesitate long in the presence of a temptation to make money by crookedness. Here is a man forced into politics by the pressure of his friends. These friends are powerful and hold the election in their hands. They call him into a conference room and ask him to pledge himself to a sure-winning but an unholy combination. Give a bribe, or trade a few hundred votes, offer an illegal consideration, and the election is his. "And the wicked say, How doth God know?" Is there knowledge with the Most High? If he has seen the Cross, and the God-man dying there, he sees underneath all the seeming scheme of things, and the plots of designing men, and the power of the Cross will hold him steady.

When Egerton Young gave his life to the Indians of the great Northwest, when Doctor Grenfell went to the Esquimos of Labrador, when Mary Reed of Crooked Tree turned to the lepers of the Himalaya mountains, there were plenty of friends who called them fools. Why did they go? It was because to them Christ was real. The Cross was real. The needs of the world were real. It was the passion of the Cross which held them steady to their tasks.

But life is not only individual in its decisions; it is also interactive in all its relationships. Chaunder Sen of India described the kingdom of God as a spiritual congregation of souls born anew to God. New men will make a new state. Christ did not so much ask for power to make laws as for time to train men, that these men themselves might become centers of radiating power. The Cross of Christ was a radiating principle, an attitude of spiritual elevation in which selfishness could not live. He organized no anti-slavery society, no anti-saloon league, no votes-for-women movement, no society for religious liberty, no league of nations, but the white rays of Golgotha's Cross shine down on human selfishness, and Legree and his slave business are blinded by the light. It beats down upon the licensed bar and the rum dealer hides from its smiting wrath. It strikes down athwart the polling places, and pilfering, plotting politicians scatter. It shines upon distracted Europe, and over the waves goes a message of hope and help. In the light of the Cross man dare not ask the impudent question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Let labor and capital climb up the hill outside an ancient city wall, and think of the Great Carpenter with his Golden Rule, and they will come down to strike hands in an everlasting brotherhood of good will. The Cross will shine into the tenements of the poor to scatter disease and bring health. It will put an end to sweat-shops and child labor. If the spirit of the Cross is allowed to spread and ferment, the world will learn the fine art of living together, for in unselfish service all men will be brothers.

Much of the world is yet to be won, and we as Christian ministers are set the task to direct the forces of redemption in Jesus' name. I am not sure we can bring the kingdom in by coercion.

Neither will it come through our shrewd strategy. Cleverness will only deceive the people and ourselves for a short time. A young man says, "I went to a modern church to see the Star of Bethlehem, and they gave me a colored electric light bulb to play with." The splendor of pageantry will not bring in the kingdom. It cometh not by observation. From the Cross he cries, "Forgive your enemies; dismiss your soldiery; spike your guns. God loves."

The church will win the world when she learns from her divine Lord the secret of his Cross, and asks, not, What can I get? but, What can I give? The kingdoms of this world have been founded on the principle of human selfishness—grasp and keep. But He became poor that we through his poverty might be rich.

Satan could not understand, as the world cannot understand, why people want to give. The principle of the Cross is foolishness to them. Said Satan of Job, "Doth Job fear God for naught? His substance is increased. Touch all that he hath, and he will renounce thee." So said the Father of Lies. But Job must have seen the Cross through his suffering, his losses, and his sorrows. There was something in Job not stamped with any property valuation, something that the tax inquisitors could not put on the tax duplicate. He was the possessor of spiritual riches.

Somewhere in the life of all the strongest Christian men today there is a secret reserve. Somewhere back in the years there has been a Garden Scene, a hilltop of sifting and sorrow. Such an experience, never afterwards to be doubted, becomes an element of power. If our churches are weak is it not because we have lowered the standards of religious experience? Our members must be trained and schooled in the strenuous drills of sacrifice, as the American athletes were hardened and disciplined for the Olympian games in which they carried off high honors. If our men and our women had lived on the heights of Calvary, where sweep the purifying winds and where the vision of sacrifice is given, we would lead a group that would draw back in no hour of sacrifice, be the cost what it may. And if we would lead such a host we must as ministers each one know the sacrificial Cross for ourselves.

ASHES

GEORGE CLARKE PECK

Baltimore, Md.

THREE scow-loads of them—in solemn line. At my first and last glimpse they were moving silently, save for the feverish snorts of their tow, against a panorama of warehouses, wharves, sails, display-signs on yonder side of the Delaware. Silently, as seemed befitting the occasion—a sort of cortege—a gray obituary of fires once red. Ashes, ashes, ashes; miniature mountains of them, *en route* to burial, at sea, probably. And I who, all my life, had been accustomed to such residue, from the days when some unsympathetic wretch sprinkled them on my “slide,” to the time when, in stern retaliation, I spoiled the sliding places of a later generation, became strangely curious. ’Twas my first experience of real interest in ashes, as such, save as an ineluctable nuisance to be rid of as comfortably as possible. I might claim adequate acquaintance with the grim *prose* of them. But the *romance* of them, their potential poetry, the thoughts they stirred too deep for tears, naught before—for *me*. For the nonce, I wished mine were the analytical skill of the chemist; or, better still, the patient induction of the paleontologist: so might I reconstruct and justly celebrate the past of my three scow-loads.

Incidentally, it might be said that geologists and antiquarians, with a few others, are the only romanticists left. To them has passed the Victorian scepter. Certainly not to our most be-praised novelists and playwrights. These, mostly, have said apparently unreluctant farewell to all pretty, ennobling illusions and the radiant afterglow of the child-spirit in men. They are dissectors devoted to the uncovering and commercial exploitation of primitive instincts; specially occupied with the *descent* of man below the brute. I’ve no patience at all with them. Shall there be left no draperies with which to cover the soul’s nakedness, no residuum of traces of the good angel in men, no reserves and sanctions that cannot be priced like shoes and ball-game tickets?

To a convinced optimist, as Rupert Brooke, who maintains that the slush, slime and lubricity of current fiction register progress upward, I can frame no temperate reply. As well argue that all movement is advance, and any sort of change spells growth. As convincingly assure ourselves, with a nineteenth century cynic, that "everything comes out even at the end of the day, and still more even when all the days are over." With some honorable exceptions the best selling novel is prurient, purblind, pathologic, psycho-analytic, pornographic. It affronts me; makes me feel dirty mentally. Scott, Thackeray, Austen, Brontë, Hawthorne, Eliot, Dumas, Flaubert, Maupassant were more than mere vivisectioners. Wordsworth, Shelley, Burns, Browning, Tennyson, Hunt—even Byron, did better than furnish photographs of contemporary life. The real artist—in color, marble, tone, or language—dreams, soars, creates. In his heaven and earth is vastly more than is bounded by any Horatian philosophy of things as they are.

Hence, for interpretation of my scow-loads of ashes, I need the romanticist—such a one as Thompson-Seton, who, in his forest folk, finds more to admire and revere than did its author on *Main Street*; men like Hugh Miller and Cuvier, Gosse and Prichard, Petrie and Carnarvon—men of spades and hammers, yet arch dreamers, withal. To me, there is utter fascination in the patient, romantic skill with which, from a bone or two, and a few prints from those rocks which Williams calls "the infinite biography of God," earth is peopled again with saurian and giant flora. A man of such imagination all compact might qualify as poet and panegyrist of my scow-loads. I want one to romance and poetize for me, as Shelley "To a Skylark" or Burns to a field-mouse or Dickens to "Little Nell" in a shop of antiques. Give me one who will help me guess how far those ashes have come; tell me their long or short intimate story; as the astronomer, catching a single ray in his spectroscope, can name the chemistry of some distant star.

Not of ashes *as ashes only*. Annalists a-plenty for that. Nothing of source, of history, of service—merely burnt out carbon. Such folks remind me of a couple of ash-pickers quarreling over the stray lumps of coal in a dump; poking, smudged, disputant.

Sometimes I think that most of the world's brawling is over ashes as ashes. Dead issues! Spent fires! And living men raking them! On November 11, 1918, there was put out, officially, the wildest conflagration that ever swept the world. Personally, I incline to the opinion that, having raged so long and devastatingly, it ought to have been *permitted* to burn a little further—say, as far as Berlin. I think the fire might have been more thoroughly "out" when it was so declared. But, be that as it may, the day of the Armistice arrived, and the world caught its breath. Yet what a spectacle since. Nothing definitely settled. Each former litigant an antagonist still, digging around in the ashes of a holocaust, for maximum salvage; and a continent stifled and strangling with dust while the scavengers scramble and grab! And here we find Fundamentalist and Modernist almost savagely engrossed in the same unedifying business; waging a warfare which Christopher Morley calls "vulgar, irrelevant and deplorable." Of course there are truths fundamental; and, on the other hand, is the eternal renaissance of the spirit of quest. But who can be precisely certain which is which at a given moment? After a street scrimmage, and while the contestants were getting their blood pressure down and rearranging their clothing—and looking foolish, withal—one had the grace to confess, "I *thought* I was fighting on the other side." Inadvertently, he bore witness for many an elder—whether churchman or clansman—in any cause. Change the labels and partisans would continue the fight as joyously. The waste and the shame of it! With vast living issues to be met, with raw sores needing healing, and hungry throngs moaning for bread—and churches split into opposing camps, slapping faces, instead of striking hands—over ashes!

Not, then, with ashes as such but as memories, as tritirates of past glory, as dusty deposits from the unseen, am I concerned as my barges float by. If Tennyson could rhapsodize over a single flower plucked from a crannied wall, holding it to be a sort of inarticulate explication of all that God and man are, why may I not be permitted the same poet's privilege with a handful of ashes, part roses, perhaps? And if Omar may properly warn us to lean lightly upon the tender green that fledges the river-lip, not knowing

"from what once lovely head it springs unseen," so shall I do with ashes whose long story of ardor and chill, none but God can tell. I protest against a current philosophy which rests content only when things are reduced to their lowest terms. Well enough to work thus in *arithmetic*. But when you reduce *life* to its lowest terms, you lose the best part of it in the process. I am tired to the point of *ennui* with all this fevered quest of the least common multiple and the greatest common divisor of forces that play upon and function in human life.

Years ago, my attention was called to the shelf-label in a museum. "The body of a man weighing 150 pounds." Yet no "body" was to be seen; merely a line of jars and residues. Here was a quantity of lime, yonder a small vat of water, next a tiny firkin of fat; phosphorus, nitrogen, salts and a tiny nugget of iron. (No gold of the dentists' impaction, no rubber from false teeth, and no glass from artificial eyes—though I almost looked for such constituent parts, most of us being subject to repairs on our earth-journey.) Every element that enters into the fabrication of the physical man, and in scientific proportions, was there to behold; yet no whiff of the divine breath that makes him a son of the Eternal; no trace of the fires that burned in him, or of the light that once illumined his face. Peter or Judas, Cicero or Catiline, Paul or Nero, Lincoln or Booth would fill the same space on that laboratory shelf. Is there no difference—save a few drops of acid or a few grains of salts—for real science to reckon with? In the final analysis are we all so damnably alike that praise and blame are meaningless terms? Not even the residuary distinction of a rag and a hank of hair? Rather, let one breathe on the cold, grey ash—as the despairing prophet in the valley of bones—until there stands before him, erect, proud in descent, palpitant with dream and desire, oratory of the persuasive tones of the Eternal, knowing the right if not brave enough to perform it, seer of what the earth of the redemption must be even if unwilling to be crucified for sake of it, a man in the likeness of Him "over whom the angels sang carols, nineteen centuries ago."

But my scows in midstream, and their unsung burden. Giving rein to fancy I'd retrace a dusty trail, back to where ashes

became such from coal ebony black. Speaking of the circulatory system, a patriarchal-faced Scot once said to me: "Life is the process of turning red blood black. I mean," he added, seeing my incertitude, "that digestion, exercise, mental effort, anxiety—the various functions of a human organism—quietly burn the oxygen out of the arterial blood, turning it venous, or black." In a broad sense, life implies combustion—and ash. And life, for the carboniferous products of the mine, is the transmutation of black to gray. Being inquisitive by instinct, I should like to inquire where the change took place for my scow-loads. In some house of industry, perhaps—drop-forge, rolling mill or power plant with its inferno of heat and moil. Or a house of prayer whose welcoming warmth to the worshiper is a requiem over gray ashes. Or a house of a thousand windows aflame with the latent glory of coal; or a house by the side of the road, with its fire-light dancing in the eyes of lovers or little children. I should like to know how many steel billets those three barges represented, how many hanks of yarn or yards of muslin, how many meals cooked for tired pilgrims, how many smiles evoked in wan faces, how many varied ministries to all sorts of God's children, good or bad. Burned to honor or dishonor—I covet the whole story of those lowly ashes.

Really, the highest art and service of life is merely an extension of the process implicit in my three barges. To bring light, warmth, comfort, cheer to the hearts of people is divine emprise. All helpfulness, all heart-healing, all redemptive work is a soul-combustion. "I desire to burn out for God," cried Moffatt, catching the key for the raising of his life-hymn. I am weary of hearing frugalities preached—frugalities of strength, of resource, of affection. "You can't have an omelette without breaking eggs." And none can win the celestial happiness of partnership in feeding the world's soul-hunger except as he breaks into his task some part of himself. There is no epic for cautious spirits, no lyric without the touch of pain and the gloom of sacrifice. As someone phrases it: "How prudently the many sink into unmarked graves while the few forget themselves into immortality." Always are we in peril of waiting for bloodless ways of expediting the millennium.

A few years back, we did a prodigious amount of *dilettante*,

armchair fighting on the side of the Allies. Till, one great day, we opened our veins in the flower of a million homes. And we are back in the armchair again, counseling against international interference with an accursed ease, preaching an infernal doctrine of minding our own business, denying the inescapable obligation which our advantages lay upon us. Must we learn again in agony the lesson of 1917 and 1918? Is the heroic spirit so frozen in our veins that we should "cringe and cower like a belabored hound" beneath the lash of a threatened ease? No inexpensive method of blessing the world has yet been discovered, or will be, until maternity becomes painless, and chivalry is moribund, and the central Cross on a lonely hill loses its colossal eminence. All true ministry is a passionate adventure. We must burn in order to bless—which means ashes.

I sometimes think that never blows the rose so red,
As where some buried Cæsar bled,
That every lovely hyacinth the garden wears,
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

All philosophies of painlessness, all Polyanna theses, all logomachy of Mrs. Eddy to the contrary notwithstanding:

Life is evermore fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky;
And that a rose may breathe its breath,
Some other flower must die.

But my barges are almost out of sight of my car window, and I've not quite done with them. Lord Carnarvon paid forfeit of his life for stirring the ashes—perhaps I should more truthfully say, disturbing the clinker—of King Tut Ankh-Amen. That adventurous Britisher drew back the rock-curtain from a thoroughly fascinating past. One can almost feel the winds of old Egypt blow in his face, and smell the odors of musk, and hear the tramp of long forgotten armies. Not Sir Walter, nor even Hewlett ever threw such spell upon admirers. Millions fairly gorged their imaginations with dreams and romantic touches of bygone splendor. Through that dreary tomb in the valley of the kings, we seemed to have stepped back thousands of years to watch

ambition strut and preen itself, and love yearn, and sickness lay its clammy hand—even as upon you and me. For my part, and as an incorrigible romanticist—for which I do not even seek indulgence—I'd rather have turned that antiquarian page than be credited—or charged—with the perpetration of a thousand folios of modern realism.

Speaking of kings suggests a certain doctrine almost as dead as King Tut. Save as titular heads and crowned symbols of popular government, kings are not in demand nowadays. Modern demagogues, whether on the platform or the tripod, rarely miss a crack at them. At the present rate of deposition, a live king will soon be as great curiosity as a dinosaur, and likely to command even less respect. Alas, for the time-honored "divine right"! What crowns and diadems and scepters, with what despotisms and horrors, lie in the ashes of that once undisputed doctrine! Ah, but more! If there were monarchs who used their prerogative to deserve Pope's sneer at "the divine right of kings to govern wrong," one could as easily name others who accepted their coronation as a trust, and who behaved quite as becomingly as certain elected leaders of the world's hopes. I hold no brief for the ancient regime. I am not unmindful of its vanities and cruelty. Yet, frankly, as between the divine right of *kings* and the divine right of the *proletariat*, I should not be slow to choose. Siberia under the Romanoffs was terrible enough to start one sweating in the night; but Russia, under the tyranny of its new masters, is colder and more piteous than the steppes. By contrast, one might instance Alfred and Aurelius in older times; or the present King of Belgium moving like an apostle of mercy among his stricken people. In some respects and in various instances, Demos is a poor substitute for Basileus. Even if monarchists may not claim superior morality, at least they are conservators of manners. *Noblesse oblige* suggests rank and court etiquette. If somewhat is gained, somewhat is lost, also, when a President looks like anybody else in the street. Most of us instinctively pay homage to royal trappings, and are apt to behave more decorously in such august presence.

Moreover, the divine right once claimed by, and generally

accorded to, kings was the under side of an indispensable truth—the divine right of God himself. Is it accident, merely, that the men who murdered the Czar have banished God, too? According to their catechism of chaos, religion is the foe of crowning anybody. Until God is off the throne and out of the hearts of men, Bolshevism in any of its varieties has hard sledding. Only the postulate of a Supreme Ruler—a king, if you please—can hold society together. Men must know themselves appointed to their tasks by a Hand higher than human; anointed as David was of old. Usurpation of authority is self-destructive. Election by the suffrages of one's equals is not enough to elicit a man's best. He must be crowned to bear pain, or live greatly, or wield any sort of power.

My theme makes me bold for the moment as I find myself in the presence of the ashes of a dead institution like human slavery. Save among certain benighted peoples and in its cruel industrial forms, slavery is dead. None can sing the *Te Deum* louder than I over its ashes. Born of the strictest sect, an abolitionist, I could see none but Simon Legrees in the slave business. But I've lived years enough to admit that Harriet Beecher Stowe omitted part of the story—the tender, winsome, lovable part. Crime though human slavery was, in principle, it was less in actual practice. Ties of exquisite beauty, and strength as steel, often bound master and slave. At black breasts tugged the bluest-blooded white babies, and fell asleep dreaming of dusky angels, perhaps. In these later days of Negro license and outlawry, it may be well to recall that, while Southern men were following Lee at the front, their wives and daughters were as safe from outrage as if seraphs were the wardens. Old and broken, the Negro slave was legitimate pensioner on the plantation, and the eyes of the missis went red at his grave. Whereas, to-day, he is frequently a mere number on the pay-roll, hired or discharged impartially, as impersonal as a cog in a machine, cared for, if at all, when injured, and buried, if killed on duty, by the dole of an insurance company at the behest of statute law. No segregation problem in antebellum days. Then the Negro lived "next door," in a wing of the house, perhaps, and by the wish of his master. The banjo strumming by the

cabin door has fallen strangely silent, and the quaint religious songs of slavery days have no successors for fervor and sincerity. It almost seems as if the American black man had lost both his religion and his freedom of spirit since his bodily shackles fell off. Mine is no counsel of reaction. All I venture to affirm is that, judged by their melancholy ashes, certain real values began to be lost when the new great day of emancipation dawned.

Or, if I poke about in the ashes of dogma, the same phenomenon emerges. (I use the word "ashes" diffidently, in this connection; for who can say when the apparently cold deciduum may start to glow—like the furnace-shakings I once shoveled into a wooden barrel and nearly set the house afire?) To change my metaphor, it is not safe to pronounce dead any doctrine once dear and worth fighting for; lest unexpected relatives rise up in protest, or the *corpus delictus* itself shudder and open its eyes. Sometimes I wonder if any ancient orthodoxy or heresy ever dies. With changed names their ghosts still walk. Manichaeism, Montanism, Apollinarism, Eutychism, the nightmares of Calvinism and the silk-spun webs of the Schoolmen—all present and accounted for. In the most moribund of the list, the blood once ran red. Modern chemistry claims to be able to identify human blood in the driest stain. So I believe that if one could sympathetically analyze the darkest dogma in the buryingground of the ages, he would surely find the differentiating deposit of a current which once bore warm and crimson the hopes and fears of whole races of men. And I have spent many an enthralling hour, groping, where I could not see my way, backward along the romantic trail of some dogma that once possessed hearts and divided churches, long before knight-hood came to flower. In fact, I enjoy going further back still—as far, for example, as Frazer can take me. (Ah, there's a romanticist for you!)

But the ashes that I would stir with greatest reverence and speak of with all tenderness, are the ashes of the soul's own fires; sentiments that once burned white, loves that leaped and laughed as flames do, ideals that shone clear as stars. Nothing else can compare with the loneliness of the house of life when the fire has gone out on its hearth. Whether one watch it die down, flicker

and gasp out; or perhaps come suddenly upon cold ashes where he left warmth and radiance, the tragedy is the same. All tragedy is of the spirit. Speaking of friendship, someone declares that real funerals are not conducted in the cemetery, but when a friend's picture comes down from mantel or wall. Dead in the *earth*, your friend may be more than ever alive in your *heart*. His likeness sets your pulses pounding, calls to the deeps of you. With eagerness you welcome every reminder of him. But when your friend is dead in your *heart*, you tear his picture from your album, fling it into the fire and gloat over the ashes. Of such I am thinking: ashes of affection, of comradeship, of faith. "Do you believe in the fairies, Mac?" asked a Scotch poet of his friend. "Indeed, I'm not so sure," came the reply, "but do you believe in them yourself, Mr. Cunningham?" "I once did," sighed the poet, "and I would to God I did so still; for mountain and moor have lost much of their charm for me since my faith departed." Or, in still profounder sense of loss, hear again the confession of Clifford, a one-time disciple of the Nazarene: "I have seen the spring sun rise out of an empty heaven and shine upon a soulless world, and I have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion was dead." Ashes, indeed, and more pathetic than the mournful ruins of a cathedral like Rheims or of a city like Tokyo. Ashes of the spirit that once breathed upon stone and made it rise in reverend beauty; upon a brush and gave us Rubens' coloring and Millet's wistful themes; upon string and metal till we seemed to be listening in on heaven's aerial.

Ashes, indeed. And I am well aware what the materialist would say—whether Solomon or Omar Khayyam, Haeckel or Freud. They say that a man's challenging dreams, his most passionate devotions, his lustrous ideals of truth and beauty are but the spiteful or caressing flames of a fire that soon comes down to dismal detritus; that the realest stage is the ash-stage, when both gleam and glow have gone. From the mechanist's standpoint, yes. Doubtless there is in every human outreach and attachment, as notably in each passion, an element of transitoriness, a sort of soul-combustion which finds its lone warrant in the fact and phenomena of turning to ashes. Some human fuels burn a little

longer, more teasingly, because of their iridescent glories, as one might say; like English cannel coal. But even according to a cardinal tenet of mechanistic philosophy, not a single pent heat unit was lost while the fire burned in grate or forge. Earth is altered, for good or evil, with every shovel of coal and every fagot consumed. This is the romance of ashes. So, in the realm of spirit, every flash of truth, every warming ray of love released, every mounting flame of self devotement, each glow of fiery courage or supreme endeavor is caught by the hand of the Infinite Conservator for permanent place and use in His plan. To believe in God is to hold that the heat and power liberated by a human soul in the process of combustion are the reality of a soul. Ashes declare, not the end but the means to the divine end of life.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard;
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are the music sent up to God by the poet and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once—we shall hear it by and by.

EVOLVING EVOLUTION

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EVOLUTION has become a part of the everyday thinking of the modern man, but its full meaning is yet a long way off. Like one of the new stars watched by astronomers it needs to be photographed at successive intervals in order to determine what fresh aspects it may from time to time present.

One of the latest and evidently one of the most successful of such successive photographs is that entitled *The Evolution of Man*,¹ consisting of a series of lectures given at Yale University during the academic year 1921-1922. The volume has been published long enough to receive a fair appraisal and the result is such as to give it unusual significance. Prof. J. Arthur Thompson, editor of *The Outline of Science*, has pronounced it "a masterly and timely book, . . . an up-to-date presentation of the facts," and adds that he has been more impressed by it than by any other volume on Evolution since Darwin's *Descent of Man*.² This estimate alone would assure it wide reading and influence, especially among non-scientific readers who desire to keep in touch with the progress of science. With such indorsement the reader turns to it with high expectation. Being a collaboration, one looks for variety, and finds it; for continuity, and finds it; for unity, and finds it—and for finality, and misses it.

I

The first inquiry naturally is: What are the established conclusions as to human evolution, and upon what foundation do they rest? In answer to such an inquiry the following principles are readily discoverable:

¹ *The Evolution of Man*, by Richard Swan Lull, Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology, Yale University; Harry Burr Ferris, E. K. Hunt Professor of Anatomy, Yale University; George Howard Parker, Professor of Zoology, Harvard University; James Rowland Angell, President of Yale University; Albert Galloway Keller, Professor of the Science of Society, Yale University; Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology, Princeton University. The Yale Press, 1922.

² "Man's Place in Nature." *The Homiletic Review*, November 1923, p. 350.

(1) That the human body, including the nervous system and brain, is the product of a long evolutionary process.³

(2) That man is structurally one with the anthropoids and belongs to the order of primates.⁴

(3) That, nevertheless, "the mental gulf between man and the anthropoids is immeasurable."⁵

(4) That human intelligence has evolved along with the brain, but that on account of the brevity of the period for observation "wholly conclusive evidence of evolutionary change in man's mental powers" is difficult to secure.⁶

(5) That human evolution within the historic period has been *societal* rather than individual.⁷

Such conclusions as these, somewhat hypothetical though they may be, represent a vast amount of scientific investigation and reflection and are sufficiently verified to command common consent. In other words, this volume confirms the conclusion that the findings of evolutionists concerning the origin and nature of man constitute a body of ascertained facts and probabilities which should be incorporated—and is incorporated—into the accepted body of human knowledge.

II

Yet outside of these and other well-established conclusions of science there is, as this carefully prepared summary of results shows, a realm of nebulous and perplexing uncertainties. Indications of the extent and baffling character of these yet undeciphered problems may perhaps be formulated thus:

(1) No complete account of the nature, methods and extent of Evolution can yet be given, either in itself or as it applies to man.⁸ What is the central law of Evolution? How far does the same law hold in the pre-human and human phases? What is the origin of life? How did *homo sapiens* acquire the amazing superiority of intelligence and will that characterizes him? What is the origin of self-consciousness? The lack of definite answers to

³ Pp. 92, 130.

⁴ Pp. 39, 78.

⁵ P. 38.

⁶ P. 118.

⁷ Chapter V.

⁸ It is true that Professor Keller makes the essence of Evolution to consist in "the development of form out of form in a connected series" with *adjustment* as its outcome (p. 126), but this is hardly adequate for the higher ranges of Evolution.

such questions as these is not in any respect the defect of this particular book but belongs to the *lacuna* of Evolution itself.

(2) There is marked uncertainty as to the relation of Evolution to progress. President Angell points out that although the average individual is a creature of habit, nevertheless, "the more active and progressive minds find through the accumulated knowledge of the race . . . and through the amazingly rapid development in the technique of the sciences, the tools at hand for a literally unlimited evolution in the actual conditions of human life. From this point of view, therefore, the evolution of intelligence may be considered as close to its beginnings rather than in any sense drawing to a close."⁹ Professor Keller holds that progress and retrogression are judged from the center of the user of the terms and suggests that the whole difficulty may be escaped "if we consent to view the process as it is and do not, in our straining after the assessment of things as progressive or retrogressive, hug to ourselves the misconception that evolution and progress are synonymous."¹⁰ Professor Conklin is disposed to dwell upon the uncertainties involved and declares that the tendencies of mankind "do not point to racial progress, and some of them presage retrogression, degeneration and decay unless they can be overcome."¹¹

The upshot of the matter would seem to be that the possibility of progress lies within the free activity of man himself. Yet this is by no means clear. For perhaps the most disturbing perplexity of all is connected with the way in which whatever possibilities of progress exist may be realized. This comes out in what is said concerning education.

(3) Great uncertainty relates to the place of education in furthering progress. Professor Keller seems to rely more upon what he terms "the big, impersonal automatically working forces" than upon "the feeble powers of the human mind" to bring about societal adjustment. The theory that "societal evolution is by individual purposeful action" receives little support from him. More knowledge, to be sure, is needed to adjust society to "the powerful forces at work within the societal range," but education in ideals and their application can have little effect.¹² On the

⁹P. 125.

¹⁰P. 127.

¹¹P. 179.

¹²P. 147.

other hand, Professor Conklin, after pointing out the strong tendencies in the race toward degeneration, declares: "Education is the first and most important step in combating these tendencies to racial decline."¹³ To be sure, he is not very sanguine as to the future, but neither is he hopeless. This divergence of judgment is not reassuring.

III

On the whole, the reader is left informed, aroused, impressed, but also perplexed and asking himself how far science has really gone in its understanding of the vast content and implications embraced within the term *Evolution*. If one may venture to formulate some of the "corollaries" which arise out of such a presentation as this they would sum up somewhat like this:

(1) Evolution is manifestly still evolving. So far from getting to the bottom of it, science has apparently only just begun to explore its illimitable content. Evolution has come to be seen as a process not only in nature but also in *super-nature*, a process by no means the same in both. It is one thing in the cosmic realm, another in that of organic life and another still in that of mind—and yet there is something common to all. What is it? Integration? Adjustment? Creativity?

Moreover, Evolution is at the same time not only a process but an idea. Did the idea enter the mind from studying nature or the mind itself—or from both? Evolution is a key to the past and a clue to the present and the future. But the key is still in the lock, or at least if one door has been opened it is but to disclose other doors beyond. Or if one conceives of it as a clue, the clue is leading into a labyrinth from which exit is hopeless—unless, indeed, one emerges into an all-enveloping mystery where, ceasing investigation, he falls into that paralysis of science, wonder.

As soon as one looks into the wider aspects of Evolution it does not take long to realize that science has called up questions too great for it to solve. It has released from his bottle an ever-expanding giant whose proportions are becoming somewhat startling—and no power, either of magic or science, can get him

¹³P. 181.

back into his bottle again. In other words, Evolution is both a solvent and a creator of problems, and the problems it has raised are more than natural science alone can deal with.

Great as is the contribution to knowledge which the purely scientific interpretation of phenomena has made, it is folly to assume that description is explanation. It is only a naïve natural science that can deceive itself and the lay world by substituting the *how* of a process for its *whence* and *wherefore*, thinking that it can thus satisfy the legitimate probings of the inquiring mind. The authors of this account of Evolution make no such assumption.

IV

(2) Because of the expanding scope and implications of Evolution the aid of the philosopher is essential. This becomes evident immediately the wider meanings and implications of Evolution are recognized. Yet this is something which the scientist has hitherto been unwilling to admit. The philosopher has seemed to him a superfluity, a shifter of shadows, a dealer in unrealities. Let him stay in his own domain; he has no part to play in interpreting the world of nature. Inferentially if not explicitly this is the assumption of the present volume. The psychologist, and a very comprehensive one, is included among the contributors, but not the philosopher. This is a fatal omission if the aim is more than provincial.

Why, then, is the philosopher indispensable in evolving Evolution? Because, in the first place, he is needed in order to define and evaluate the terms employed. The scientist uses ideas, categories, terms—such as law, cause, nature, force, matter, progress, universe, space, time—which he has not defined and of whose history, presuppositions and deeper implications he is for the most part ignorant. He cannot continue to do this with the assumption that he is thorough master of his instruments and be true to the scientific principle of *exactness*. The scientific spirit calls for a careful examination of these terms as well as of the use made of them. This cannot be done apart from philosophy. And philosophy means the attacking of problems where closed eyes are better than open ones—an admission which it is hard for the scientist

to make. For to him the open eye of observation is the only way to truth.

Moreover, there can be no adequate conception of man and his evolution which refuses to take full note of his whole nature, including personality and its characteristics. To state that personality "is a function of the nervous system"¹⁴ and stop with that is like stating that writing is a function of the hand. The Evolutionist may assume that what we call the *self* is identical with intelligence and that he has no need of anything further as an explanation of the rise and development of the person than the action of the evolutionary forces of nature. But such an assumption cannot be accepted until the consciousness of personal freedom and the sense of worth and obligation have been successfully resolved into mere natural phenomena. That has not yet been done. Meanwhile the question of what constitutes personality remains unsolved. The possibility of a process of *development* within the personal realm analogous to Evolution in the natural realm, but not identical with it, is one which the true scientist can hardly overlook. Nor can the *science of Ethics* be denied a right to be heard upon this issue.

V

This brings one to a third corollary which will seem to a certain type of scientist still more negligible and extraneous than that which precedes, namely,

(3) In order to take into account all the sidelights and overlights of Evolution a place must be found, not only for the philosopher but for the theologian.

This seems, indeed, an incongruity. What has this troglodyte to say concerning Evolution? Nothing whatever as to physical facts and forces. But these are not all the factors involved. There are three aspects of Evolution regarding which the theologian may have something to say which cannot be overlooked: (1) the source of Evolution, (2) its purpose, (3) its outcome. This does not mean that he can answer these questions out of hand. It is of no use for him to make *ex-cathedra* utterances

¹⁴ P. 63.

on these matters. Dictum and dogma have ceased to be recognized as of any significance for truth. But if the theologian can show any good ground for positing the existence "of a Being who is quite distinct from nature and at the same time the cause of it"—to use Kant's phrase—then indeed for evolutionary theory to ignore this hypothesis would be grossly unscientific. For if there is such a Being, neither the beginning of this process, its direction, nor its goal can be detached from relationship to Him.

Another theological factor which the scientist cannot longer ignore—and which in fact he is exercising in his whole attitude toward nature—is *faith*, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. How can the problem of the future of Evolution be met without this outreach of reason beyond the limits of the empirical? There is, in fact, a very striking recognition of the office of faith in the closing words of this volume: "We cannot see clearly the next scene, we can scarcely imagine the next act, and the end of the great Drama of Evolution, if there is to be an end, is a matter of faith alone." Faith in What, or in Whom? Can the theologian answer? His attempts should at least be considered.

VI

With the exception of this almost involuntary word at the close, *The Evolution of Man*, being confined to the realm of physical science, quite naturally has nothing to say concerning either the philosophical or the theological factors involved. No quarrel need be found with it on this account—since it does not explicitly deny that such aspects exist. Yet no complete treatment of Evolution can be made without taking into account its metaphysical and spiritual aspects. For natural science has itself been leading straight to the place where the recognition of these aspects becomes inevitable. It is no longer enough that there be no conflict between science on the one side and philosophy and religion on the other. There is needed not only a clear determination of the spheres of each, but also harmony and cooperation.

THE SINNER AND HIS CLOTHES

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IN an Easter pageant, widely given during the last two or three years, it is suggested that sin be represented by either a woman with disheveled hair and generally unkempt appearance or a man who is collarless and in poor attire. If that is the way sin dresses, it ought to be easier for us to identify it in the future. But some troublesome questions arise. Is it true or perhaps quite untrue? Why is sin so attractive, if threadbare and bedraggled clothes are most suited to it? It is admitted in reply that while the temptation to sin is always pleasing to the eye, the result of sin is quite other and the pageant seeks to picture that. But does sin lead so certainly to the garb of poorer folk or even the "down and out"? Perhaps that may be true of a few sins, but is it possible that other and more serious sins lead normally in the other direction? Some have thought that the collarless and unkempt are often not so much the sinners as the victims of the sins of some well-groomed folk. In other words, whence came this notion of sin? Is it essentially Christian or pagan? Did Jesus lend any support to the idea that citizens of his Kingdom could expect to wear better clothes than those who elected to be aliens to it? If so, that alone should have increased the deserters of "the way of the wicked" who have gone on a quest of this Kingdom. If not, how did such a notion as that of the Easter pageant, shared by many of our church people, get started?

WERE JESUS' POOR SINNERS?

That seems an idle question to ask. Yet to some degree the religious people of his day did class the poor among the sinners. To them all who broke the law of Jehovah were sinners, and that law the poor could not afford to keep. His words, as given by Luke, "Blessed are ye poor," show how definitely he had broken with this Pharisaic attitude. Did Luke understand him to mean

that there was anything meritorious about economic poverty or that such poverty is a blessing to all men? The facts of that day, as this, prevent such a conclusion. Some spiritual advantages follow in the wake of poverty, but just as surely it is an obstacle in many respects of the abundant life Jesus sought to bring. One can be as much a Shylock on three dollars per day as on three hundred. Some of the iniquitous effects of poverty are pictured on the mortality maps of our cities. Delinquent children and younger criminals, who become "repeaters," come overwhelmingly from the ranks of the poor. In spite of what we know about such effects of poverty and as well about its causes, there are still some benighted folk who seem to believe that attempts to overcome it are a bit of meddling with the divine order of things. To be sure, Jesus did not forbid poverty any more than he forbade slavery, but the implications of his teaching of brotherhood will destroy the former as surely as they did the latter. Jesus could hardly have meant that poverty was *per se* a blessing to anyone, and if the shorter version of Luke was the one given originally by Jesus, it may be that Matthew has added two words, "in spirit," to explain what Jesus meant and to avoid the economic misunderstanding of Luke's wording.

By "poor in spirit" did Matthew mean those deficient in spirit, the lifeless, or those in spiritual poverty? Congratulation upon such grounds could only be irony. These two statements of Luke and Matthew are not so dissimilar as they seem, if studied against the background of some conditions of that day. Religion then consisted so largely of tithes, alms, sacrifices and expensive rites of purification and demanded so much leisure that the poor were excluded. As a result it was commonly thought that the economically poor were poor in the inner spirit. Economic poverty and spiritual poverty were then almost Siamese twins. That was so generally accepted that the question, "If it is almost impossible for the rich to be saved, who then can be?" (Mark 10. 26 and parallels), was most logical and natural. In that situation Jesus announces to the poor that the day of their exclusion from the religious community is over, that they are now among the fortunate, for the kingdom of God is theirs. They had no chance

to keep the law. The Kingdom they may possess even more easily than the rich. Not, however, because of their poverty. Papini is mistaken in asserting, "Poverty is the first requisite for the citizenship of the Kingdom" (*Life of Christ*, p. 109). Nor are they to receive it as they would a coin or a book. It is a task as well as a gift and they will win it much as they would win a character or an education. Jesus suggests that the poor are fortunate, not because they are poor or spiritless or deficient spiritually, but because of their sense of spiritual lack and their capacity to more easily avoid self-sufficiency and self-righteousness. Herein their handicap in meeting the conditions of the Kingdom is much smaller than that of the rich. That is suggested, too, in the face of the fact that the poor have their faults and Jesus knew them. However, it may be noted that he never called them hypocrites, "whited sepulchers," or "offspring of vipers."

The above-mentioned Easter pageant point of view would admit most of this, namely, that Jesus regarded the poor as, on the whole, nearer the Kingdom than the rich, but that that was not due fundamentally to the economic status of either. It would rightly urge that material possessions are neither aids nor hindrances necessarily in acquiring its citizenship. It would further insist that it did not intend to imply that sin might not often be dressed in good clothes, since it is a matter not of clothes, good or bad, but of inner disposition essentially. However, in this instance some garb had to be selected, so sin was made to appear collarless, unkempt and bedraggled. But there is more to be said. Is that the picture Jesus had as he thought and taught about sin?

WERE JESUS' SINNERS POOR?

Dives was clothed in purple and fine linen, while Lazarus wore the rags and dirt of the beggar. Certainly Lazarus was not rewarded nor Dives punished for the clothes they wore. In any case the sinner in this picture is well dressed, as have often been his companion spirits in indifference and heartlessness in the presence of need ever since. Jesus' invective against the wrongdoing of the scribes and Pharisees (Matt. 23) was directed against the sins of respectability, of well-dressed people. They it is who

are so much concerned about appearances, the outside of the cup—a concern the poor cannot afford. Only the well-to-do or the holders of power are in position to bind heavy burdens upon the people. The poor could not pay the expenses of ostentation, nor were they able to tithe. Who were these tithers who had forgotten mercy, justice and faith? The answer is obvious. Justice and mercy are qualities that can be preeminently shown only by those who have the position of advantage, whether social, political, or economic. The poor are schooled in faith—they must exercise it for to-morrow's needs, while those who are sufficient for the morrow easily neglect to use it. Not the least among the sinners of his day were the ecclesiastical leaders who in alarm strained at a gnat, but swallowed a camel without blinking an eye. Jesus indicted them for their emphasis upon the trivial and their blindness to the major issues in the moral problems of that day. Even the publicans and harlots, the outcasts, stood higher in his Kingdom. Nowhere in the Gospels is there a record of a more stinging arraignment than the one Jesus fastens upon some religious teachers who enjoy parading about "in long robes" and holding the best seats in the court room and the banquet hall. "They are the men that rob widows of their homes, and make a pretense of saying long prayers" (Mark 12. 40). Again Jesus had seen coins on which kings were called "benefactors." For men to allow themselves to be called "benefactors" by other men, particularly on such grounds, was quite in antithesis to his spirit of brotherhood, and for that hypocritical use of the word he had only the most cutting sarcasm. Evidence could be multiplied to show that the sinner Jesus almost always had in mind stood in the ranks of respectability at least, and usually belonged not only to the more favored groups of society, but was also religious, as that was currently understood. Almost without exception the sin he denounced was clad in broadcloth and walked in patent leather or their first century equivalents. That it was so much interested in religious practices gives us an uneasy feeling as to its modern habits.

DEEPER THAN CLOTHES

The difference between Jesus' picture of sin and that of the

Easter pageant is not merely a distinction in clothes. That would hardly be worth noting. The difference is much more fundamental, and material could be found here for another *Sartor Resartus*. Behind the two pictures lie two distinct views of sin. To the Pharisee sin consisted in failure to give alms, to pay the tithe, to keep the Sabbath properly, to wash hands ceremonially, or to say prayers at appointed times. It was a sin to do or to fail to do certain things required by a sacred legal code. That must be obeyed and kept inviolate, whatever the effect upon human welfare. That this should have been the end of the religious life is largely forgotten and the means to that end itself becomes the end. Again and again the human family has thus misused some of its best possessions. Such means to a better and finer human society as the Sabbath, the church, the state, the national constitution, or the economic system has now and then been converted into an end human beings should serve. Whether in the first century sin is expressed in terms of legalism or in the twentieth century in terms of certain religious conventions and ideas and certain individual vices, the effect is about the same. Too much note is taken of the technical, of things, and not enough of the spirit and disposition. In both, whatever hinders human well-being has too little place. Formerly it mattered little what was thought about Samaritans and Gentiles, if God were only loved sufficiently. The treatment given the Sabbath and such practices as corban make clear how far had gone regard for human values. All of which has its modern counterpart. Even yet there are religious people who do not see that loving God has much to do with our treatment of Russians, radicals, Germans, or Negroes, or that sin is closely related necessarily either to this or such matters as militaristic and economic policies. To some, yet, it does not matter so much if the owner of a great store pays the lowest wages and has strikes, his heavy advertising kept out of the press, in case he is punctilious and prominent in church and Sunday-school work. A defense of the Bible and religion, however pointless, quite outweighs attendant obstacles to bettering human conditions—to some who think quite after the fashion of the Pharisee.

Jesus' view of sin was quite another. He located it in terms

of individual disposition and human welfare. By such a test the neglect of fasting mattered little. Justice became more important than tithing, and the treatment of human beings than religious worship. To Jesus devotion to God and heartlessness toward fellow-men mutually excluded each other. His was an ideal of life that thought not of its own, that reached its goals not by getting but serving, and that found its mission in losing or spending itself. It was a love, as Fosdick puts it, that "looks on Lazarus—and then it looks on Dives! It looks on the little children in the factory—and then on the men who profit by their labor and on the society that allows the outrage. It looks on the poor struggling for bread—and then on the men who keep food prices artificially high. It looks on the 'abandoned girl'—and then on the man who betrayed her and on the men who seek pleasure at the cost of her shame." Whatever violated this spirit of love and brotherhood, wherever people sought their own goals, wherever they used others for their own ends, wherever institutions became more important than life, wherever the strong lorded it over the weak—in short, whatever destroyed or even weakened the unselfish life and the brotherly spirit was sin. Naturally the worst sins are those expressions of selfishness and unbrotherliness which have the greatest power to curse, the greatest range in crippling and blackening human life. Fortunately, to identify some of them is relatively easy.

THE SOURCE OF THE EASTER PAGEANT VIEW

If this view does not spring from Jesus, how does it happen to be so largely held in our churches? "There's a reason," or reasons would be better, for there are several sources. In the first place, it has a biblical basis. We have been convinced that God looks after his own and then have accepted the message of Deut. 28 that he does it in terms of prospered fields, barns, cattle, and the filled basket. Like Bildad, Eliphaz and Zophar, some of us have sought to make this message walk on all fours. God is a just God and on the whole the social and economic order but makes evident the truth and justice of his laws. Such a view links together God's justice and things as they are. It secures favor in important circles by giving the status quo a clean bill of health.

Here is a partial truth, but its partisans, while usually insisting upon some elasticity and refusing to entirely accept prosperity as the test of piety or poverty as the index of sin, are yet unaware how deficient it is. To this view, championed by a current magazine of large circulation, success usually means economic prosperity and to it the roads of integrity and righteousness almost inevitably lead. An easy assumption reached here—and held by many intelligent and well-meaning people—is that people are poor because of laziness, improvidence and lack of thrift, component elements of a general moral laxity. Certainly it is true that integrity or righteousness may as certainly lead to failure as the world counts it as to success.

In the second place, it is nurtured by a capitalistic civilization, a profit system, more pagan than Christian, which has forced our life into an ideal of getting rather than giving. Where such an ideal holds, the one who does not get is deficient and fails because he is in some sense a sinner. He has "missed the mark." In such a civilization, as it has been recently said, there is not a good position the death of whose holder does not bring happiness to someone. This system places things above life and the human welfare which should be the end of our activities gives way to desire for dividends, profits or wages. Children become liabilities and of less concern to the community than its bank deposits or its business. The function of schools and colleges is to increase earning capacity. Laws tend to protect property rather than men and life is worth little unless it has won possessions, learning or social position. In this relative contempt for human life the Easter pageant view of sin finds support. How much there is of this in our Christian civilization and even in Protestantism is made much more evident in Max Weber's *Religions-Soziologie*, a book which deserves to be better known in this country.

Finally, one more source, among yet others, may be called the product of a certain type of theology. Its classical expression is that "the chief end of man is to glorify God." That we have narrowly interpreted as other than service to his fellows and sin has straightway entered the technical—whatever is conceived to hinder this chief purpose of man. As a result of that emphasis

failure to heed an evangelistic appeal has become the unpardonable sin. Ecclesiastics who have held unorthodox notions about the Trinity or the virgin birth have been sinners of a really dark hue, while those who have defended witchcraft, slavery or war were hardly admitted even to the white variety and were often marked for preferment. Even though a financier has often unscrupulously plucked and even ruined the weaker and has sometimes incited the war-dogs, and even though he declared to an investigating committee that if a man with a family can get no more than ten dollars a week and take it, it is enough for him, that was not very serious since he was scrupulous in his attention to church affairs and in his will not only witnessed his faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, but called upon his children to accept it also. In other words, here is a view of religion, and so of sin, that has made it possible for people to be narrow, harsh, and selfish, and yet pious. It has lost the insight that religion is a means to a better man. That order it has reversed and human welfare becomes incidental. In so far as this view is a theological product it is no respecter of rich or poor, but it easily becomes another feeder of the Easter pageant picture of sin.

If it be true, as Jesus apparently implied, that good clothes are more fitting for sin than poor, it ought to be obvious that that is not because those who wear the former are any worse than those who wear the latter. Goodness is not a matter of clothes or possessions or the lack of them. It is due to the much greater capacity and responsibility of those who hold or control the great social, economic and political forces of life. If the statement by Prof. E. A. Ross, "All the giant sins of our time are connected with money-making," is true, it adds eloquent testimony to the correctness of this conclusion. It follows that the collarless, unshaven, and unkempt may be representatives of selfishness or sin, but often they are its victims, more sinned against than sinning. In any case the sins they represent have much less power to ruin or damage life than the sins of those who are responsible for rents and wages as well as for unsanitary homes and factories and who secure gain with no corresponding service rendered.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE MINISTRY?

PAUL HUTCHINSON

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IN the multitude of commissions and committees that make up the G. H. Q. of almost any Protestant denomination in these days you can be fairly sure of finding one body devoted to the recruiting of the ministry. It may be disguised by any one of a number of names. The commission on life service. The department of vocational guidance. The committee on life work. It is all the same thing. Drop out of it the securing of new men for the ministry and there will hardly be enough left to command a secretary's salary from the annual denominational budget. Seemingly, our church leaders are concerned as to the supply of ministerial recruits. Not only do they exhaust all their resources, but they are ready to forget all sectarian inhibitions and indulge in all sorts of interdenominational efforts, if, in any manner, the number of prospective dominies may be increased. There is scarcely a state university, let alone the colleges under acknowledged church control, that does not experience at least one ministerial recruiting campaign every year. If organization can produce ministers, clerical ranks should shortly be filled to overflowing.

Just why this sudden activity is hard to say. Denominational secretaries tell in mournful numbers of empty pulpits, of churches with no more than part-time ministerial service, of the increasing preference on the part of young graduates for the bond business and the advertising game. But it is not certain that the statistics are as bad as has been alleged. Certainly the medicos are out with *their* figures, supposedly drawn from the inerrant United States census, and certainly those figures seem to show that, of the three professions of medicine, law, and the ministry, the latter is the only one that even begins to keep pace with the increase in population. And even were the statistics to tell a different story, that need not worry us overmuch. It is not sure that the millen-

nium would arrive should there be an ordained minister available for every pulpit in the country. In fact, there is a growing suspicion that we already have too many ministers, rather than too few. The influence of the profession might be increased if a few commissions could spend a decade throwing men out rather than inviting them in.

The situation within the ministry itself is a revealing one, albeit some of its aspects border on the comic. Most ministers feel that something has happened to the standing of their profession, and are correspondingly touchy on the subject. Time and again they will read papers to groups chosen from their own ranks, just to prove to each other that the man who insinuates any loss in their community prestige is an ignoramus or an enemy, or both. But they give ungrudging recognition to the few ministers who do give evidence of ability to act as community leaders, who pass without embarrassment to a true intimacy with men of affairs in other fields, who compel recognition as equals in the abodes of power. To find a seat at a midday luncheon club may not seem like much of a feat in a land running over with such clubs, but the minister who does it is a marked man in his profession.

Equally does this inferiority complex betray itself in the recruiting for new ministers. There is as much joy in the presence of the recruiting officers over one football tackle who signs the declaration of purpose as over ninety and nine Phi Beta Kappa men who indicate their readiness to take the vows. (To the credit of the tackle be it said that frequently the outburst of hosannas that greet his decision first stupefy him and then disgust.) I have listened to those accorded eminence in this ministerial recruiting make their appeal, and heard it run much like this: "When I was at Yale the captain of the track team came to me and I said . . . When I was at Harvard the champion quarter-miler knocked at the door of my room. . . . One time at the University of Illinois after this call had been given the all-western forward on the basketball team . . . and that great, strong, masculine Stanford stroke-oar knelt there in my room. . . ." Your average college student needs to have little acquaintance with the ideas of Freud to get the range of an appeal of that kind.

I make no call for a return to the good old days. The standing of the minister in the community is not what it used to be. That is true. But there was an element of artificiality about the old standing that the minister may rejoice is no more. The connotations of that old phrase, "the cloth," were not wholly happy. The conception of the minister as a being apart—apart in the sense of living almost in a vacuum—must never be allowed to return. But it is high time that the ministry was finding a new status for itself which, in some fashion, shall reassert the dignity that once greatened the calling.

Thousands of ministers sense this need. They are trying, in scores of ways, to establish themselves in their communities as figures of moment. Some of those ways are almost ludicrous. Some of them are intelligent. All of them show a perception of the fact that something has happened to the standing of their profession, and a desire to escape the consequences.

So it is that you have the minister who is trying to be a he-man. He-mannishness seems to be a fashion, hence he sets out not only to be in the fashion but to stand at its head. Sermon topics, church activities, community appearances—all are staged to produce the he-man effect. His disdain for the Ladies' Guild may be loudly proclaimed, but when it comes to the annual smoker of the Chamber of Commerce you will find this kind of a preacher planted in the center of the speakers' table. It is something of an exhausting role, but he gives it the last ounce of his strength.

Another type tries to make a place for himself as an expert in organization. He comes into a congregation that has been torn by local disputes, or that has never exerted much influence, and succeeds in inducing its members to work together to such good effect that the fame of the body is spread abroad. This type of man is likely to rise quickly from a local pulpit to a desk at denominational headquarters. His brethren refer to him as a "genius" at organization, and he seeks recognition from the business men of his town for doing well in his field the thing they have done well in theirs. Again, it is no easy task, and the man who is successful at it will have few idle minutes.

Then there are the ministers who would compel respect as

social reformers. Not only are the reform agencies staffed, to an overwhelming extent, from the ranks of the clergy, but many ministers make of their pulpits and their community contacts little else but a crusade against such vices as flaunt themselves in the vicinity. Theirs is a ministry of attack, and they often have distinguished victories to report. One can hardly accuse them of loafing through life; frequently such men make heavy sacrifices for the causes to which they have devoted themselves.

So the list might be continued. There are the ministers who are trying to gain consideration as community voices, speaking when the voice of the whole body of people seeks an expression. There are the ministers who undertake a personal evangelism, concentrating on the task of bringing individual souls to their proper spiritual allegiance. There are ministers who stand out as theological polemicists, and still others who, although they may hold back from public controversy, devote themselves unceasingly to securing recognition as students. There are ministers who proclaim themselves pioneers, exhorting doubting souls to follow them to new realms of freedom. And there are ministers who combine many of these ministries in a single arresting career.

It is dangerous to attempt a list like that. By some it may be considered an attack. It is nothing of the kind. The only type of minister I would attack is the man who appears in none of those categories, the man who has so little idea of what he is trying to do, so little conception of the lowered prestige of his calling, that he has not the personality to attempt a new expression of any kind. For the men who are trying to win from a cynical community a new regard I have only sympathy, no matter what the method they may employ.

But it will be seen that this list, when considered all at once, offers an impression of confusion rather than of certainty; of scattered effort rather than of power. Moreover, it seems to me essentially superficial. Few of the ends to which these men are devoting themselves are foolish ends; almost all of them, as attributes of the ministry, have their value. But when they come to be the central interests, the foundations upon which men seek to build, they are distinctly insufficient. The Christian ministry

must dig a lot deeper than this to discover the qualities that will make it once more a commanding factor in the communal life.

I am persuaded that the loss in prestige that has befallen the ministry has been the direct result of the forsaking or forgetting of three assumptions that were once made whenever a man took orders. And I am further persuaded that the reestablishment of the ministry in its proper position rests, not on the discovery of new modes of activity, but on the reassertion of these fundamental assumptions. They are such simple assumptions, they seem so inherent, that one hesitates to name them. But the obvious is frequently the overlooked, and I fear is so in this case.

I

In entering the ministry a man assumes, or should assume, that he knows his fellows. The very title of his profession implies that. The ministry is a social task. It is, in the old phrase, *shepherding*. It is going out and finding men where they really live; guiding them in their relations with one another; inspiring them to higher levels of living; interpreting themselves to themselves. When a man enters the ministry the community has a right to regard him as one who knows men, their potentialities, their failings, their needs. His knowledge may not be complete—the true minister will always be too aware of its incompleteness—but it is there, and capable of development.

Emergence of what is called the social gospel has emphasized this ministerial assumption. It is required of the modern minister that he not only be able to discover to a man his own hidden faults and promises, but that he be able to direct a community in the paths of righteousness and happy living. No man can provide leadership of this kind without an understanding of the motives and passions that move men in mass as well as in individual units. With the increasing stratification of our American life, and the clear prophecy that, unless men can be induced to unify in a common adventure, they will be overwhelmed in social, industrial and racial conflict, it is sheer waste of time for the pulpit to speak peace unless, behind the voice, there is the understanding of why peace has been betrayed.

There was a time when we spoke of the ministry as "a cure of souls." The term has an archaic sound to-day, and it is too bad for us that this is so. The surrender of the function of spiritual diagnosis has been a fatal surrender. To-day, when the minister wants to know what is taking place within the outer walls of a man's life, he calls in the psychoanalyst and the psychologist and the neurologist and any number of men from other fields. And the man who feels the need of this same inner diagnosis knows that he will receive it only at second-hand from the minister.

It was not so in the time of Jonathan Edwards. There may have been things about the Calvinism of Edwards that the modern minister can well get along without. But when Edwards began to talk to men about the secret imaginings of their hearts, they felt themselves in the presence of one who saw them for what they were. It followed therefore inevitably that men so discovered cried to the man with this power of discovery, "Sir, what must we do to be saved?" This power that characterized Jonathan Edwards distinguished him only in degree and not in kind from his fellow ministers. It was an assumption of the calling in that day that, if a man was in it, he knew what was in his fellows. The world outside is still inclined to predicate that assumption when it sees a man entering this profession. It is the profession's own loss if the assumption is denied.

II

Again, a man entering the ministry assumes, or should assume, that he knows something about God. His knowledge of God is not complete, of course, just as his knowledge of man has its limitations. But some knowledge he has, and this so living that its future increase may be expected. Perhaps it is not remarkable that ministers try to dodge this assumption. There seems to be both humility and humanity in asserting that one is but a comrade with his parishioners in the everlasting search. Yet it is not possible to maintain that attitude to the denial of the assumption of spiritual knowledge. The minute a man steps into a pulpit, he stands forth, in the eyes of the congregation, as one who knows about God, his nature, his ways, his help.

The fundamental contention of religion is that this is a spiritual universe, and the ministry is a profession that has the sublime assurance to claim for its members the ability to announce to men whose experiences might lead them to doubt, "We can point out to you the God in whom we live and move and have our being." That most wonderful of all typical figures, Job, cried, for himself and for all men, "O, that I knew where I might find him!" The minister answers, "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" It is not possible for language to declare the daring of such an assumption, yet no man should ask his brethren to receive him as a minister of religion until he is ready to make it.

It is doubtful, however, whether this assumption of knowledge of the divine does characterize the modern minister to the exclusion of other men. As you think of the voices that have had most to say in recent days of the discovery of God, it is significant to notice how many of them have emanated from laymen, even from men entirely outside the church. Mr. Wells, Mr. Cabot, Mr. King, Mr. Morley, Mr. Marquis—what names are these? Men who have shown their desire to penetrate to the heart of the sacred mysteries and to tell what they found there, even when the pulpit must be the humorous column of a daily newspaper. While only here and there, marked men to be sure in the number of their clerical associates, but oh, so few! are to be found the ministers who give to their communities the impression that the first and overpowering business of their lives is the discovery of God.

Never was there a time when this discovery was more needed. The problems of pain, and of good and evil, have been thrust up everywhere by the events of the years through which we have just passed. For myriads of men, it is no longer possible to regard the question as to the existence and nature of God with the lassitude that marked a comfortable world. Because men are not shrieking day and night, "Where is God?" as they did in the days when the war cataclysm burst upon us, the clergy need not delude itself with the belief that the question is answered or forgotten. Men are brooding over it. They are still waiting for the answer. And while they see men adorning themselves with the phylacteries of holy office, but showing small concern to prove their right to

make this prior assumption, they can have but a tepid regard for the calling.

III

Finally, when a man enters the ministry he assumes, or should assume, not only that he knows something about man and something about God, but that he knows how to link the two in a way to produce happiness. In many ways, this is the most startling assumption of all. It is astonishing to what a degree ministers overlook it. Again, this may be because its proclamation seems to smack of presumption. Let the minister not delude himself: there is no place here for a false humility. If it is presumption to claim that one can link his fellows with the infinite, it is equally presumption to stand forth as a minister of the infinite at all. And if one cannot perform this spiritual miracle, then life's work should be found in some field of social service where the community does not expect it.

Some clergymen have become violently vocal of late in denouncing what they have called "bootleg religion," or the cults and groups that inhabit hotel parlors and transformed offices on Sundays in the name of new revelations of spiritual truth. But what brings these groups together? In almost every instance, it is the declaration of ability to bring the thwarted human into contact with the resources of God. It makes no difference how much of a charlatan the leader of the cult may be. So great is the desire of humanity for this touch with divinity that any man who makes the claim, however small his powers, will obtain a response. And if responsible ministers, over whose heads there have been spoken words of breath-taking mystery and meaning, find themselves regarded as of subordinate import in the community, they will do well to inquire whether or not they are acknowledging this final assumption of their calling, and proving their right to do so.

A good many centuries ago a Christian minister crossed from Asia Minor into Europe. He was the first of his kind to enter that continent. With characteristic courage, he moved straight on the intellectual capital of the day, and soon stood on

the Areopagus of Athens. He had but a few minutes in which to implant in the minds of a critical and cynical audience a conception of the calling he represented. Most of what he said has been preserved for us. He began by telling those men of Athens that he perceived the sort of men that they were: he knew man. He continued by telling them that he came in the name of the deity whom, unknowing, they worshiped: he knew God. He closed by telling them that, whereas they had approached God with gold and silver, there was another, a true way to his favor: he knew the method of making redemptive contact between God and man.

Any ministry, I am persuaded, that is to have large significance must be based on those same three assumptions. It is at this point that the Roman priest so frequently holds the advantage. The Protestant minister shrinks from proclaiming his possession of knowledge in such fields as this. The Roman priest holds it steadily as the condition of his office. And the result is that, even where it may be suspected that some of the priest's knowledge is mistaken, the priest himself stands forth in a light that compels attention and respect. But no more than does the occasional Protestant pastor who makes it clear that he considers himself in possession of the same great secrets.

The current unrest in the ministry is making itself felt in the theological seminaries. Schools are comparing curricula, and all sorts of experiments are being made in the interest of educational efficiency. The impulse that is producing these changes is a welcome one. But the minister will never be brought to his proper standing in our communities simply by instructing him in the methods of church management. The requirement is much deeper, much more exacting, even while it is much simpler. It is that, when the community welcomes a minister to its pulpits and to its homes, it shall be able confidently to say, "Here is a man who knows men; here is a man who knows God; here is a man who knows how to bring God and men together." Our communities are eager for the men of whom that can be said. What has the ministry to offer?

ROMANIST OR QUAKER?

DANIEL MCGURK

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Two antagonistic and mutually exclusive types of religion have been running a race for supremacy in the world. The religion of authority on the one hand, and the religion of individual freedom on the other. These cannot both be right. They cannot both be triumphant.

If we want a religion of authority, there is no logical resting place until we reach the ancient and historic Church of Rome with its centralized authority of the Pope. If, on the other hand, we want a religion of freedom, we land ultimately in the fellowship of the Society of Friends with its authority of the "*Inner Light*." There is no middle ground. The two horns of the dilemma are Romanism or Quakerism. For my part, I accept Quakerism, not as a system of doctrine, but as a spirit of life, a philosophy of spiritual approach.

Quakerism and Modernism are, in spirit and principle at least, practically identical. Comparing them roughly and without the pains of critical scrutiny, we will find them standing for the same things, or at least for the same principles. Analyzing them hastily, we find a few striking parallels.

1. There is the right of every individual to make his own approach to God. Here is a principle for which the Modernist is willing to contend and for which the Quaker always has contended. He may not have had the learning of the Modernist, but he did have his passion for individual freedom of conscience. Here we must all stand against the encroachments of Rome. We will have no other mediator but the Christ and will confess to no other than to him. None may stand between us and our redeeming Lord and Saviour.

2. Then along with this freedom is the right of every man to make his own interpretations of the facts of life; to apply the message of Jesus to his own life and to determine the measure

of its devotion and the directions of its consecration. Here again we see the parallelism between Modernism and Quakerism. Neither will brook the interference of a meddling hierarchy nor the mandates of a church council, either voluntary or authorized. The Quaker, indeed, departed from this spirit when he sought to impose certain uniformities in the observances of religious practice. As is so often true, his spirit was superior to his practice.

The Christian of to-day must trust his own spiritual intuitions and follow the mandates of his enlightened moral nature. He must believe that God is as ready to reveal himself to us as he was to reveal himself to any other of his people. He must insist that God's revelation of himself was not completed with the destruction of Jerusalem, but that to the humbly inquiring soul, he will make himself known to-day as surely as he did to John on Patmos. There is no authority for truth anywhere if it is not in the recesses of one's own spiritual consciousness. No theology, doctrine, nor dogma has more authority for any man than the measure of its divine compulsion of his own moral sense.

I do not mean by that statement that the Modernist will use no supplemental information for his enlightenment. Here, perhaps, lay a fundamental error of the early Friends. They were inclined not to check up their findings with the findings of others who were as earnestly seeking truth as themselves. This error the Modernist will not commit. On the other hand, he will seek to correct or confirm his experience by consulting the experience of others. He will learn the value of corroborative or corrective evidence and will welcome the one as readily as he will the other. This he will do by utilizing the experience of others in matters of similar nature. While his own intuitions and experiences are final, for himself, he will seek to profit by all the known or knowable experiences of others and, wherein the experiences of others seem to transcend his own, he will use them as incentives to attainment and spurs to achievement. Thus he will not only check his own experiences one against another, but he will check his own experiences against those of his friends and neighbors.

But he will go yet further. He will lay the straight edge of historic knowledge and Bible truth alongside his intuitions and

his experiences and test their legitimacy and trustworthiness by these standards of the past. He will enrich himself by these stores of spiritual knowledge. He will neglect no fountain of historic values. He will drink from all streams of inspiration and enlightenment. He will covet the last word of scholarship and profit by it to the extent of his capacity. He will despise no learning and be deaf to no voices that speak to him of God or that will clarify his vision of God and duty.

In order that he may make intelligent use of his spiritual resources, he will welcome the last established word of science. Recognizing that all truth is sacred and that science and religion are both its handmaids, he will accept all light that science can pour upon the path of his progress. He will emulate the patience of the scientist in his search for truth in his own domain. Nor will he blindly hold to a *good* if a *better* be found. He will not lightly discard things that are approved of time nor will he allow them to close the door of progress. Holding fast to that which is good, he will also reach out for that which is better. He will expect to find God as certainly in the physical as in the spiritual. Indeed, he will most likely enlarge his conception of the spiritual and may yet come to know that the so-called physical is but a lower type of the spiritual.

3. The Quaker in the third place believed in a democracy of privilege, of leadership and of responsibility. He stands on the New Testament and recognizes no order of the ministry. Romanism—not the New Testament—gave us our distinctions between the laity and the ministry. It is high time for Protestantism to slough off this excrescence of the Roman Church and to return to the simplicity of the New Testament. The false distinctions between the sacred and the secular have cost the Christian Church incalculably on the side of its evangelizing passion and purpose. Until she restores all men to their privilege and responsibility in proclaiming the Good News she is shorn of the greater portion of her power as an evangelizing force. Modernism cannot serve God in the habiliments of a sacerdotal clericalism. If she would prove the divinity of her call, let her restore to all men—and women, too—their privileges under the Divine Spirit. Here Modernism

may demonstrate her leadership in the New Reformation so much talked about by her spokesmen.

4. Social passion is another characteristic in which Modernism parallels the Friends' movement. The Christian life is lived only in the following of Jesus. Christianity is not the acceptance of a dogma, but the daily practice of the principles that were manifest in the life and example of Jesus. Hence the Friends have always been outstanding in their denunciation of wrongs such as human slavery, intemperance, the use of opium, and prison abuses. They have consistently opposed war as unlawful for Christians. While they could not enter the late war as combatants, they showed their love for and loyalty to the cause of their country and its allies by rendering as fine a bit of service in the ranks of noncombatants as could be expected of anyone whatever.

Here, too, we see the blazed trail for Modernism. If Modernism, as an interpretation of Christianity, is to triumph, it must stress the humanities as the outgrowth of Christian passion. It must lead in the application of the Good News of Jesus to the complex life of the world in economics and industry, in politics and in all human relationships. It must take the lead in bringing about the outlawry of war. The Quakers are right. *War is inconsistent with the teachings of Jesus.* Christianity must take a stand and force the junkers and war-lords of every land to recognize that there are other ways of enforcing the mandates of righteousness and justice. A tithe of the money spent, even in Christian America, for the maintenance of the army and navy, if spent in the cultivation of international good will, would soon make war an un-thought-of affair.

To me there seems no middle ground between the religion of the Spirit and the religion of authority. Once the Fundamentalist ties himself up to an authoritative statement of dogma, he enters upon a road that has no terminus until he arrives at the throne in the Vatican. Bizarre and impossible as the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is, it is the last resort of those who insist on infallibility in matters of religious doctrine. An infallible book, an infallible church and an infallible pope are alike repugnant to the

Spirit of Jesus. The religion of the Spirit will win, but it has a hard, long fight. It must win against Romanism as well as against Fundamentalism. The Modernists and the Quakers should pool their interests and unify their forces, for they must go far to their goal if the spiritual freedom of the individual is to be established. A religion of authority is the refuge of those who wish to escape the pains of intelligent, discriminating decision in matters of faith or who are too timid or indolent to accept responsibility for their own conduct. Now seems to be the hour of the dogmatist and the devotee of authority. Romanism has gained tremendously from the war. Fundamentalists are bringing grist to her hoppers. If the fruits of the Reformation are not to be lost, all advocates of spiritual freedom must unite in an aggressive evangelism of education. Leaving the *findings* of faith to the individual conscience, they must stand as an invulnerable unit for individual freedom in matters of religious faith and life.

RICHARD BAXTER

LEWIS KEAST

Ishpeming, Mich.

Then said the Interpreter to Christian: "Hast thou considered all these things?"

Christian: "Yes, and they put me in hope, and fear."

It is very fitting that an interpretation of Baxter should be preceded with a quotation from Bunyan. They were contemporary. Indeed, three men representative of the Puritanism of the seventeenth century were contemporary not only in time, but in thought and action. John Milton will be placed among the immortals because of *Paradise Lost*. John Bunyan will be held in everlasting memory because of *Pilgrim's Progress*; but it is doubtful if Richard Baxter will be much longer held in the memory of men except for that wonderful hymn, "Lord, it belongs not to my care." It is because of a fearful sense of losing Baxter and the blessings that he brought humanity that this article is written. Therefore, lest the fame of this great man should fade into forgetfulness, I shall attempt to brush back the dust which the passing years have laid upon his saintly record. The fact that he was born in a day when other men were making an immortal record, and with limitations that were beyond his control—the fact that he was not a superman—makes him a worthy example of all those who seek encouragement in the Christian ministry.

Richard Baxter was born at Rowton, a little village in Shropshire, England, on November 12, 1615. His parents were Puritan; but not radical as the Nonconformists were then considered. They were among those who loved the church though they dissented from many of the common practices of the day. Concerning his father Baxter writes, "He never scrupled Common Prayer, or ceremonies, nor spake against the bishops, nor even so much as prayed but by book or form, being not ever acquainted with any that did otherwise. But only for reading the Scripture when the rest were dancing on the Lord's Day and for praying (by a

form out of the end of the Common Prayer Book) in his house, and for reproving drunkards and swearers, and for talking sometimes a few words of scripture and the life to come, he was reviled commonly by the name of Puritan Precisian and Hypocrite."

Baxter as a boy was anything but promising. For years he was in very poor health and his parents never thought that he would mature into manhood. They often despaired his very life. But notwithstanding his feeble health he was born with that indomitable courage and indefatigable zeal that led him to surmount every handicap and make no small impression in a day of great enlightenment and learning. Strange to say that in a day of vast erudition he had no advantage of learning or eloquence by which he might press his claims. But this must be said, that he very early became acquainted with the operation of divine love. As Methodist ministers and Methodists in general we do well to remember that Baxter's message to our own day is the message of a burning heart. His heart was aglow with the love of God.

To appraise the life and character of Richard Baxter one must know something of the conditions under which he lived. England was rent with civil war, promoted largely by the tyrannies of Charles I. But what began as a civil and political strife developed into a "Puritan Revolution." People feared the restoration of the papacy and rallied to the support of the Parliament.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Baxter was not in sympathy with the "Revolution." When the Civil War broke out in 1642, he was a member of the Presbyterian party in the church. In 1645 he was made chaplain to the regiment of Whalley, a cousin of Cromwell, but he declared that his purpose in preaching to the soldiers was to win back their loyalties to the church and their king. And in 1660 Baxter was one of those who welcomed back the exiled King Charles I.

His failing health necessitated his retirement as chaplain from Cromwell's army. In the meantime he had married Margaret, the daughter of Francis Charlton, Esq., a young lady of wealth and some station. She proved to be a true, sympathetic helpmeet; and though many years younger than himself she made

him a most excellent wife. Their married life was not of long duration, only nineteen years. When she died in 1681 he wrote a very tender appreciation of her life.

Baxter's lack of mental discipline and training in his preparation for the ministry was partly due to the illiteracy of the times and his feeble health. Of his early training he says, "As to myself, my faults are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none. I have little but what I have read out of books and inconsiderable helps of country tutors. Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live, beginning with necessities I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I lived and studied." The little training which he did receive was often at the hands of incompetent instructors, or tutors who paid more attention to the religious strife caused by the Civil War than the real principles of education. In speaking of one instructor in particular he says, "During no less than two years he never instructed me one hour, but spent the time, for the most part, in talking against the factious Puritans."

To account for the ministry of this great man and to attempt an interpretation of his life and work we must therefore turn to something other than his early training and his own feeble body. We must turn to that secret source of all life and divine power. No one knew more concretely and truly the meaning of the words of Jesus, "Without me ye can do nothing." Speaking in this regard Baxter said, "After all my studies in my books and at college divinity has always had the first and foremost place with me." And again in the *Reformed Pastor* he says, "Nothing can be rightly done where God is not known. We know little of the creatures till we know how they stand to God, and how God stands to them. It is one thing to know the creatures as Aristotle knew them; it is quite another thing to know them as the apostle Paul knew them."

Baxter's best friends were his books, and having chosen the best of callings, which is to preach Christ, he gave himself to his work unremittingly and with all diligence. He never preached at the expense of his pastoral fidelity. Though he wrote one hundred and sixty-eight volumes, yet we have only to read his

Call to the Unconverted and the *Reformed Pastor* to discover his faithfulness to his pastoral calling. We do not wonder, then, that he should say in the days of unusual delinquency in the divine calling: "We ministers do not so seriously, so unreservedly and so industriously lay ourselves to our work as we ought. How few of us do so behave ourselves in our office as men who are wholly devoted thereto! Certainly, brethren, experience will teach you that men are not made learned nor wise without hard study, unwearied labor, and much experience." No man ever united more efficiently and successfully his pastoral and pulpit work than did Richard Baxter. However, he was never a great preacher as compared with some of his contemporaries, but of his earnestness there was never any question. "I have always preached," he said, "as a dying man to dying men." The zeal which consumed him was the zeal of a burning passionate heart.

Aside from his evangelical fervor Baxter was tremendously interested in the unity of the church. This saying attributed to Baxter, "If we would observe unity on necessary points, liberty on non-necessary ones, and charity in both, our prospects would certainly be in the best possible condition," is worthy of the highest consideration in this our own day, when there is so much spurious talk on church unity. All those who are seeking a closer union among the churches might well listen to this early prophet of a new day. In the midst of the fiercest partisanship he showed the greatest liberality. His pastoral work and his meeting with men made him a man of broad sympathies. Baxter's fundamentalism was always fraternal, and his courage always measured up to his enthusiasm.

Baxter's life and ministry were centered around Kidderminster, and notwithstanding those conflicting and bitter conditions under which he lived, it formed the most beautiful period of his life. What Shakespeare was to Stratford on the Avon Baxter was to Kidderminster. It was this minister of God and prophet of peace that made a little weaving town which otherwise would have been unknown to the world to have an international significance, and Dean Stanley very aptly said in unveiling his statue: "Baxter without Kidderminster would have been but half

of himself; and Kidderminster without him would have had nothing but its carpets." What Wesley was to the eighteenth century Richard Baxter was to the seventeenth century in his evangelism and splendid loyalty to Christ.

Baxter died in 1691, just one hundred years before Wesley. The statue referred to above was not erected until 1875. The dedication occurred on the twenty-eighth day of July of that year. The following is the inscription on the pedestal of the statue:

Between the years of 1641 and 1660

This town

was the scene of the labors of

RICHARD BAXTER

Renowned equally for his Christian learning
and his pastoral fidelity.

In a stormy divided age he advocated unity
and comprehension, pointing the way to
"the Everlasting Rest."

Churchmen and Nonconformists united to raise
this Memorial A. D. 1875.

THE DEGREE OF ORIGINALITY OF THE ANCIENT
HEBREW CULTURE

ED. KÖNIG

Bonn, Germany

ONE of the most powerful among the levers that have lifted modern science to its present eminence has been the *comparative* method. This is particularly true in the field of philology, which has made marvelous progress since Franz Bopp of Berlin, through his comparative study of Sanscrit, laid the foundations of the comparative grammar of the Indo-European languages.

We can justly be proud of the comparative method in modern investigation, but for this very reason it may not be amiss to warn against a possible *danger* that can arise in the application of that method. It is a fact, even though it be a psychological puzzle, that the scholar is far more keen in noticing the corresponding characters of the entities he compares, than in observing their differences, which have less interest for him. There is perhaps no more timely subject by which to test the necessity of this warning than the comparative study of the culture of Israel. This will be attempted in the following essay.

I

Let us begin with the examination of the general elements of culture, the *instruments of mutual intercourse and understanding*.

The weights, measures, and money of the ancient Hebrews, as is not seldom the case, enjoyed an international circulation. The Hebrew cubit was probably the Babylonian one, which is known from records going back to the third millennium B. C. to have been $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches (49.5 cm.) long. The Babylonian origin of the Hebrew cubit is confirmed by the discovery, at Tal'annek (in the plain of Jezreel), of bricks of that length.¹ The case is clearer for the heaviest weight of the Hebrews, the *kikkar* (circle) or talent, for, like the Babylonians, the ancient Hebrews divided

¹H. Vincent, *Canaan d'après l'exploration récente* (1907), p. 321.

the talent into 60 minas, each of which consisted of 60 shekels weight. In the ancient Covenant Code (Exod. 21. 32) the price of a slave is given as 30 shekels, which is probably the equivalent of half a mina. The number 60 points undoubtedly to the Babylonian sexagesimal system: the basic figures were 1, 60, and $60 \times 60 = 3600 = \text{one saros}$. But Babylon did not prevail entirely among the Hebrews and the other nations, for the Hebrew *ephah* (about 8 gallons, or 36.4 liters) was one tenth of the *homer* and was in turn subdivided into ten parts (compare Num. 28. 9 with v. 5). There are, therefore, among the Hebrews, traces of the decimal system, which prevailed ultimately over the sexagesimal one.

Next to language, *writing* is the chief medium of communication. It is most improbable that the Israelites ever used the Babylonian cuneiform writing to transmit their own literature. It has been claimed recently that the literature of Israel was written, until Solomon's time, in Babylonian language and script.² But Hebrew was a literary language, in spite of Naville, at least as early as the time when the Song of Deborah (Judg. 5) was composed, that is, the time of the Judges, as even the most acute critical scholars admit.³ Naville erroneously claims that the Babylonian script was still used in the time of Solomon because the high priest was unable to read the book of the law found in the temple in 621. This cannot be read into the text of 2 Kings 22. 8f.⁴ and there is no trace, in the Hebrew sources, of a passage from the Babylonian to the Hebrew language and script, whereas there are numerous mentions of changes of names of cities, months, etc. (cf. my *Genesis*, p. 88f.), and this change from the Hebrew to the Aramaic writing in the copies of the Torah is carefully placed on record (*Bab. Sanhedrin*, 21b).

New archaeological discoveries throw some light on the origin of the Hebrew alphabet and weaken the position of the panbabylonialists. The groups of signs discovered by Flinders Petrie on

² This is the opinion of the Egyptologist Ed. Naville, of Geneva, in *Archéologie de l'Ancien Testament* (Lausanne, 1916), p. 23.

³ Th. Nöldeke, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th ed., vol. xxiv, p. 622a; Ed. Meyer, *Die Israeliten und ihre Nachbarstämme*, p. 487; and others.

⁴ The arguments of Naville and his followers are discussed in detail in my commentary *Genesis* (2nd ed., December, 1924), pp. 2-14.

the Sinai Peninsula, after the preliminary investigations of Gardiner and Sethe, have been studied recently;⁵ an examination of the photographs has persuaded me that some of the signs can be identified as letters. To give only two proofs, several inscriptions begin with a figure that resembles the head of an ox with its horns, and following the gradual simplification of the picture through the Mesha stone and the Phœnician alphabets, we feel certain that it represents an *aleph*, the sign of the smooth breathing. We can also recognize clearly a wavy line, which in Egypt pictured water and was used to represent the *m*, the initial letter of the Egyptian (and Hebrew) word for water,⁶ and we can follow the sign through the successive Hebrew and Phœnician inscriptions. These Sinaitic inscriptions (about 1500 B. C.) confirm the affinity of the Hebrew alphabet with the Egyptian hieroglyphs, a view that I had defended in my *Lehrgebäude der hebräischen Sprache* and that is now admitted by the scholars just named.

II

To what a degree is the Hebrew culture original with reference to *inventions* and *fine arts*?

It is true that the Babylonians caused agriculture to progress,⁷ but who would give credit to a single nation for the practical discoveries in so large a domain? This applies also to the statement that the Babylonians have built immense brick walls and were able to build vaults.⁸ At any rate the Hebrews built very notable walls and tunnels. How marvelous are the blocks of cut stone used so skillfully to build a great wall that we can still admire in the foundations of the Temple at Jerusalem! How notable is the work of building a tunnel under Temple Hill so that the water of the intermittent spring at the eastern edge of Temple Hill flowed through the famous Siloam canal to the other side!⁹ It was undoubtedly an accomplishment worthy of admiration to excavate under the hill at a depth of 100 cubits a length

⁵ Hub. Grimme, *Althebräische Inschriften vom Sinai* (1923) and Dan. Völter, *Die Althebräische Inschriften vom Sinai und ihre historische Bedeutung* (1924).

⁶ Ad. Erman, *Die Hieroglyphen* (1917), p. 22.

⁷ Ed. Hahn, in *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* (1911), col. 2630f.

⁸ Friedr. Delitzsch, *Mehr Licht* (1907), p. 31.

⁹ This canal was built under Hezekiah (2 Chron. 32. 30) or, according to recent discoveries (Jirku, *Altorientalischer Kommentar*, 1923, p. 183), simply restored by him.

of 1,200 cubits so that the laborers advancing from both sides came at last together! The satisfaction of the men who had planned and carried to completion this work found a legitimate expression in the Siloam inscription which they engraved on the wall where "the workmen struck each to meet the other, pickaxe against pickaxe."

In the domain of poetry there is undoubtedly a similarity of form between the literature of the Hebrews and others. The so-called *parallelismus membrorum*, a succession of lines bearing a mutual relation of harmony or contrast, is found in the Babylonian as well as in the Egyptian poems.¹⁰ Even the accentuating rhythm of Hebrew poetry has been discovered in cuneiform texts, where the stressed syllables are indicated by vertical marks dividing the prosodic feet.¹¹ However, it is not necessary to postulate an actual borrowing on the part of the Israelites: we can suppose a parallel development. In the second place, Hebrew poetry is superior to the Babylonian, even from the point of view of form, for no drama has come to light in cuneiform texts, whereas the Song of Songs is, in my opinion, a kind of melodrama with various scenes.

And how could we omit, in this connection, the art of oratory of the Israelites? Already Jerome, in the preface to his commentary on Isaiah, calls this prophet "the Demosthenes of the Hebrews," and not without cause. His metaphors are marvelously colorful; think of his use of light and darkness to depict salvation and ruin. His contrasts are striking: "Burning instead of beauty" (3, 24), "He looked for judgment, but behold oppression" (5, 7). Where do we find in the Babylonian-Assyrian literature any discourses comparable to those of the Hebrew orators, in elegance of diction, power of thought, and logical disposition? You will seek in vain. The oracles of the Babylonians concerning the future consist generally of mere questions, and when the answers are given, they are brief and indefinite, as can be seen in all new collections.¹²

¹⁰ It would be more appropriate to call this feature of Hebrew poetry "ideal eurhythmics." I have discussed the various phases of this subject in my *Hebräische Rythmik* (1914), pp. 11-15.

¹¹ H. Zimmern, *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie* (1895), pp. 1f, 24.

¹² For example in Lehmann-Haas, *Textbuch der Religionsgeschichte* (1922), p. 283f.

At last a word must be said about Hebrew historiography, although I have recently compared it with the historical writings of other nations in this REVIEW (vol. 105, p. 643ff.). What living, plastic pictures are painted for us in certain parts of these histories! Who does not think of the trip to Mesopotamia, to seek a bride for Isaac (Gen. 24) or the drama of Joseph's humiliation and elevation (Gen. 39ff.)? I need not repeat that the lifelike description of the actual events in the time of David (2 Sam. 9-20, etc.) has been praised even by some of the most competent scholars in the field of ancient history, like Ed. Meyer.

III

When we inquire about the achievements of Israel in the domain of *science*, will we not have to lower the level of its culture? A certain skepticism here would be a sign of originality.

Or was there, when the children of Israel were entering the scene of history, in the centuries that followed Moses' time, an "astronomical science" on the banks of the Tigris and of the Euphrates? Some have recently affirmed it. But to me the situation seems to be as follows. Undoubtedly there were in Babylon and Nineveh some thinkers who attempted to elaborate a conception of the universe on the basis of observation of celestial bodies, and to investigate the will of the gods by interpreting the ordinary and unusual phenomena seen in the skies, particularly the temporary conjunctions of planets and the eclipses of sun and moon, like the total eclipse of the sun observed at Nineveh on June 15, 763. In Babylonia the lunar year was harmonized at an early date with the solar year (whose length was known with fair accuracy) by the intercalation of a thirteenth month. The signs of the Zodiac were recognized and their circle was divided into twelve times thirty degrees. However, with regard to this latter achievement we do not know whether it can be dated earlier than the seventh century. The knowledge of the precession of the spring equinox from *Gemini* to *Taurus* and farther west into *Aries* has been attributed to the Babylonians without good reason, as Kugler¹³ and Bezold¹⁴ have conclusively shown. For the

¹³ *Im Bannkreis Babels* (1910), pp. 89-94.

¹⁴ *Astronomie, Himmelschau und Astrallehre bei den Babyloniern* (1911), p. 17.

Babylonians, as late as the middle of the second century B. C., fixed the spring equinox five days too late (Bezold, p. 19).

From all we know, it appears therefore that the Babylonians of the second millennium before Christ were great only in astrology. They filled entire series of tablets with such statements as this: "If in the month of Ulûlu (September) there takes place on the fourteenth an eclipse beginning in the north and ceasing in the southeast, beginning during the first watch of the night, ceasing during the middle watch, an oracular answer will be given to the king of Akkad (northern Babylonia)." Thus the ancient Babylonians acquired the questionable celebrity which the Chaldeans enjoyed in the time of Cicero. Interesting as astrology may be, it is no science, and even from the practical view it has been an obstacle to cultural progress. How often the observation of the stars and its traditional interpretation (cf. Cicero, *De Divinatione*, I, 8) prevented a rational study of historical situations and intelligent action! If we remember those who like Claudius (in 52) and Vespasian banished the Chaldean astrologers, let us not forget entirely that long before, the leaders of Hebrew culture had spoken of the "stargazers" and "astrologers" of the Babylonians with biting irony (Isa. 47. 13; Jer. 10. 1f.).

IV

We must now consider the *religious conceptions* of the Hebrews, a factor of the significance of this nation in the history of civilization; for, though they do not dominate entirely over the other phases of the culture of Israel, still they are its deepest source. Just as an individual can be improved by the consciousness of descending from a noble line of ancestors, so the people of Israel were inspired by the characteristic and *original* ideas of their religion: monotheism at first latent, then fully developed, fundamental spirituality of the religious cult with its loud protest against idolatry, its superiority to divination and magic, its horror of hierodules and orgiastic rites, lofty consciousness of bringing a blessing to mankind conceived as a unit.¹⁵

¹⁵ See, for a detailed presentation of the facts, my *Theologie des Testaments* (1923), pp. 25-28.

What an isolated entity, to the eye that compares it with the world round about! Contrast the idea of the one true God with the folly of the polytheism flourishing on the banks of the Nile, of the Euphrates, and of the Tigris! What a delicate superiority in the complete lack of sexual distinctions in the deity, so that the Hebrew language does not even have a word for "goddess"! But is perhaps Zoroastrianism a rival of Mosaism in the conception of a unique and spiritual god? No! The Persian religion is a dualism that recognizes two principles; and whereas imageless worship became later a fundamental law even for the masses—do we not see thousands of Jews on their knees begging Petronius not to bring to Jerusalem the statue of Emperor Caligula?—the Persians, who had no sacred images, according to Herodotus, yielded later to idolatry. Elsewhere the loss of political independence resulted in the annihilation of a people, as in the case of the Greeks; but religion was the backbone that saved Israel's national existence through the vicissitudes of political dispersion.

Any phase of Hebrew culture that has particularly felt the impact of this faith in the true God is for this very reason original. The contents of Hebrew poetry, whose form has already been considered, illustrates this point. The superiority of the poetry of the people of Israel over not only the hymns and epics of the Babylonians, but also over Homer and Hesiod, is due to the belief in a sovereign divine spirit distinct from the universe, a fact recognized by the great genius of Alexander v. Humboldt.¹⁶

Besides religion there were at work in the culture of Israel other forces; morality, for instance. Of course Hebrew ethics were not uninfluenced by religion, as we see from the Ten Commandments (Exod. 20. 2-17), and this explains some of the characters that make it so superior to Babylonian morality, the silence of scholars on this point notwithstanding. Consider simply the Hebrew legislation concerning the foreigner! In the oldest *corpus juris*, the Covenant Code which follows the Decalogue, we read: "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger nor oppress him"; and

¹⁶ See his *Kosmos*, vol. ii (1847) p. 45f., where he glorifies the Psalter as a "reflection of the monotheism that is affected by the whole world in its unity, terrestrial life as well as luminous celestial spaces."

concerning the slave: "And if a man smite the eye of his servant, or the eye of his maid, that it perish; he shall let him go free for his eye's sake" (Exod. 22. 21; 21. 26). The Babylonian Code of Hammurabi considers only the mutilation of another man's slave and punishes it merely with a fine (§ 199). But this high moral level is not due exclusively to Israel's religious ideals; the national consciousness was active in the same direction: "No such thing ought to be done in Israel," says a young woman in 2 Sam. 13. 12.

This cooperation of religion and national feeling is also clear in the form of government of the Israelites. The Scriptures affirm that God is the supreme ruler of the nation: "Jehovah shall reign" (Exod. 15. 18); and this is the reason for Gideon's refusal of the royal crown (Judg. 8. 23). This lofty ideal was alive in "all the children of Israel" (Judg. 20. 1) far more than among the Greeks¹⁷ and made possible the appearance of national heroes in time of oppression. But the divine patience permitted that a political party, made desperate in a time of crisis, set it aside; nevertheless, it did not die, for one character of the monarchy "like all the nations" was not adopted by Israel, the deification of earthly kings. How clearly this appears, in that scene in front of the Persian royal palace, where, among the crowd that fell down to worship a minister of the king, Mordecai alone remained standing!

Other phases of Hebrew culture are independent of religious thought; I am thinking of the conception of historical development. In their histories the individual stands forth as a personality deciding in last analysis its own conduct and, although the historical events are within the realm of divine knowledge, a depressing fatalism is utterly unknown. The latter has erroneously been attributed to the Babylonians,¹⁸ who on the contrary conceived that human action could react in the divine sphere.¹⁹ But the Babylonians applied to the course of history a theory of world ages and their historian Berosus reckons for the pre-diluvian

¹⁷ Cf. Hermann, *Lehrbuch der Griechischen Staatsaltertümer* (6th edit.), p. 61f.

¹⁸ H. Winckler, *Die Babylonische Geisteskultur* (1907), p. 116.

¹⁹ King Samsu-iluna says that "the fear of the terror of his royalty covered the surface of heaven and of earth, and for this reason the great gods looked at him with their radiant faces." (E. Schrader, *Keilschriftliche Bibliothek*, vol. iii, 1, p. 132f.)

era 120 *Saros* (of 3,600 years each) and for the period going from the deluge to the Persian conquest of Babylon 10 *Saros* (or 36,000 years). This schematic chronology was not adopted by the Hebrews, nor by the Greeks, although the latter distinguished various periods in the development of human culture (Hesiod, *Works and Days*, v. 109ff.).

In conclusion, there appears in the Hebrew conception of the state and of history a very *un-oriental* individualism, the last link in a chain of elements of Hebrew culture presenting a decided originality. How onesided is the opinion of those who, blinded by the brilliance of the political power and the commercial preponderance of Babylonia, have lost sight of the cultural independence of the Children of Israel.²⁰

²⁰ Cf. what O. Weber says in his *Theologie und Assyriologie im Streit um Babel und Bibel*, pp. 5, 10f: "That tiny village yonder (Israel) follows Babylon's ways, Babylon's culture. Only through Babylon has it become what it is."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

Interlaken, N. J.

WHEN Jesus turned from the Baptist's asceticism and Satan's worldliness, the first two public events at Cana and in the temple, suggested in contrast the nature of the Father's House—pro- and anti- material, social, ethical, racial and religious. His own answer was his sacrificial life, epitomized in his story of the Prodigal Son.

I: DISCORD

He had put far behind Him the Devil's own dreams
Of the stones and the Temple and world-visioned schemes,

All the subtle temptations, the plausible plan
That would win to a kingdom the children of man;

And He turned to the House of His earliest youth,
Where He sought of the Doctors and Rabbis, the Truth.

But he found that the Temple and the places of prayer
Were the stables; and tables of merchantmen there!

For the pilgrims' long cherished courts of the Lord
Were despoiled by a shrieking and tumultuous horde;

While the sheep from green pastures, by still waters led,
With the cattle unblemished on thousand hills fed,

Daily roasted as bribes on a ritual pyre,
Or were thrown in the vale of Gehenna's dim fire.

And the hosts, seeking neither for kin nor a friend,
Now regarded them strangers to buy and to spend;

While the guests with the foreigners' coin and a tongue
Had their precious life savings from thin purses wrung.

But the buyer and seller and hard profiteer
Either huddled or scattered with trembling and fear,

For the Son of their David and the Son of their God
Quickly changed the coarse reeds to a chastening rod!

II: MELODY

He had turned away from the Baptist's desire,
With his sword and the whirlwind, the axe and the fire;

From the garb of the hermit, the coarse camel hair,
The wild locusts and honey, the Nazarite fare,

To the house of the bride on her festival day;
Where the bridegroom was gracious, the guests were all gay

In their gaudiest garments and garlands of green,
Where the pipers were playing, and the loud tambourine;

Where the psalters were chanted, and the poems were said,
And the floor felt the touch of the dancers' light tread;

Where the skins with the purest of vintage were filled,
And a sheep or a bullock was fattened and killed;

Where the rich and the great, with the poor and the least,
All reclined at the table of the family feast;

For the friend and the stranger and the relative
Had attended with songs and a token to give.

Then the Son of blest Mary and the true Son of God
Gave His song and His laughter, His smile and His nod,

For the virtues of home were so sacred, divine,
That He changed the clear water to pure wholesome wine!

III: HARMONY

For He came from the realm of the sovereign law,
With its cog-wheel and groove, with its tooth and its claw,

Where serene sightless Justice, whose sword never fails,
Sits unmoved and alone with her sensitive scales,

In an interlocked cosmos, stern, rigid, and sealed,
With its judgments refusing to bend or to yield;

To rebuild for his sons of terrestrial birth
The kind Father's abode on a turbulent earth,

With a home and a castle for the loyal who stay
But a city of refuge for the restless who stray.

Though the prodigal wasted the wealth of his sire,
And effaced a good name in the mud and the mire,

Though he revel in riot with harlots and wine,
Though he feed on the husks in the sty of the swine,

When he came from his knees to the worth of his soul
And again caught the glimpse of his God-given goal,

It led straight to the house with the wide-open gates;
To a proud, patient father, who wishes and waits

For the flower and fruit from the seed he has sown—
The real flesh of his flesh and the bone of his bone!

Then to smoothe the hard lines from the deep-furrowed face,
And to light the dull eyes with a kiss and embrace;

To conceal the bare fingers with heirlooms of gold,
And to hide the gaunt form with the robes, as of old,

From a home with a wardrobe of linens and wool,
With the cups running over and the guest tables full!

Where the voices could sing, and the instruments play
For the joyous, chaste dance at the noon of the day!

Where the just, jealous brother with deep-knitted brow
Had to yield to the joy in the family now—

For though barns were long burdened and fields had been tilled,
Now the chairs in the home at the table were filled!

For the parent was neither a judge nor a priest,
But a father, forgiving, at the head of the feast!

For the Son of high Heaven and the Son of our Earth
Now had changed a stern world to a home and a hearth.

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METHODIST REVIEW.]

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE VOICE OF BLOOD

A MESSAGE FOR GOOD FRIDAY

THERE are two scenes that are placed four millenniums apart in Bible history, but stand side by side in their spiritual portraiture. They picture two slain sons of two sorrowing mothers: one is just outside of a sacred garden, the first murdered child of humanity; the other outside of a Holy City, the slain Son of God. As Cain did then, we too now stand in the presence of a slain Brother. And not only do eyes behold these victims but their wounds are mouths that bring a message to the ears. Cain not only saw his slain victim, but he heard the voice of his brother's blood calling from the ground; we not only may "Behold the Lamb!" but to us "his blood of sprinkling speaketh better things than that of Abel."

There is no more stirring cry in nature, history or life than the Voice of Blood. To be sure, the world is full of voices that break the silence of creation—voices of rushing waters, mighty thunders, rippling rivers, rustling leaves, singing birds and howling beasts—voices that whisper, roar, scream, howl, sigh, cheer and laugh; all nature is an orchestra both of sweet harmonious strains and disturbing dissonance. None of these voices are like that of blood. It is soundless yet the heart hears it above all the rest—reeking from the battlefield, pleading from the martyr's stake and appealing from the wounds of murdered innocence. In it the life cries, the heart cries. It is the minor chord that both saddens and swells the symphony of life.

Was not Goethe right when he even puts in the mouth of Mephistopheles, that vicious accuser of mankind, these words: "A very peculiar thing is blood"? Blood! its crimson stain gives color to all literature and art. Over four hundred times in the

Bible and more than seven hundred in Shakespeare, blood is mentioned as the symbol of sorrow, suffering, sacrifice, hate, and love. Just think of these and countless other phrases which constantly color our common speech—the “man of blood,” “bloodthirsty,” “cold blooded,” “bad blooded,” “fire in the blood,” “blood will tell,” “blood be upon our heads,” “royal blood,” etc. This sanguine tint pervades all living language. The Book of Leviticus is both religiously and biologically right when it declares that “the blood is the life.” Modern science sees a river of life flowing from the heart of both man and beast. It is believed that its cells are the last in the human body to decay. Science sees in the red corpuscles an agent that carries oxygen to feed the fire of life, and in the white corpuscles fighting cells that devour and destroy the germs that bring disease. Systole and diastole, those are the rhythmic acts that coupled with breathing are to us the sure signs of continued life.

The blood of Abel, that of martyrdom, was the first sad strain to bring minor music into life. Yet it was real music, for martyrdom is the best of deaths. It is better than even that of the scholar slowly yielding up his strength for the discovery of truth, better than that of the patriot giving himself for his country, surely better than that of the soldier who dies for glory, for it is the witness of an unseen verity. When God bends down to catch the music of earth, he hears more than the shouts of mere success, such as the cheers of militant triumph and the noisy bustle of business; he hears the wailing and weeping of the world's sorrow and suffering for his sake, and “precious shall their blood be in his sight.”

This voice of holy martyrs fills all history. From beneath the throne of divine judgment, the souls of saints forever cry “How long!” And the whole world hears them from cell, cave, rock, glen, flood, flame, and scaffold. The evangelical church of to-day still listens to the voice of blood from the plains of Italy, the valleys of Piedmont, the streets of Paris, the dungeons of Spain. The blood of Abel sounded the keynote of a music of confession that has filled the ages.

But blood has a better voice than this. It is the blood of

redemption and sacrifice. The world has nothing so precious as life, life whose voice is heard most perfectly in the mystery and offense of blood and the Cross. So let us travel from Eden's gate to Calvary's hill.

The voice of atoning blood calls for mercy and not for vengeance. It calls to God as well as to man and God alone knows its deepest meaning. Man can hear justice call. He has the belief that "murder will out."

Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens earth,
But blood flies upward and bedews the heavens.

There is a common faith in justice, which can be heard speaking in all innocent suffering, but in the Cross of Christ alone is mercy found. It is a strange lack of a vivid sense of spiritual symbolism which objects to such hymn lines as "Five bleeding wounds he bears." Or this:

And Jesus' blood through earth and skies
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries!

There is a fastidiousness that criticizes the use of this crimson symbol. It seems repulsive and revolting both to sight and smell to visit what they call religious shambles. But are we afraid of the word "blood"? Really it merely means love at its highest, at the point of sacrifice. It is a part of the tremendous poetry of God. Nothing in this use of it is gory; it is perfect glory.

The voice of atoning sacrifice brings peace instead of remorse. Other bleeding voices awaken dread in guilty souls. Read this picture of that criminal, Eugene Aram:

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes
And flame about their brain.

So all history, poetry and philosophy has taught. So we read in Macbeth:

Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house.
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Or in that sleep-walking scene in the same tragedy: "Yet here's a spot. What, will these hands ne'er be clean? Here's the smell of blood. All the perfumes of Araby cannot cleanse these hands!" So it is with all sin. We can dye and triple dye our souls with all the colors of the rainbow and not veil remorse. But the blood of Christ speaks comfort and we dare sing, "My God is reconciled."

The voice of atoning blood reconciles; it does not alienate. Cain was driven away. Sin always isolates, hides, disfellowships. But we are "brought nigh by the blood of Christ." He has created a blood brotherhood, a blood union; greater than that blood of which all nations are made is that by which all are redeemed and united.

It is fabled that the blood of a murdered man will not wash out. That is a superstition, but it is true that the blood of Jesus has not lost its crimson beauty or its vital power in all the ages.

Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power.

Surely this spiritual symbolism is not misunderstood by any but prosaic minds. Some may sing "Washed in the blood of the Lamb" with only a crass literalism in their thought. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin"—that has no meaning either to the false so-called fundamentalism to which atonement is only a forensic act done for us, or to that dangerous liberalism that has no conception of atonement as an eternal process of the divine nature and cannot feel the deep significance of the apocalyptic description of "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." His blood does cleanse from all sin. For when we walk in the light as "he is in the light," that Christ-like spirit of loving sacrifice, typified by his blood, becomes the law of our lives and conquers sinfulness. Not only *for* us but *in* us sounds the sacred music of the voice of blood.

Surely the voice of pardon and cleansing that cries from Calvary speaketh "better things" than that of Abel. For mercy is better even than justice and love is loftier than vengeance. God says as tenderly to us as he did threateningly to Cain, "Where is thy brother?" And until we share our Elder Brother's heartbreak

over lost souls and a lost world, and become partners of his passion and comrades of his Cross, the mighty message of his blood has not given us those better things.

The coldly academic mind may not care to listen to a voice that speaks from a thorn-torn brow, nail-pierced hands and a bleeding heart. The imaginative spirit has always realized it. Even pagan poets have heard a minor melody like to this. Virgil says, "His purple life he poured forth" and Homer sings, "He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood." Is it not possible for the Christian spirit to have a like vision of the wondrous Cross of Calvary and hear again in the Seven Words the Voice of the Blood?

THE NEW LIFE OF THE RESURRECTION

THE PERPETUAL EASTER DAY

THE message of Easter is experimental as well as historical. The past historic fact is a splendid symbol of a possible present experience. For all the outward facts of faith repeat and verify themselves in the spiritual realm. We do not really believe a creed until we have lived it. The soul has its Good Friday, "crucified with Christ," and its Easter Day, "risen with Him." Thus the fact of Jesus' resurrection has the double certificate of history and life of apostolic authority—and Christian experience. The eye witnesses of the resurrection of Jesus had no real advantage over us of to-day. It is not by the examination of ancient records, nor the fabrication of cold chains of logical propositions called doctrines, nor by elaborate physiological explanations, that we can best know that "He is risen"—that would be to "seek the living among the dead." The resurrection life is with us and in us. The grave is empty, but the throne is full.

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST

Faith identifies the believer with his Lord. This is the Pauline doctrine of mystical union with Christ. We both die and live with him.

Death is a mighty monarch. In his royal treasury he has the scepters and crowns of earth's kings. Death is the masterpiece of evil, and the resurrection is the triumph of goodness. But Death's most terrible dominion is that of the soul, when a living human body is made the coffin of a dead spirit. Death is unresponsive; the kiss of love cannot stir the dead man. At last death touched the body of the Lord Christ, the Prince of Life. It could touch only his body, for spiritual death could make no entrance into his Spirit.

Thus came the death of Death. When we are crucified with Christ it is the dead part of us that dies. The old self has had its day, surrender lays it in its shroud, it is gone forever and the blood of Christ flows between us and our dead selves. For death can touch only dying things. There are terrible stories about being buried alive. Yet men are buried intellectually, their environment crushing out their noblest possibilities; and morally, the God-life is choked and covered with inherited tendencies, acquired vices and evil habits. But death with Christ is only the death of the grave and the grave clothes and not of the man, whose integuments, like those of the seed, must dissolve before the germ can find a soul in upper air.

RISEN WITH CHRIST

The reign of death is ended. Jesus has entered the grave and come forth bearing the spoils of victory with him.

Then, then, I rose!
Then first humanity triumphant passed
The crystal ports of life and seized
Eternal youth.

Conversion is a true resurrection; it is a new creation. It is no patchwork of repair but a renewal. It is not said, "You hath he fostered," but "You hath he quickened." It is a new beginning, a fresh start for our lives. Not that any old faculty is destroyed, but the old material of our lives is built into a new structure. It is something better than the first creation. The new Earth is better than Eden. His glorified body is fairer than the Holy Babe that smiled on Mary's bosom.

Do you doubt its reality? Jesus seems anxious to demonstrate his resurrection. He insists that he is not a phantom. And just so must we make our new life manifest. No formalism can simulate it. Galvanism may mimic life, but withdraw the current and the spasmodic activity ceases. "Not circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature."

The Living Lord is its abiding source. "Christ risen from the dead dieth no more." He left death behind him in the grave. No manacle clung to his wrist as he seized the scepter of universal dominion. Others have been roused temporarily from death, but he had his sleep out; they were raised to a dying experience, he to a deathless glory. His is the "power of an endless life." Great is the power of life; delicate fungi will lift huge paving stones, a germ of protoplasm will hold up an oak's majesty and bulk in air. For all of God is pledged to this life. Christ was raised by the "glory of the Father," and glory includes all attributes, wisdom and love as well as power. Nothing can be too ideal or impossible for spiritual achievement. The power that raised Christ is pledged to us.

THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST

This new life is not like a painted Easter egg, inert and dead, but new as the golden sunshine and the pleasant air to a bird escaped from the shell.

This new life must express itself in action—"Walk in newness of life," says Paul. Newness is all aglow with vivacious life. We have had quite enough of dead things. We will not haunt the tombs of the past, dwell in graves, nor touch dead books, nor use any of the apparatus of death. Life must displace death—just as the tender green of April crowds away the dead foliage of last year. Where are the dead leaves? Who thinks or cares about them? They rot beneath your feet, are swept away by the fresh spring breezes. Children of the resurrection! "we are passed from death into life."

This means perpetual renewal. All living things have the power of change and growth. The dead rock never changes, never increases; but the lichen which covers it, the eagle that builds her

nest upon it, or the man who blasts it to discover its seams of gold, they all live and grow. The new heart means perpetual youth—a new name, new mercies each day, a new heaven and a new earth and a new song at last. Like the tree of life it yields “twelve manner of fruits.” Human skill can carve into most exquisite beauty a human figure from the marble; but it does not move a finger nor smile or frown with its features. Divine skill puts a new life within which grows and increases in all parts at once.

NEW LIFE FOR THE WORLD

The resurrection of Jesus is the revival of every human interest. The world was dying, Europe was sinking into Asiatic stagnation. This earth was becoming a mausoleum of dead things. All the splendor of Roman power, Greek culture and Hebrew worship was but funeral trappings of a dying race. Rome, Athens and Jerusalem were but mighty monuments in the cemetery of humanity.

Yet life was working there. Dying Rome was on the throne, in the Forum, the Coliseum, the Capitol, but among some poor artisans in the Catacombs under ground a new vitality was moving. It emancipated the slave, elevated womanhood, converted the fierce tribes of the north, built a new world out of the shattered fragments of Roman might, saved learning, baptized and recreated art, inspired music, cared for the helpless, poor and sick.

There are and will be repeated renewals. Whenever the world comes back to Christ its life is renewed. Resurrection is the secret of Pentecost. So come all great revivals, those led by Wyclif, Savonarola, Huss, Luther or Wesley. It is our need to-day.

'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,

'Tis life of which our nerves are scant,

More life and fuller that we want.

The illumination by candles is short-lived and ends in bad smells and dripping grease. But if made by electricity it will last as long as the powerhouse runs and the connection is unbroken. And electric light and power is only the unburied sunshine of millenniums ago, buried with the dead trees. Christ brought all life

out of the grave—and we only have to make the connection and keep the circuit open.

We live to-day in a dying and in many ways a dead world. Human toil which is not creative but merely drudgery is a lifeless thing; business that thinks only of gain and does not make its property and profits a stewardship for God and humanity is a diseased and dying economic order; politics which has no aim but material prosperity is already half buried; a nation the most of whose income is spent on wars past, present and to come, is wedded to death and not to life. The holy task of new-born souls who are risen with Christ is to rebuild this broken world.

Redeemed humanity is a new race and Redemption is a New Creation. A personal, a social, an economic, a political resurrection—that is quite as much the work of our Risen Lord as preparing for us a future life. The kingdom of God will make a new world from the old.

Oh Royal Heart—Thy Kingdom come!
All else may change; all else may go!
Not eastward, westward is our Home
But onward, upward—ever so!

One Sign alone is love-designed,
God's Evergreen, the Eternal Road;
Happy the home-seekers who find
Its meaning plain—a world renewed!

THE CHAMBERS OF IMAGERY

A RATHER puzzling problem is that picture which the prophet Ezekiel paints of a vision which Jehovah gave him of the worship of "creeping things" going on secretly in dark places of the Holy Temple. Though he was then in Babylonia this supernal vision transported his consciousness to Jerusalem. This divine dream is doubtless a revelation of an actual idolatry then existing, possibly a revival of primitive totem worship. But the voice of God utters one phrase which can furnish a similar vision to all of us to-day. It is this: "Every man in his chambers of imagery." Do all of us, like the elders of Israel to whom he refers, have such chambers? and what are they?

Man does have a picture gallery in his mind. Imagination is a creative power which takes the materials furnished us by our senses and elaborately builds them into new forms of beauty and use. It is the workshop of the soul, its studio where its marbles are carved, its pictures are painted and its poems are written. It is the microcosmic universe which man makes even as God makes the physical universe. It is the empire of man's dominion, the palace of his sovereignty. The human soul sits like a great commercial city by the gates of the ocean, levying a tribute from the outer universe to enter by all the gateways of perception and to rebuild them into a creative imagery of his own.

These chambers are filled with all invention, literature and art; all these before becoming an outward reality have dwelt as a picture on the inner walls of the soul. All external human achievement has its pattern, its archetype, here. Indeed, so far as the genius of man is concerned, this inward realm is far greater than his manual creations, just as the blossoms of a tree are more abundant than its fruit. This inner life is therefore the *real man*. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

All the frescoes on the walls of the spirit are not lovely nor holy. There are portrayed not only things that soar but creeping things that grovel. So a man cannot be judged solely by his conduct. Even a decayed log may be externally beautiful, covered with moss and flowers, but it is filled with vermin. These chambers of imagery are secret and dark places visible only to the eyes of the Eternal. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart."

How is it possible that these picture galleries of the soul can be so desecrated? One too common way is by the introduction of base material. Is it not strange that any of us should be so much more careful as to the stuff used for the construction of our houses or our bodies than that which builds character in the chambers of the soul? Most men to-day fight foul air and disease germs but will allow more perilous poisons through eye and ear to enter the heart. The head cannot be made a metropolis of base stories or the ear a highway for immodest words and the soul be kept sound and pure. The common yellow newspaper and the current fiction

are frequently worse in results than the ten plagues of Egypt. So it is with obscene art and sinful pleasures. By these men are lured into the dance of death until its poisonous wind sweeps their faces and its intoxicating odors drown their senses and the fringe of flying raiment touches them as it passes, until at last they catch the awful frenzy and the feet of their inner nature tremble with the passion of the delirious dance of depravity. This material so base does not always seem unlovely. Gilded vice may ape an angel of light, just as there are spiders that look like flowers. Imagination often lends its charm to sin, steepes it with the whiteness of the lily, lends it the fragrance of the violet and tints it with the hue of the rose. What we think, love and desire is constantly being photographed on the walls of the soul. They are not always holy things.

Possibly even worse than the introduction of base elements into these chambers of imagery is the too frequent misuse of good material. The magnificent marbles of ancient Rome have been largely used for ignoble purposes. So an unclean heart can defile all that enters and sees all things impure; it does not believe in masculine honor or feminine purity; it would pluck the very stars from the skies of virtue and trample them in the mire of vice. The bee and the spider find honey and poison in the same flower. When the harpstring breaks it can be mended, if a light be quenched a flame can rekindle it, but who can repair the crushed lily or recall its vanished perfume? No tears can wash this filth from these inner walls.

These chambers of imagery need not be desecrated by such foul frescoes on their secret walls. They should be consecrated. Men dedicate churches. Why do they not dedicate other buildings, their homes and business houses? And still more, why not consecrate that human body which Paul calls the temple of the Holy Spirit, within which are those secret rooms where the creative will of man is shaping the patterns of his life. These may become a guest chamber where spotless angels shall come and dwell, from which the incense of pure thoughts shall rise and there be a throne where a holy God himself shall sit and reign.

There are far-reaching differences in the wall decorations of

historic art. Compare for example the heavenly frescoes of Fra Angelico in the Florentine convent of San Marco and the hellish obscenity of some of the wall paintings in ancient Pompeii near Naples. It is so possible for a sacred shrine to be soiled by sin. Human bodies while still alive too often become the coffins of dead souls. See Lowell's picture of a ruined temple:

The bat and owl inhabit there;
The snake lies on the altar stone;
The sacred vessels smolder near;
The image of the God is gone!

The image of God! that image of the invisible God is the only one that should stand in the secret chambers of the human heart. And that image is Jesus Christ. Those pictures on the secret walls of our chambers of imagery await a day of revealing. They do not easily fade. God sees them now; time will test them and eternity reveal them at last. What shall be seen there when the day of judgment bares all souls before all eyes, as Jehovah opened the dark places of the Jerusalem temple to the vision of a prophet? May this be the outcome: "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

RECREATION

FREQUENTLY the METHODIST REVIEW has been asked to make some editorial contribution on the topic of Recreations. Possibly the time has arrived when there should be some stricter discipline on the subject of sports. The present American world is wild on the matter of amusements. Business men have few avocations apart from golf and their wives little save bridge and mah jogg. Probably the whole intellectual life of our people has been considerably lowered in the past generation. Even the news-stand is a treasury of entertainment rather than of instruction. Indeed, the coming of the cross-word puzzle may be the beginning of a reformation! It does have a moderate educational value.

This is not a denial of the high worth of real recreation. Play has its proper place in life, and John Wesley was hardly correct when he allowed it only to children and very little to them.

But work needs to again become pleasure and not mere drudgery. Both vocation and avocation should be a source of enjoyment. It is not the present purpose of the editor to present a program for play or even to discuss in any detail this problem. Rather the purpose of this paper is to give our readers a treatment of the subject of Recreation written nearly three hundred years ago by that eminent historian and divine of the Anglican Church, Thomas Fuller, in his brilliant book, *The Holy and the Profane State*. To-day few of us could agree with his most moderate criticism of cock-fighting and bear-baiting, but there is a real religious philosophy back of his essay. And it is better written and more entertaining than much modern journalism.

OF RECREATIONS

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. We may trespass in them, if using such as are forbidden by the lawyer as against the statutes; physician, as against health; divine, as against conscience.

Be well satisfied in thy conscience of the lawfulness of the recreation thou usest. Some fight against cock-fighting, and bait bull and bear-baiting, because man is not to be a common barrator to set the creatures at discord; and seeing antipathy betwixt creatures was kindled by man's sin, what pleasure can he take to see it burn? Others are of the contrary opinion, and that Christianity gives us a placard to use these sports; and that man's charter of dominion over the creatures enables him to employ them as well for pleasure as necessity. In these, as in all other doubtful recreations, be well assured first of the legality of them. He that sins against his conscience, sins with a witness.

Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreations. For sleep itself is a recreation; add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly, intrench not on the Lord's day, to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Let thy recreations be ingenious, and bear proportion with thine age. If thou sayest with Paul, "When I was a child I did as a child," say also with him, "But when I was a man I put away childish things." Wear also the child's coat, if thou usest his sports.

Take heed of bolsterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing oftentimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that by overheating themselves they have rung their own passing-bell.

Yet the ruder sort of people scarce count anything a sport which is not loud and violent. The Muscovite women esteem none loving husbands except they beat their wives. 'Tis no pastime with country clowns that cracks not pates, breaks not shins, bruises not limbs, tumbles and tosses not all the body. They think themselves not warm in their gears till they are all on fire; and count it but dry sport till they swim in their own sweat. Yet I conceive the physicians' rule in exercise, *ad ruborem* but *non ad sudorem*,¹ is too scant measure.

Refresh that part of thyself which is most wearied. If thy life be sedentary, exercise thy body; if stirring and active, recreate thy mind. But take heed of cozening thy mind, in setting it to do a double task under pretence of giving it a play-day, as in the labyrinth of chess, and other tedious and studious games.

Yet recreations distasteful to some dispositions relish best to others. Fishing with an angle is to some rather a torture than a pleasure, to stand an hour as mute as the fish they mean to take: yet herewithal Doctor Whitaker was much delighted. When some nobleman had gotten William Cecil, Lord Burleigh and Treasurer of England, to ride with them a-hunting, and the sport began to be cold, "What call you this?" said the Treasurer. "Oh now," said they, "the dogs are at a fault." "Yea," quoth the Treasurer, "take me again in such a fault, and I'll give you leave to punish me." Thus as soon may the same meat please all palates as the same sport suit with all dispositions.

Running, leaping, and dancing, the descants on the plain song of walking, are all excellent exercises. And yet those are the best recreations which, besides refreshing, enable, at least dispose, men to some other good ends. Bowling teaches men's hands and eyes mathematics and the rules of proportion; swimming hath saved many a man's life, when himself hath been both the wares and the ship; tilting and fencing is war without anger; and manly sports are the grammar of military performance.

But, above all, shooting is a noble recreation, and a half liberal art. A rich man told a poor man that he walked to get a stomach for his meat. "And I," said the poor man, "walk to get meat for my stomach." Now shooting would have fitted both their turns; it provides food when men are hungry, and helps digestion when they are full. King Edward the Sixth, though he drew no strong bow, shot very well; and when once John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, commended him for hitting the mark, "You shot better," quoth the King, "when you shot off my good uncle Protector's head."

Some sports being granted to be lawful, more propend to be ill than well used. Such I count stage-plays, when made always the actor's work, and often the spectator's recreation. Zeuxis, the curious picturer, painted a boy holding a dishful of grapes in his hand, done so lively that the birds being deceived flew to peck the grapes. But Zeuxis, in an ingenious choler, was angry with his own workmanship. "Had I," said he, "made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid to touch

¹ Warmth, but not sweat.

them." Thus two things are set forth to us in stage-plays: some grave sentences, prudent counsels, and punishment of vicious examples; and with these, desperate oaths, lustful talk, and riotous acts are so personated to the life, that wantons are tickled with delight, and feed their palates upon them. It seems the goodness is not portrayed out with equal accents of liveliness as the wicked things are; otherwise men would be deterred from vicious courses, with seeing the woful success which follows them. But the main is, wanton speeches on stages are the devil's ordinance to beget badness; but I question whether the pious speeches spoken there be God's ordinance to increase goodness, as wanting both his institution and benediction.

Choke not thy soul with immoderate pouring in the cordial of pleasures. The creation lasted but six days of the first week: profane they whose recreation lasts seven days every week. Rather abridge thyself of thy lawful liberty herein; it being a wary rule which Saint Gregory gives us, *Solus in illicitis non cadit, qui se aliquando et a licitis caute restringit.*² And then recreations shall both strengthen labor and sweeten rest, and we may expect God's blessing and protection on us in following them, as well as in doing our work; for he that saith grace for his meat, in it prays also to God to bless the sauce unto him. As for those that will not take lawful pleasure, I am afraid they will take unlawful pleasure, and by lacing themselves too hard grow awry on one side.

There exists in the present age one recreational element more perilous than Thomas Fuller ever beheld three centuries ago. It is commercialized amusement, which is in the mass more vile than virtuous. Probably to-day the public puts more money into pleasure than into piety. Eighty years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher was a flaming young preacher, he said: "Men love to be taxed for their lusts; there is an open exchequer for licentiousness and giddy pleasure." And he indicts those who patronize paid-for amusements as "supporting mere mischief-makers." We may admit these proprietors of pleasure places are not endeavoring to promote immorality; they are simply trying to make money. But they do pervert morals; they are the unintentional assassins of purity.

Real recreation is not the reception of amusement; it is a personal activity both of body and mind. When man learns to make his own fun and not to buy it, his pleasure will become an element in his own culture. No, not his pleasure but his joyous activity. As Jean Paul Richter said: "Pleasures make no Para-

²He alone does not fall into forbidden things who cautiously restricts himself in what is awful.

dise, they only help to laugh it away. Play that is activity, not pleasures, will keep children cheerful." May not the modern man some time return to the good old-fashioned method of community entertainment, when it was not bought from a few profiteers but freely furnished by every member of the community?

Some legal control of diversions may become a necessity; yet even that has its dangers. For the moral nature may be weakened rather than strengthened by the suppression of freedom. Some police protection of social morals may be demanded to prevent the vision of the young, the conscience of the careless from being blinded and dulled. But the genuine cure for this evil is not an outward poultice but an inward remedy. The frivolous folly of much of the present social order can be abolished only by the creation of character, and for that there is no source but the spirit of Christ.

When will men learn that serious folks are really the happiest? that spiritual substance, and not worldly pleasure, gives real wealth to life? Thomas Fuller correctly etymologizes recreation as meaning "a second creation." But there is another deeper new creation which will give to those who experience it a new world. There is a heavenly joy which lends its halo to all life. Profound piety settles all problems, even that of play and pleasure.

THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

IN continuing the discussion of the city problem from the standpoint of the social order, we call attention to certain books which treat of the predominance of the social element in both animal and human evolution, such as Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid* and Kidd's *Social Evolution*. Those who are acquainted with the attitude of Alfred Russel Wallace, who shared with Charles Darwin the honor of introducing the principle of natural selection into what John Wesley called natural philosophy, will remember that he did not share with Darwin the emphasis placed on secondary causes in the development of man. To him man was an anti-naturalistic force who did as much to shape his own environment as the environment to evolve him. Probably it would not be wise to introduce such scientific studies into sermons, but the preacher who has this background can state the case more intelligently. Best of all, it is interesting to note how the biblical history of civilization forecast those principles which many biologists and anthropologists are now preaching.

THE CITY SOCIOLOGICALLY

Lesson, Genesis 11, 1-9

Man is a gregarious animal, one of those that always goes in groups. The earliest type of civilization is not the isolated farmhouse, too common in early America and in Australasia, but in the group of tents or huts, forming a village with pastures or farms about it. Savage beasts, like the lion and tiger, are solitary. Peaceful animals, such as the horse, cow, and sheep—and man—go in herds. And the law of the survival of the fittest is not, as is too often taught, the conquest of weakness by strength, but the victory of those living types which have the social mind. Cows and sheep will increase while lions and tigers disappear. The jungles will continue to narrow and the pastures to widen. God and Nature are on the side of the social ideal.

But the law of the jungle, the spirit of selfishness and hate, has from the beginning corrupted the city plans. Cain was "of that wicked one"; he got his building plans from the Devil, or rather allowed the Devil to distort them. All through the earlier portions of the Bible we find that name Cain echoed in Cainan, the sensual son of Ham, and Canaan, the land of walled cities, filled with cruel hate and licentious worship. A wholly materialistic civilization is pictured as beginning in this Hamitic group. Egypt, Phœnicia and early Assyria—Nineveh, Tyre and Thebes—are given this selfish origin. When Noah exclaims, "God shall enlarge Japhet and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Cainan shall be his servant," we dare not try to explain fully what he meant. But the historic truth is this: The Japhetic (Aryan) race has grown to world domination; it has surrendered to the religion of the tent-dwelling Semite; and it is making, but too slowly, the mechanistic civilization of Cain into an instrument of human service rather than of greedy gain.

The story of Babel is typical of that eternal truth that the Cainite spirit cannot firmly found a social order. The mundane law of life always fails. Chaos and confusion always come to the civilization that is built from the ground upward. Pentecost is the divine antithesis to Babel. Selfishness tries to climb upward, but Love comes down; the Cain spirit brings confusion and separation, but the Christ spirit brings brotherhood and unity.

The city, therefore, while soiled with sin at the first, nevertheless expresses the divine dream of social unity. There is an ancient half-truth which says, "God made the country but man made the town." Very true, but it ignores the fact that God made man and that we can see humanity in the city as nowhere else. To the careless observer in the city the works of man are more in evidence than the works of God. We see houses and not hills, pavements and not pastures, towers and not trees, mansions and not meadows. Our earthly electric lights obscure the stars of heaven.

But man is more than nature, we see more of God in him. The finest thing in London is not the Bank or the Tower, but that living tide that ceaselessly flows past the Bank and across the Bridge. I once saw it

held in check by the uplifted finger of a policeman as a seeming silence hushed the city's roar, just to save the life of a ragged brat from beneath the wheels of the chariots of commerce and of pleasure. Man at his humblest outweighs mechanism at its highest.

Just as vegetable life is most luxuriant in the tropics, so human life is most intense and richest in varied interest in the large cities. Out of the decaying mold of forests and meadows grow the fairest flowers; so out of the weary wreckage and blight of humankind bloom its brightest blossoms, charity, love, patience, courage and human energy. The city is the throbbing heart where is received and whence is distributed the life blood of civilization. It is the brain, the nerve center of humanity.

The modern movement of population is cityward. The city to-day has the multitude, it will soon hold the majority of mankind. There is not time to tell the story of the census. Here is one generalization which may be sufficient: In the fifty years from 1850 to 1900, the urban population of the United States increased tenfold while the rural population only doubled. (It should be incidentally remarked that in the same time the farm products of America increased nearly twenty times.) The cause of this immense city growth has been in the past more selfish than social. Steam and electricity have transformed the industrial order. The capitalistic system of production has largely destroyed the joy of creation in the laborer and the sense of service in his employer. Babel has been outgrowing Zion. Jehovah came down to inspect Babel and he rejected it. What would be his judgment of the town of to-day?

Yet we must not lose sight of the city as a spiritual symbol. Babel which blossoms into Babylon became a type to Israel of the world-power that opposes God. But after exile, Israel evidently had seen something in Babylon that the restored Jerusalem, the City of God, might embody. As Babylon was a city four-square, with gates on every side and a river flowing through it, so shall it be with that restored Jerusalem that Ezekiel describes, whose name shall be Jehovah Shammah, "The Lord is there."

For the city tells the story not only of sensual but spiritual civilization. Tyre gave us the alphabet; Athens, the City of the Violet Crown, gave us culture and art; Rome gave justice and order to humanity. Note these etymologies: Civilization from *civis*, urbane from *urbs*, polite and politics from *polis*. It was the City-State that gave freedom to society. It is something more than bricks, stones and mortar. It is the social symbol which incloses the choicest treasures man has gathered through the centuries. As Milton says: "Behold this vast city, a city of refuge, a mansion house of liberty encompassed and surrounded by His protection."

The individualistic city built on the bloody base of hate cannot endure; the social city founded on that cornerstone which is sprinkled with the blood of sacrificial love will stand forever.

THE ARENA**DOCTOR RICE'S REVIEW OF "THE NEW GEOLOGY"**

I WISH to call attention to one point in the review of my *New Geology, A Textbook for Colleges*, which appeared in the July number. On page 559 of that issue, Doctor Rice deals with what the current evolutionary geologist calls "thrust faults." These are well-known instances where what are called "old" rocks, or rocks which contain "old" fossils, are on top, while other strata called "younger" are beneath, the whole occupying large areas, sometimes hundreds or even thousands of square miles.

Doctor Rice says that "these abnormalities in the position of the strata occur only where the rocks have been greatly disturbed." This is the point which I deny. I contend that these instances of the strata in what are called the "wrong" order have not been physically disturbed at all, and that the only disturbance which they indicate is a disturbance of the theory of an invariable order of the fossils. Quite obviously, an invariable order of anything ought to be invariable; it ought not to take very many examples of rocks in the wrong order of sequence to spoil the reputation of the geological series for invariability. It does not take very many proved instances of stealing to spoil a cashier's reputation for invariable honesty.

As these examples constitute the crux of the whole difference between the prevailing views of geology and that of my *New Geology*, I may be permitted to state the case with some detail.

There are many examples; I shall take but one. In Alberta and Montana is a large area of some ten thousand square miles, where Paleozoic limestones and quartzites constitute all the front ranges of the Rockies, while the valleys and the underlying strata over this whole area are composed of Cretaceous shales and sandstones, usually quite soft. The whole of the Glacier National Park is included within this area, and so is also that most beautifully picturesque district around Banff, Alberta, also the country around Crownsnest Mountain, and a long northern strip running up to Mount Robson and the Yellowhead Pass, west of Edmonton.

There is essentially no physical evidence of disturbance throughout this entire area, except locally here and there on a small scale. One can stand on a summit and see the horizontal trend of the strata running for fifty or a hundred miles with scarcely an undulation, the hard enduring limestones and quartzites running from peak to peak on the same level, and together composing the skyline of a most impressive picture, such as is scarcely equalled for beauty in any other part of the world. Yet over this whole area the upper or Paleozoic rocks are almost invariably horizontal, the locality around Banff and Lake Louise being decidedly the most disturbed of the entire area, so far as I am aware. The thick underlying seams of Cretaceous coal in the vicinity of Banff, at the Bankhead Mine and at Anthracite, are doubtless the explanation of the local collapse of the overlying strata in this vicinity.

Throughout this vast area, which is some 500 miles long and some

forty or fifty miles wide, there are dozens of outcrops where the contact line between the overlying Paleozoic and the underlying Cretaceous is distinctly visible; yet in every one of these instances, so far as I am aware, this line of contact between the two sets of strata, what Doctor Rice would have us believe is a "fault plane," looks and acts, as one very competent Government geologist has expressed it, "exactly like the line of contact between two nearly horizontal formations," and the two formations "appear to succeed one another conformably." I have a number of photographs of such exposures, and give a few of them in my *New Geology*; while on a Government map in my possession these apparently conformable contacts are indicated over almost the entire area. The Glacier National Park, and the many outlying mountains like Chief Mountain and Crownest Mountain, all look like Paleozoic islands floating on a Cretaceous sea.

Now, my whole argument is that these rocks and these contacts ought to be taken at their full face value. All the physical evidence tends to show that these rocks were actually deposited in the order in which we find them, the Cretaceous first and the Paleozoic afterwards. From this it would necessarily follow that a set of rocks is not always and of necessity *young* because these rocks contain Cretaceous fossils, and rocks are not necessarily old because they contain Paleozoic fossils. I would rather believe the rocks, rather believe my eyesight and common sense, than to give the lie to the rocks, on the strength of a theory, invented over a hundred years ago, in a little corner of Western Europe, which said exactly how the fossiliferous strata ought to be found in all other parts of the globe. To read into this area a great physical disturbance, as Doctor Rice does, solely on the strength of this *a priori* theory, is bad logic, and hence must be bad science. Facts, hard facts, undisputable facts, facts which we can measure and photograph, like these tremendous facts from Alberta and Montana, ought to have the right of way over any theory, I don't care how venerable, nor do I care how many illustrious names have been attached to it.

There are a dozen or more somewhat similar examples in various parts of the world. The Salt Range of Western India is composed of Cambrian strata lying on top of Cretaceous. But my space will not permit more. I claim that such facts as these cannot much longer be ignored by the Lyellian geology. I believe they justify my *New Geology*, for a reform in the science is indicated, when we know that the old geology has made no provision for such facts as these.

GEORGE MCCREADY PRICE.

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THE LOST PROPHECY

It is with deep appreciation of your generous permission that I set before your readers this more intimate view of my book, *The Lost Prophecy*, of whose more novel features brief mention was made in the September-October number of the *METHODIST REVIEW*.

To find more than he had dreamed of is the frequent reward of the truth-seeker. So it has been with the quest of The Lost Prophecy. The seemingly undiscoverable prediction cited by Saint Matthew, that the Messiah was to be "called a Nazarene" (Matt. 2. 23), has at last been found, and with it even richer treasures that are now peculiarly significant.

A corrected spelling reveals the fact that the place-name of the "Nazarene" was foreshadowed in that of Joshua the Son of Nun at *Ti mnath-Serach*, the recognized "type" of his greater namesake; and an emended text discloses it explicitly set forth as the distinctive name of the Messiah proclaimed by the Voice of the Day of Jehovah in the key-oracle of Zephaniah (1. 14). For, while Zephaniah's prophecies were first of all warnings of the impending Babylonian Captivity of Jerusalem, the rebellious city that "obeyed not the Voice," they prefigured also, as the finding in them of this prediction certifies, the Rejection of the First Advent presence of the Mighty to save and the age-long Roman exile that followed it.

But there is such an impression of finality about the oracles of Zephaniah, and such a sense of dark foreboding mystery, followed by such a sudden reversal of conditions, that he has always been regarded as above all others the Prophet of the Last Day. It was impossible, therefore, that in his oracles the Voice of the Day of Jehovah, having proclaimed the presence of the Mighty One both when he came as the Avenger in the days of the prophet himself and when he came as the Saviour in the days of Saint Matthew, should not in due season herald also, and that in no uncertain terms, his final Presence in the Last Great Day of Jehovah to complete his work both as the Mighty to Save and as the Mighty Avenger. This is accordingly found to be the great message of the book. It is its message for to-day. He who was known of old as "*Jehovah*" and who was later more fully revealed in the "*Nazarene*," is hailed as now about to manifest himself, according to his promise, in all his glory as the "*Word of God*" and in all his power both as the "*Christ*" and as the "*Judge Inexorable*."

This message is reinforced by apocalyptic constructions that not only authenticate and define the ultimate applications of the prophecy in accordance with the accepted principle of "type and shadow," but that also supplement and complete them with a further revelation that brings to bear upon them the light of the whole Messianic cycle, from the Protevangel's epitome of the age-long conflict between the Serpent and the Seed of the Woman to the fuller visions of the New Testament Apocalypse, a revelation that in particular enables the church to "watch" with a more definite expectancy for the signs of his coming foretold by the Saviour himself, but naturally in less specific terms, and to realize more keenly the one thing needful in order to be "ready." This supreme need is dramatically set forth as a full restoration of the spiritual presence of the Master, for which, first of all, the way must be prepared by a complete deliverance from the Great Falling-away, the Conformity to the World and the consequent Spiritual Death, of which the Babylonian and Roman visitations upon Jerusalem are prophetic symbols.

It is very evident that such Hid Treasures could be disclosed only by the methods of the cryptogrammatist, methods very different from those of ordinary exegesis and quite likely to involve literary devices unfamiliar to us and therefore somewhat suspect. But the question of the reality of these Hid Treasures is fortunately one that is altogether dependent upon easily ascertainable facts—it is one in which no theory has any jurisdiction whatever. It is simply a question as to whether they are in any measure mere figments of an unregulated imagination, or whether they are altogether what they claim to be, readings of the text of the oracles, paronomastic and apocalyptic of course, as the thesis assumes, but nevertheless actually objective, unmanipulated and strictly obedient to all the *regula* involved. The apocalyptic symbols employed in them are "literary" in the literal sense of the term, and some of them may seem to be very fanciful; but so, for instance, does the beast-imagery of Daniel and Saint John, and it must be remembered that analogy is used here, not as a basis for reasoning, but merely as a means of representation—and which of these symbols is it that fails to carry the idea assigned to it?

It must not be overlooked, moreover, that methods suspect because of their strangeness are not the only ones employed in this book. The whole search for the Lost Prophecy, which includes the most of Part I, and several chapters of Part II, is prosecuted entirely in accordance with the ordinary canons of orthodox "scholarship"; for it is only in the disclosure of the message for to-day that cryptic methods are used. So it is also with regard to Part III, "The Interpretation"; for, though this interpretation utilizes suggestions derived from the preceding apocalyptic constructions of the Book of Zephaniah, it is nevertheless broadly based upon the consensus of prophecy. In fact these more orthodox sections amount in all to a full half of the book; and they deal in the accepted manner with themes that are of varied and, some of them, of vital interest, ranging from an analysis of the cult of the ancient Euphratean sun-god Nergal to a study of the promised Presence of the Sun of Righteousness. These discussions are all subsidiary and contributory to the development of the central theme of the book, the message of the Hid Treasures of Zephaniah; and I trust there are to be found in them the sanity, clarity and worth that will warrant the presumption—while the necessarily slow and deliberate appeal to the facts is pending—that I have not lightly committed myself to the less familiar methods involved in the elucidation of these Hid Treasures, nor applied them in any but the most scrupulously consistent manner. And in justification of this confidence of mine, permit me to quote just a few words from two witnesses than whom I am sure there could be no others better or more favorably known to the readers of the METHODIST REVIEW:

President Ezra Squier Tipple declares in a published¹ notice:

"I have read *The Lost Prophecy* . . . with keen interest. . . . While the reader may be reluctant to assent to all the suggestions and conclusions, he will have the joy of a traveler in strange lands and the assurance of having been led by a skilled guide."

¹Connecticut Western News, August 7, 1924.

Professor John Alfred Faulkner writes: "I have read *The Lost Prophecy* with deep appreciation of its learning, ability, and timeliness. I am not sufficiently expert in Hebrew, etc., to give an independent judgment of its thesis or theses, but cordially commend it to all ministers and thoughtful laymen. That a man in the active ministry should write such a book seems too good to be true. Thank God for pastors among us who know and think, and can write."

Permit me in conclusion to cite also the testimony of a scholarly divine of a sister denomination, *The Rev. Henri de Vries*, pastor emeritus of the Dutch Reformed Church of Peekskill, N. Y. After commenting most appreciatively on many specific points, he sums up his opinion in these two sentences, an opinion that is the result, as he says, of patient study, Hebrew Bible in hand: "The book is profound yet clear, scholarly yet simple, and the intellectual and spiritual are beautifully combined. . . . I can sincerely say that I consider *The Lost Prophecy* a notable contribution to the literature of the church on this great subject and of great assistance to all students of ancient prophecy."

JAMES T. VAN BURKALOW.

BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE PARTHENOGENETIC PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY

THE NATIVITY NARRATIVE IN THE THIRD GOSPEL

In the September-October, 1924, issue of the *METHODIST REVIEW* some attention was paid to the historical character of both Matthew and Luke, and as to both the similarity and divergence of their accounts of the birth of Jesus. A much fuller regard should be given to Luke, his historical sources and literary method.

There is no richer disclosure of these facts than in his dignified introduction to his work written in a very pure and polished Greek style. Excepting a similar preface to the Acts of the Apostles from the same hand, it is the only personal introduction to any historic book in the New Testament. We may confidently claim it as a strong authentication of the historicity of those first two chapters which relate the story of the birth and infancy of our Lord.

He evidently felt compelled to compile a more complete, correct and chronological biography of Jesus than had yet appeared. His statement must not be regarded as a censure of those "many" narratives which furnished his material, but simply as based upon their fragmentary and incomplete character, which made such a work as his own both necessary and very valuable. All internal evidence reveals that he did not possess Mark and Matthew in their present form, certainly not the latter. He certainly did use that Petrine Gospel, called by modern critics the Ur-Markus, and also the Matthaean *Logia*, probably both and very certainly the latter in the Aramaic language. But he had far more material than these. "*Many*" certainly implies far more than *two*. Chiefest among

those "many" and the original source for them all were certain "eyewitnesses and ministers of the word." It was these latter witnesses whose published testimony Luke claims to have "accurately traced out" that he might compose a more fully arranged biography whose first-hand truth would confirm the "certainty" of the things already orally taught (catechized) to his distinguished friend Theophilus.

That Luke used many such documents is apparent both in his Gospel and the Acts when we note that his style changes at once after his introductions. He used manuscripts, mostly in the Aramaic tongue, translated them into the beautiful Greek of which he was master, and did it literally enough to preserve its quite rhythmic and richly concrete Hebraic character. Nowhere is this more apparent than in his narrative of the Nativity. It is also evident that he did editorial revision as well as translation, introducing chronological items, and also inserting added facts for which he had equally accurate information. He compiled his history from "many" sources.

Luke was a physician with the scientific spirit and an artist possessing a brilliant literary style. He therefore had the gift both of critical analysis and research and could make a synthetic use of material. He had both literary motive and method. So he consults original sources and marshals them in historic order. Though he can write with imaginative beauty, he was not a pious romancer; he has the genuine historic spirit. It is doubtless this poetic atmosphere which has caused some too thoughtlessly to find a mythical element in these Infancy Stories. We need, however, only to compare them with the fanciful Apocryphal gospels of later centuries to see how empty and futile is such a suggestion. Luke is primarily a historian. His rhetorical style is used simply for the worthy expression of the marvelous events he records.

What were those numerous sources to which Luke refers in his preface? It is clear that he used the same Petrine testimony which is the basis of the Gospel of Mark and also the original *Logia*, traditionally ascribed to Matthew. With the latter his variance is greater than that with Mark. Both he and the editor of the First Gospel must have employed an Aramaic text and made their quite varied Greek versions of it. (Note, for example, the difference in their report of the Sermon on the Mount.) But he had many other first-hand documents—traditional memorials, sayings, parables, miracles, etc., none of which are in our possession to-day. All the Four Gospels used this material so perfectly that its reproduction by scribes ceased to be necessary. And it was Luke who made the widest use of these collections.

Luke himself appears to have been personally in touch with some of these "eyewitnesses and ministers of the word." A fellow traveler with Paul, he was brought to Jerusalem, where many primitive Jewish Christians resided. He visited Caesarea and conversed with Philip and Mnason, who had been disciples of Christ. There is one striking fact which gives this evangelist a unique source of knowledge. He must have had some close contact with the Herodian court. It is he alone who mentions in his Gospel the name of Joanna the wife of Chuza who was a

steward of the household of Herod. Her name is mentioned twice. And in the Acts of the Apostles he gives the name of that prophetic spirit at Antioch, Manaen (Menahem), who was a foster brother of Herod. When he relates the events connected with the life of Herod, he does it in rather more definite terms and somewhat greater detail than the other evangelists. This must have been an original fountain of facts in the life of our Lord, which not one of the others possessed equally with himself.

The name Joanna is one which must have brought Luke into some almost firsthand knowledge of the Virgin Mary, for Joanna is mentioned as one of that other group of women, friends of the mourning mother, who visited the tomb of Jesus on the first Easter morning. The Galilean women, as they are called, who ministered to the Master through Joanna, touched both the court of Herod the Tetrarch and the mother of our Master. (Compare Luke 8. 2, 3; 23. 49, 55; 24. 10, and follow up the references.)

We can come still closer to this psychological piece of evidence by entering the shrine of Luke's wondrous sympathy with women. It is his own Gospel and his Acts of the Apostles which are most fragrant with this feminine atmosphere of all books in the New Testament. Saint Luke "leads us through the beautiful gate of the temple into the court of the women. Perhaps it was his profession as a physician that filled him with feministic sympathy and it may have been helped by his pastorate of the Philippian church, the center of whose life was a group of holy women. A tinge of the Lydian purple has possessed his historic spirit. It is he who pictures Elisabeth, the priest's wife; he mentions the ministering women, the widow of Nain, the sisters of Bethany, and many more."¹ Did he not through Joanna or some other close friend of Mary, or—it was perfectly possible when he went to Jerusalem—receive from the Holy Mother herself personal memoirs concerning the birth of her child. A mother is the best biographer of the babe.

If with this background we carefully read the account of the Annunciation and Mary's visit to Elisabeth (Luke 1. 26-56) and the birth and boyhood of Jesus (the entire second chapter of Luke), we shall feel throbbing through the entire narrative the workings of a woman's heart. Primary information of such a fact as this supernatural conception could have come from one person only, and we are allowed to see here the mental processes of Mary herself. It was she who "kept all these sayings, pondering them in her heart" (Luke 2. 19, 51). It is Mary, and not Joseph, who stands foremost in this narrative. Hebrew usage, which generally gives first place to the masculine head of the household, is here reversed. Joseph plays the smallest part in this story. It is the mother and her child who are central to the picture. It is Mary whom the aged prophet Simeon addresses; it is she and her boy alone of their family of whom Luke records any sayings whatever. It must have been Mary who either herself made this record of her own experience (just as Joseph must have done of his own which Matthew preserves for us), or

¹ George Elliott: *The Christmas Canticles*, p. 16.

she may have made it known through some such a distinguished friend as Joanna, the wife of a Galilean nobleman.

Some Jewish-Christian document with its wealth of Hebrew parallelism and its rhythmic psalmody which told the story of two wonderful births, that of Jesus and his kinsman John the Baptist, doubtless did come into the hands of Luke from some "eye witness or minister," but he appears to have obtained some closer firsthand sources which came primarily from the mother herself. His final editing was therefore able to give it a personal touch hardly equaled elsewhere in human history.

Some brief notice must be given to those critics who desire to expurgate two verses, Luke 1. 34, 35, which are regarded by them as the only affirmation of the Virgin Birth in the Third Gospel. Before consideration of their reasons for this erasure, let us remember that their arguments have no basis in textual criticism, for the reason that every Greek manuscript of this Gospel, every version of it (with one single MS. exception which will be mentioned hereafter) and the primary patristic quotations all include these passages without verbal change. Consequently these subjective criticisms are simply guesses based upon the *a priori* notions which color their thinking.

There is a single lexicographical argument against the Lukan authorship of this passage; it is that a single word, *ἐπεὶ*, since, used by Mary in her question to Gabriel, is not used anywhere else by Luke and therefore he did not write this sentence! Did he have to use every word more than once to verify his authorship of a sentence? Nothing could be more absurd and this argument will be found to be superlatively ridiculous if anyone will examine the other words found in these two verses. He will discover that they are made up of words used elsewhere by Luke in a far larger percentage than any other writer in the New Testament. And here is another staggering answer to this silly suggestion: The first word in Luke's Gospel is used only by him and he uses it only once! That fine word, rendered *forasmuch* in our English versions, and which really means more than that, something like *since all are aware that*, is in Greek *ἐπεὶ ὅτι*, a compound word containing *ἐπεὶ*, that Greek word which these critics will not allow Luke to put into the mouth of Mary.

If you care to read other objections as written by Schmiedel and Usener in the *Encyclopedia Biblica*, or by Harnack, Conybeare, Pfleiderer, and others, *passim*, you will find the same feeble and futile quality in them all. The real trouble is not that their scholarship is over subtle but that their reason is too naturalistic. There is no space to quote all of them but here are two examples:

Harnack, who is the mightiest supporter of the historical worth of Acts and Luke, thinks that if these two verses were omitted the story would read more smoothly. Now we must agree that such a stupendous supernatural statement is a block in the path for some sorts of thinking, and makes the road rough. If one cared to answer this difficulty by some critical method the following would be a very good way: If these passages seem to be an insertion, it was done by Luke himself, who, editing an original Jewish narrative prepared before the Virgin Birth had

been made matter of public knowledge, himself enriched it with facts learned from original sources such as Mary and her friends. This ought to be an adequate sort of explanation for these skeptical souls and one that would account for certain disagreements which they claim to see with their microscopic vision, but which most of us whose souls are quite as sensitive have never been able to discern.

Here is another: F. C. Conybeare not only beholds these alleged inconsistencies which spoil the smoothness of the story, but presents certain manuscript evidence. Here they are: An old Latin MS. called *Codex Veronensis* omits verse 34; such apocryphal Gospels as the *Prot-evangelium* and the *Acts of Thomas* do not mention them; and John of Damascus omits those words of Mary, "Seeing I know not a man." Who could intelligently place any stress on such omissions? They were probably not intentional but simply the omissions which anyone may sometimes make and which especially was possible in a written manuscript. And it is that very *Codex* which omits this phrase, that reads John 1. 13 in a way that certainly refers to the miraculous birth of Jesus! (See the preceding article on this topic in the March-April, 1924, issue of this REVIEW.) Now who can forgive anyone who uses the Apocryphal writings of a later period to contradict the Gospels of the New Testament? And, to crown all, what worth on such a subject as this is there in a John of Damascus, a rather obscure theologian of the eighth century? Surely he is hardly an ancient authority.

There is another difficulty which disturbs some minds. It is the apparition of angels and similar marvels. It is doubtless very hard for a coldly realistic brain to visualize either an angel or a demon. Yet any careful student of psychology is well aware that there is nothing more common than for certain high moments of spiritual illumination to take form and substance for the senses. All religious records are full of these psycho-religious phenomena. To the true mystic there are times when spiritual things become physically tangible:

Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The invisible appears in sight
And God is seen by mortal eye.

In supernatural experiences the subjective and the objective blend. This does not imply what is called the materialization of spirits; it merely means that spirit and sense do occasionally combine in these experiences. The visible and audible products of the eye and the ear dwell in the heart and mind and such spiritual contacts do not depend on material manifestations. When Stephen saw the Lord during his trial in a celled council chamber he did not have to look out of a window. There are other heavens than science knows or earthly vision can behold.²

[Not sufficient space remains in this issue for the far more important study of the Annunciation and the Incarnate Birth as recorded by

²There is a fuller treatment of this problem in an article by this Editor in the *METHODIST REVIEW*, 1922, pp. 128-130.

Luke. This discussion will be continued in the next issue of the METHODIST REVIEW and that will be followed later by an investigation of the Genealogies both in Matthew and Luke.]

BOOK NOTICES

The Paths That Lead to God. By WILBUR FISK TILLET. Pp. xxi+581. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$4.

THE name of Wilbur Fisk Tillett, Dean Emeritus of the theological faculty and Professor of Christian Doctrine in Vanderbilt University, has long been held in high honor by those who are interested in the theological progress of Methodism. The present volume, the fruitage of a long lifetime of patient study and research, will serve to increase that honor. The sub-title of the volume is "A New Survey of the Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief," and it admirably expresses at once the author's purpose and his achievement. The reader will find nothing that is startlingly new; indeed, he will often have the feeling that Dean Tillett has been much more concerned to set forth his agreement with the Christian thinking of the past than he has his occasional disagreement. This, however, will be a failing only in the eyes of those to whom everything is false according as it is old, and true according as it is new. Not that Dean Tillett lacks the courage of his convictions: no one will suspect him of that who knows his record as a leader of the thought of Methodism in the South. For example, in one of the best sections of the book, that in which he deals with the delicate question of biblical finality, he quotes at length and with approval from Dr. John A. Rice's *The Old Testament in the Life of To-day*, and Dr. Harry E. Fosdick's *Christianity and Progress*. Not only that, he frankly rejects the traditional doctrine of "plenary inspiration," whereby the absolute inerrancy of the Scripture writers on the questions concerning which they wrote was held to be secured. But he knows very well that the modern need is not for negations but for positive statements. He therefore writes: "As to whether or not inspiration secured the biblical writers from the possibility of mistakes in every sphere into which they incidentally entered (for example, history, chronology, science, etc.), there is difference of opinion among theologians; but their trustworthiness as revealers of God's will in all questions of an ethical and spiritual nature, when their writings are properly interpreted, is a matter upon which all schools of theological Christian thought may be said to be agreed; and this is what needs most to be emphasized in our day" (p. 315).

This same constructive attitude to the problem under consideration characterizes Dean Tillett's entire treatment. He proposes a survey of the paths that lead to God. "The paths that we shall travel all lead to the God and Father revealed to men by Jesus Christ in his person, in his teachings and his life" (p. 92). The plan of the book is simple enough. The Introduction frankly recognizes the widespread dissatisfaction with

the traditional theistic reasoning, and the necessity for a re-statement both of what we mean by God and of the reasons we have for believing in him. The God whom Dean Tillett would recommend to our heart and mind is not the remote and detached God of "theistic deism," as he calls it, nor the impersonal God of pantheism, but one of whom we can say that he is at one and the same time transcendent and immanent. "By the term transcendence, when applied to God, is meant that the Divine Being is a person, separate and distinct from nature and above nature. . . . By the Divine Immanence is meant that God is in nature as well as over nature, that the continuance of nature is as directly and immediately dependent upon him as is the origin of nature, . . . that the laws of nature have no efficacy apart from their Creator and Preserver, that God is to be sought and seen in all forms and phases of creaturely existence, in the natural as well as the supernatural and miraculous, . . . and that without him neither the material atom, nor the living organism, nor the rational soul, nor the vast universe of worlds, could have any being" (pp. 63, 64).

What are the paths that lead to God so understood? They are the familiar seven: nature, man, Christ, the Scriptures, the church, suffering, and reason. Dean Tillett leads us along these paths by short and easy stages. There is little in the book that is beyond the grasp of the ordinary mind. Indeed, one of its great merits is its very general avoidance of abstruse and technical language. At every point of the argument, one is conscious of being under the guidance of a man who has read widely and thought deeply. In addition, the book has a certain devotional and spiritual quality which is here and there reminiscent of William Newton Clarke. If we meet here a steady appeal to our reason, it is no less true that we find much that ministers to a vital religious experience.

It may be worth while to indicate a few of Dean Tillett's conclusions. He asserts that our conception of an objective energy working in all things is a clear if not necessary deduction from our own immediate experience as creatures who are able to produce change by a conscious exercise of will. "When we speak of energy, and attempt to explain matter through it, what are we doing but interpreting nature in terms of Will—of free will that has no intelligible meaning apart from Personality—thus using what is given in the consciousness within as the key with which we open the mysteries and reveal the realities which exist without?" (p. 105). He accepts the evolutionary hypothesis, but claims not only that it is capable of a theistic interpretation, but that it is not really intelligible otherwise. "In all departments of science . . . the theory of evolution has come to be accepted as true by the great body of well-accredited scientists. . . . All devout theists will rest assured that if the theory turns out to be true . . . it will simply mean that it is after this manner that the God of creation and Providence has been working in the past and is still working. . . . He will have an increasingly difficult and embarrassing task to perform who feels that it is his duty to prove that men who believe in evolution cannot consistently believe in God" (p. 158). He believes that the Scriptures are a record of human history and expe-

rience, but that the history and the experience are connected in a peculiar way with a progressive divine self-revelation. "The greatest possible proof that a volume can furnish of its being divinely inspired is for it to contain and set forth a doctrine of God that is so high and exalted that the human mind can conceive of and desire nothing that is higher and more perfect" (p. 261). He finds no difficulties in the belief that Christ wrought miracles, regarding these as the natural acts of a person of divine-human constitution, although contending that one who believes in miracle is not debarred from rejecting for good reasons any given miracle. "The sanity and beneficence of the miracles of Christ accord so perfectly with his character that they seem entirely natural. . . . But this reaffirmation of faith in the supernatural works of Christ based on faith in his supernatural Person does not mean that if in the case of any individual miracle attributed to him there should arise sufficient and satisfactory reasons for doubting or denying its genuineness, this our confidence in the supernatural Christ is to be shaken" (pp. 353, 354, 355). He finds help rather than hindrance in the Johannine teaching that Jesus is the Eternal Word of God. "Words are outward expressions of inner thoughts, ideas, feelings, volitions. In calling Christ the 'Word of God' the New Testament means to teach that he is the visible and audible Expression of the mind and heart of God. He is the method or means by which the Father conveys to man his thoughts and feelings" (p. 401). He has a strong conviction of the worth of creedal statements, but he regards them not as finalities but as instruments. "The time is coming, if it be not already here, when a new expression of the faith, experience, purpose, and life of the church will be demanded and be forthcoming. . . . The old idea of a creed as something to bind men's faith and furnish a test by which heresy can be determined and condemned is largely a thing of the past. The new creed is positive, not negative; something to help, not to hinder; to free, not to bind. . . . A creed that is really believed does not need to be preserved by a law making it difficult or well-nigh impossible to alter it" (pp. 472, 473).

Now in all this there is nothing that is particularly original. We meet here what might without any disrespect be called the commonplaces of modern theology. Dean Tillett quotes liberally—perhaps too liberally—from scores of representative modern thinkers of many different schools. One purpose of these extensive quotations is just to show how general is the acceptance of the positions that are being set forth. Those who dissent from Dean Tillett will have to reckon with this large body of support. Many, of course, will dissent; but it is safe to say that the dissent will be rather on the ground that the book is unduly conservative than that it is unduly liberal. The present writer himself would dissent at a number of points, but he has no hesitation in giving it as his judgment that we have here a solid contribution to Methodist theology, one that is conservative without being traditional, and modern without being radical.

One could wish that the publisher had given the book a more modest and appropriate cover. There is an extensive bibliography which would

be much more useful to the student had it been made one quarter the length and then briefly annotated. There is quite often a failure to indicate clearly the origin of a lengthy quotation. These, however, are largely matters of taste, and detract in no serious way from the real value of the work. One would like to hail the book as a happy augury of the union of the two main branches of Methodism. If Dean Tillet is in anywise representative—and one must believe that he is—of the theology of Methodism in the South, then there are those in the North who will regard the union, in the realm of theology at least, as already an accomplished fact.

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SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Science and Life. By ROBERT A. MILLIKAN. Pp. 90. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.

Evolution, Knowledge and Revelation. By STEWART A. McDOWALL. Pp. 99. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.

Nineteenth Century Evolution and After. By MARSHALL DAWSON. Pp. 145. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Evolution or Christianity. By WILLIAM M. GOLDSMITH. Pp. 144. Saint Louis: The Anderson Press. 50 cents.

Evolution, Is it Philosophical, Scientific, or Scriptural? By ALEXANDER HARDIE. Pp. 234. Los Angeles: Times Mirror Press. \$1.50.

The Weakness of Evolution. By W. MASDEN FRYSENGER. Pp. 119. Louisville: Pentecostal Publishing Company. \$1.25.

The Battle of the Churches. By WILLIAM GEORGE WIRTH. Pp. 128. Mountain View, Cal.: Pacific Press Publishing Company. 50 cents.

Christianity at the Cross Roads. By CARLYLE B. HAYNES. Pp. 128. Nashville: Southern Publishing Association. 50 cents.

HERE is a big bunch of brief books on one of the troublesome topics of to-day. What is the relation between religion and science? or, what effect will evolution have on Christianity? Before criticizing the books, these questions may be answered. There is no closer relation between merely physical science and spiritual religion than between the doctrine of gravitation and the Declaration of Independence. The physiological function and the chemical composition of tears have little relation to the grief or pain that causes them. To make the battle of creeds and scientific theories the battle of life itself is to belittle both the spiritual and the material universe. The Christian religion is a spiritual and moral reality, too big to be defined or analyzed by that rational science called theology or such physical sciences as physics and biology. All sciences, whether of matter or mind, are far more descriptive than explanatory. The intellect can never wholly grasp the vaster realm of

reality. As Lotze said in his immortal sentence: "Life is greater than Logic."

Of all the above-named volumes the first place should be given to the popular lectures by Professor Millikan, that great physicist who was the first to isolate and measure the electron and therefore won the Nobel Prize in 1923. He is both an able scientist and a devout Christian. And never leaving those two backgrounds he discusses "The Practical Value of Pure Science," "The Significance of Radium," "Science and Religion," and "Science and Society." In a simple and popular style he shows that such religious leaders as Augustine and Wesley and such scientists as Copernicus, Newton, Faraday, and Pasteur could be both pious and scientific, because they realized that each had its own place in human life. "The purpose of science is to develop without prejudice or preconception of any kind a knowledge of the facts, the laws and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the conscience, the ideals and the aspirations of mankind."

The Hulsean Lectures, delivered at Cambridge by Chaplain McDowall, is a profoundly metaphysical book. While he does not seem to have read the philosophy of Borden P. Bowne, his emphasis on personality gives him quite a similar epistemology. He cannot prove that you can get your religion out of science, but does show that the philosophy of Christianity and the concept of progress have more of harmony than of contradiction.

Marshall Dawson, however, has a rather different standpoint. He shows that evolution as known in nature does not necessarily imply progress but involves degeneration as well so that the Pauline doctrine of the Fall can get much wholesome illustration from it. Therefore he would reject pure Darwinism but accept nineteenth century evolution as being philosophically in accord with Christianity. Cleverly written and rich in humor, he restudies Adam and finds a lot of modern science in the Pauline theology.

Professor Goldsmith, who teaches science in a Methodist college, in a vigorous fashion attacks Bryan and the so-called Fundamentalists and such blood and thunder authors as McCann, the Romanist who wrote *God or Gorilla*. By exposing their dense ignorance both of the Bible and of science he practically demolishes the flimsy barriers they place between the two, but possibly he ties evolution a little too close to Christianity. Yet his book is an excellent forensic study of the theme.

The last four books are on the other side. They are unequal in value. Those by Hardie and Frysinger are probably the more devout and thoughtful. Yet even these seem to have insufficient insight into the varying worth of the authorities they quote. To make that noble geologist, John W. Dawson, who belongs to a wholly superseded school, an expert witness for to-day, and to quote fragments of criticism of Darwin from different scientists without mentioning the fact that nevertheless they are evolutionists, is doubtless not done dishonestly, but nevertheless proves certain logical limitations. Even if they could prove that evolution is unphilosophical and unscientific—and that may be achieved to-morrow, if

not to-day—it would not show any necessary discord between it and the Bible. The change from the Ptolemaic to the Copernican system did not destroy Christianity. Millions who held to the exploded science of centuries ago are in heaven to-day. Folks can believe that the world is either flat or round and yet be saved. One can highly honor such writers but be utterly amazed at the confusion caused by the lack of exact definition in their studies.

The last two books are still more fiercely fundamental. The writers are probably pious but they do real harm when they charge skepticism, infidelity and heresy upon men who walk as close to Christ as themselves. The spirit of the Gospel is expelled by this type of controversy. The statement of what he calls the Modernist position by Professor Wirth is wholly misleading and unfair. But Carlyle B. Haynes, after many pages of doctrinal and scientific views in which few of us could find much instruction, ends with a noble paragraph. He probably does not perceive the fact, but it does certainly set aside much in his little book. Read it, it is worthy to be printed in gold:

"Christianity is not a set of doctrines, it is not a code of laws, it is not a statement of creedal confessions, it is not a church, it is not a body of teaching, it is not even a religion. It is a Person. And that Person is Christ. He is Christianity."

Is there any conclusion of the whole matter? Perhaps not yet, but the fact remains that many of the feeblers thinkers on both sides are utterly wrong. The false Fundamentalists wrongly emphasize that science of religion which is called theology and the mistaken Modernists that religion of science which they imagine can be found in evolution. But there is a far more encouraging fact. The great leaders both in religion and science to-day see eye to eye. They possess two mighty worlds, that of spirit and that of sense, and neither can invade or destroy the other. A perfect proof of this is in that "Joint Statement Upon the Relations of Science and Religion," which Professor Millikan places as an Appendix to his lectures. It was signed by sixteen religious leaders—bishops, theologians, and pastors—Methodists, Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Disciples; by sixteen scientists—geologists, psychologists, botanists, surgeons, chemists, physicists, astronomers, paleontologists, etc.; and fourteen men of affairs—statesmen, lawyers, bankers, editors, business men, etc. There is probably not one name in the list not well known in America. Here is their statement:

"We, the undersigned, deeply regret that in recent controversies there has been a tendency to present science and religion as irreconcilable and antagonistic domains of thought, for in fact they meet distinct human needs, and in the rounding out of human life they supplement rather than displace or oppose each other.

"The purpose of science is to develop, without prejudice or preconception of any kind, a knowledge of the facts, the laws, and the processes of nature. The even more important task of religion, on the other hand, is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind. Each of these two activities represents a deep and vital function of the

soul of man, and both are necessary for the life, the progress, and the happiness of the human race.

"It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion, when it represents him as revealing himself through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his God-like powers."

The Decay and the Restoration of Civilization. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER, D.Theol., D.Med. Part I. Pp. 105. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.75.

Civilization and Ethics. By ALBERT SCHWEITZER. Part II. Pp. 298. The Macmillan Company. Price, \$4.

It is gratifying that a discussion of ethics in its bearing on civilization should be associated with the name of that robust Christian ethical thinker, Dr. R. W. Dale. The strength and lucidity of his ethical convictions came from his overmastering evangelical faith in the eternal law of righteousness as revealed in Jesus Christ. These "Dale Memorial Lectures," delivered at Mansfield College, Oxford, are, however, related to Dale only by reason of the lecture foundation, for in many respects the views propounded in them by Doctor Schweitzer are radically opposed to those held by the great Free Church leader.

The interest in Doctor Schweitzer has more to do with the man than with his theories. Everyone is familiar with his medical missionary labors in Equatorial Africa, so impressively and modestly related in his book, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*. A slim volume on *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth* throws light on the character of this earnest and scholarly missionary and theologian. In this autobiographical sketch he sums up his philosophy of life, and it is worth quoting. "As one who tries to remain youthful in his thinking and feeling, I have struggled against facts and experience on behalf of belief in the good and the true. At the present time when violence, clothed in life, dominates the world more cruelly than it ever has before, I still remain convinced that truth, love, peaceableness, meekness, and kindness are the violence which can master all other violence. The world will be theirs as soon as ever a sufficient number of men with purity of heart, with strength, and with perseverance think and live out the thoughts of love and truth, of meekness and peaceableness" (p. 102). He holds that "the great secret of success is to go through life as a man who never gets used up."

All Schweitzer's thinking is influenced by the conviction that civilization is essentially ethical, and that "reverence for life" is the foundation principle which alone can restore peace and stability to a disunited and desolate world. He charges philosophy with the responsibility for the present failure because its theory of the universe did not sufficiently reckon with ethical impulses. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, philosophy has practically meant the history of philosophy, for the

creative spirit had left it (I. 9). The same may be said of theology, which became a study of the history of doctrine rather than a consideration and correlation of leading religious concepts in view of the advances of science. Much of what Schweitzer writes about the over-organization of public life and the suppression of the independence of the individual has particular reference to Germany. But it cannot be denied that the situation in every land is equally perilous.

The movement of democracy must seriously reckon with the fact that civilization has hitherto developed with much greater vigor materially than it has spiritually or ethically. It must also honestly acknowledge the rights and responsibilities of every individual, regardless of the barriers of nationalism and racial differences. That is to say, its views must be substantially based upon religious faith and not upon political expediency or ethnological calculations. On this particular phase of the question, J. H. Oldham has much to say about brotherhood across racial lines, in his book, *Christianity and the Race Problem*, and the same may be said of the volume by Dr. R. E. Speer on *Race and Race Relations*. Both these writers and indeed Schweitzer as well, view the world from the Christian missionary standpoint. In truth this is the only effective way to discuss the subject.

In his volume on *Christianity and the Religions of the World*, Schweitzer emphasized the superiority of Christianity on the strength of its "ethical mysticism," unlike the religions of the East, which overvalue "logical mysticism" and make more of knowing than of being and doing (p. 87). But we cannot agree that "the religion of Jesus is a chaotic mixture of pessimism and optimism" (p. 31), unless we accept the untenable view that Jesus taught an interim ethics in connection with the catastrophic end of the world. Schweitzer still holds to this interpretation of the eschatology of Jesus and balances it by his advocacy of Christian mysticism. Here is the weakness of his prevailing pessimism. He is far too much of an alarmist, and the range of his wide scholarship is limited by his failure to unify his facts in a consistently coherent argument. There is, moreover, a confusion of thought and even contradictions, as when he points out that "every conviction which possesses real value is non-rational and enthusiastic in character," while on a later page he declares that "the human race must be converted to a fresh mental attitude if it is not to suffer extinction" (II. xviii, xxi). He avers that a new civilization could be produced only as we attain a strong and worthy theory of the universe, but how is this possible if we renounce the attempt to understand the objective world? There cannot be thought without a thinker any more than air without oxygen. Schweitzer doubtless has in mind the contrast between the eighteenth century rationalism, which was popular philosophy rather than real philosophy, and mysticism, which by self-consistent thought reaches ultimate conclusions. But this distinction is not carefully worked out, and his outlook is not comprehensive because it lacks historical perspective. This criticism is made with due regard to the able survey in the second volume of the ethical thinkers from Plato to modern times. In this historical review Schweitzer shows that

many of the moralists failed because they started from a world view instead of stressing the prior claims of ethics and then developing a world view. Considering the world process in the stillness of the African forest, he realized that the western world is kept in a sort of intoxication of activity, which prevents its giving itself to reflection, on account of which we are without spiritual independence (I. 26ff.). He is, however, superficial in his conclusion that there are no traces of progressive ethical development in the world.

On the other hand, these two volumes are of considerable value because of the impressive exposition and insistent advocacy of the ethic of reverence for life. Such a standard "constrains all, in whatever walk of life they may find themselves, to busy themselves intimately with all the human and vital processes which are being played out around them, and to give themselves as men to the man who needs human help and sympathy" (II. 269). Doctor Schweitzer honestly faces the problem of self and self-seeking as against the problem of non-self and service, and he contrasts the humane ethic based on "the will to live" and "the will to love," with "the will to believe" of the Pragmatists, who insist that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." This argument is persuasively expressed in several connections, and the frequent repetitions can be excused on account of the importance of the theme.

He is careful to state that "up to the present only Jesus has constructed a genuinely complete ethic" (II. 237). But the subject should have been more thoroughly discussed and the distinctive glory of Christianity more compellingly exhibited. As a matter of fact, it is the only religion that insists on a vitalizing and humanizing appreciation of the value of every individual. It is thus committed to the ethic of reverence for life with a comprehensiveness that has not the least suggestion of compromise. It is to be hoped that in the two further volumes yet to appear, the truth of Christianity will be given a central setting, since it possesses the only solution for the intricate and baffling dilemma of life.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

The Old Testament: A New Translation. By JAMES MOFFATT. Vol. I, Genesis to Esther. Pp. xi+560. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50 net.

A new wealth has come to English literature—the numerous modernized versions of the Holy Scriptures. Without question the Authorized Version had a literary beauty far surpassing that of any other rendering in any language, and sometimes even more exquisite than the original itself. But it has for to-day two marked limitations: First, the translators did not have access to a critical text; second, any rendering grows old with time, for language is not a fixed thing and obsolete words and phrasing will continue to multiply. There is another value in multiplying translations; it gives to readers additional interpretations of the Holy Book. Those who read the Bible will do well to use all the more scholarly versions.

Dr. James Moffatt probably surpassed all others in his popular translation of the New Testament, which must be given a grade higher than even the excellent versions of Weymouth, Goodspeed, or Ballantyne. It finely echoes the vernacular Greek which recent research has proven to be a feature of the style of many books in the New Testament. His new translation of the Old Testament cannot have quite so interesting a linguistic basis for modern rendering. Yet a high credit must be given to this version; it will bring the meaning of these sacred books closer to the modern mind.

Some fastidious folks whose religion is more a matter of tradition than of experience will be shocked to see the "firmament" become a "vault"; the "garden" be turned into a "park" and the "ark" named a "barge." Yet even such alterations of words frequently help the mind to get fresh visions of the facts. One criticism of Moffatt's translation is rather unjust. It is that no greater clearness or strength is added to many passages by the change in language. This ignores the necessity of making the style of any version uniform in all passages. Otherwise they would become a most repellent mixture of old and new style.

No one need advise the use of these popular versions in public worship. That is perhaps the one function of religion in which it is well to maintain the reverent influence of tradition. The lovely language of ancient liturgies and of the King James Version of the Scriptures certainly add an æsthetic atmosphere to public services. Something of art should be maintained in worship if spiritual reverence is to be saved. But this argument must not be pushed so far as to substitute art for religion and literary beauty for the literal understanding of this record of divine revelations.

Some may question the use of the name "the Eternal," as a proper rendering of YHWH, that tetragrammaton personal name of the God of Israel, for which the American Revised Version uses Jehovah. No one can tell the origin of that word. In Exodus 4, the phrase I AM THAT I AM shows that the Hebrews did interpret that name as portraying a permanent existence. It meant more than that abstraction; it involved the moral fact of a changeless fidelity. Perhaps, however, no single English word is better than Eternal. That is the one used in nearly all French versions.

Another interesting feature is the use of italics in printing the Judahite narratives and brackets to inclose those of Northern Israel. This is not done in every case, but only when the varying stories are of such difference that marking them helps to explain the apparent contradictions.

No one, not even this translator, can claim that the English Bible has reached a climax in his version. But the scholars of to-day, who are both religious and educated, have quite as much right as those of yesterday, whose learning was less and whose piety was no greater, to render the sacred records of the past into the language of the present. And they are the ones who will reverently allow that to-morrow, with its larger light and learning, will make newer and better translations.

It is not necessary to perfectly praise this version; many criticisms are possible for which no space is adequate in this notice; but all who read and love their Bible (and those who praise it most, are not all in that class), will be thankful to Dr. James Moffatt for his noble contribution to their understanding of it.

The Authentic Literature of Israel. Edited by ELIZABETH CZARNOMSKA. Pp. xxxv + 422. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.

The Modern Reader's Bible. Edited by RICHARD G. MOULTON. Pp. xv + 1733. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.

EVEN those who only read their English Bible, if they do it carefully, will soon see that it is a piece of edited literature—that possibly it was Ezra or some of the learned scribes of the Great Synagogue that took the many manuscripts they had collected and compiled them into the present form. The various legal codes, the different historical narratives, the poems of David and all the other Hebrew hymnists, were organized into a quite wonderful unit of history and letters. Certainly this gave a higher religious value to their literature.

But modern scholarship known as the Higher Criticism has endeavored to analyze the books and so discern as far as possible the original sources. So we discover the Yahvist and Elohist narratives, and the Priest Code, the legal Book of the Covenant, the Deuteronomic and Levitical legislation, etc. Several attempts have been made to reveal to modern readers these varied elements, such as Haupt's *Polychrome Bible*, Bacon's *Genesis of Genesis* and *Triple Tradition of the Exodus*, and Kent's *Student's Old Testament*. This volume, edited by Miss Czarnomska, is a somewhat simplified edition in a single volume, including Hebrew literature until the Exile. It is not encumbered with notes but has an excellent introduction and appendices. This makes it an admirable reference volume for all who care to trace the separate settings of the writings of Israel.

The Modern Reader's Bible is well known to all students of Scripture. Its value is in the way of printing. The Holy Book is placed in the format of present-day volumes. It emphasizes the literary structure of the various writings. It does no retranslating and does not deal either with textual or the literary criticism, and uses all the typographical methods of modern printing to make the meanings stand out strongly. This last edition is an extraordinary piece of book making. It is richly illustrated with colored pictures.

Here are two ways of reading the Bible—the first for scholarly analysis, the second for literary interest and spiritual inspiration. Students will use them both. Surely everybody will value the latter.

The Christian Renaissance: A History of the Devotio Moderna. By ALBERT HYMA. Grand Rapids, Mich.: The Reformed Press, 1924.

THERE is probably no book in any language that covers exactly the ground of this. It is a history of the Brethren of the Common Life, a

kind of semi-monastic order which revived religion in the Netherlands, western Germany, etc., in the century preceding the Reformation, and includes with that a history of the related monastery at Windesheim (Augustinian canons regular). Through some educational foundations in this country the author was enabled to pursue his investigations—and they were thorough—in Holland and Germany, and he has come back enriched with many spoils. These he has poured into the book before us, which is one of the most notable contributions in English to church history in the twentieth century, and compares favorably with any in German or French. There is apparently no original source in manuscript or print and no secondary source in any modern language which he has not canvassed. The notes at the end give ample citations from these sources mainly in Latin and Dutch. There are also in appendix references to Groote's writings where he cites ancient authors, classic and Christian, a conspectus of Groote's letters as to their place, etc., a reprint (in Latin) of the entire original constitution of the Brethren of the Common Life at Deventer (with two facsimiles and with notes), and a full bibliography of the unpublished sources with their catalogue number and of printed sources and modern books. The five hundred pages are filled out with an index.

In his high appreciation of the Low Countries in their influence on civilization the author reminds us of our versatile contemporary Dr. William Elliot Griffis and of the great book by the late Duncan Campbell of Cherry Valley, New York, the *Pilgrims in Holland, England and America*, which disturbed the complacency of English-speaking students thirty years ago. In his introduction he says that in the Low Countries from the days of Charlemagne until the end of the fifteenth century the currents of Western thought met and intermingled. Through this region French monastic reforms, epics and chivalry passed into Germany, and whatever came from the latter into France has traveled the same route. The Flemish towns were the first to supplant monasteries as chief seats of learning and art. Bruges and Ghent became the wealthiest cities north of the Alps, not even excepting Paris and London. Antwerp and Brussels added more wealth and prestige. Antwerp became the greatest port in the world. All the best fruits of the Italian Renaissance came into the possession of Europe through the Netherlands. How the New Devotion or what the author calls Christian Renaissance, between 1380 and 1520 "absorbed the wisdom of the ancients, the essence of Christ's teachings, the mystic religion of the Fathers and saints of mediæval Europe, as well as the learning of the Italian humanists, how it assimilated all these ingredients and presented them in a new dress to the old world anew, will be shown in the following pages."

The hero of the book is Gerhard Groote, on whom we have information as ample as it is welcome. Then we have discussion of the men who carried on his work, Radewijns, Zerbolt, and Cele, and the work at Windesheim, Deventer, and Zwolle. Then follow Brethren of the Common Life (ch. 3), Congregation of Windesheim (4), Kempis and the Imitation of Christ (5), Wessel Gansfort (6), the work and influence of the move-

ment in France (7), where he proves direct influence on Ignatius Loyola and Calvin and on the schools of Sturm, Calvin, and on the Jesuits, and in the last chapter he gives a comparison of the movement with Luther's and with Calvin's, how it touched these, how it reformed education, and its influence on Roman Catholicism, Church of England, Pilgrims and Puritans, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and its general influence.

It is a large order: all modern church history is quite largely a river that flows from those modest, holy, self-sacrificing, non-monastic (some monastic) brother-houses, Catholic and yet leaning without knowing it toward Protestantism—a river flowing from the Yssel valley in Holland down over the fields of all churches to-day. Is the thesis proved? It would take much space and a long discussion to answer. My own feeling is that the new light brought by our learned author adds another tributary to forces which helped to make Luther and Calvin, but that the spiritual history and the historical work of these men were too complex to be accounted for by the *Devotio Moderna*. (One or two small matters. Dillenberger's name is given in three different ways, pp. 392, note 186; 393, note 191; and 482. Wrong conception of Luther's doctrine of faith, p. 165. Where and when did Erasmus have "his downfall?" p. 230. Wrong antithesis on p. 329, end of iii, Luther's reform was not "revolutionary" but all too conservative. Unnecessarily confusing to call the movement Christian Renaissance; *Devotio Moderna* is historical and sufficient.

Since writing the above I have received from the most eminent expert in Bucer in the English-speaking lands, Dr. Hasting Eels, the following judgments as to the author's view that Calvin got his views from Bucer and Bucer from the Brethren. Bucer was not converted by Rode, but as his own letters show he had adopted his views on the Lord's Supper as a result of Carlstadt's writings and his own researches. The author contradicts himself concerning Calvin, who never underwent any fundamental change after the first edition of *Institutes* in 1535. Nor is there any authority for the statement that Calvin got material for his *Institutes* at College Montaigu, Paris, or was influenced by the Brethren there. Lang has shown that if Bucer influenced Calvin it must have been before 1535, but we know that no direct influence was possible till 1538. Bucer was a man of marked originality, but Calvin was original too and along the same lines. There is no statement by Calvin or Bucer which hints that Calvin reached his system through the influence of Bucer or modified or added to it. Of course Calvin read Bucer's exegetical works, but we do not know that he learned any doctrine from them. In fact the view of the author is an hypothesis, and any clear proof is lacking. I might add it is time we had a life of Bucer in English, and Doctor Eels is the man to write it, as we see from his learned monograph on his relation to the bigamous marriage of Philip of Hesse (Yale University Press).

J. A. FAULKNER,

Drew Theological Seminary.

Fundamental Ends of Life. By RUFUS M. JONES, Litt.D. Pp. 144. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.75.

Few teachers of the spiritual life have such a thorough grasp of our imperious needs as Professor Jones of Haverford College. His books have the merit of adequate knowledge and consecutive thought. He goes to the root of the matter, dealing with "foundational" experiences, and expressing himself with literary charm. Why is it that writers on religious subjects are so clumsy in the use of words and in the construction of sentences?

Doctor Jones is one of the ablest exponents of Christian mysticism. He succeeds in showing that the mystical way of living is normal and necessary and that it is the very heart of Christianity. In his great book, *Studies in Mystical Religion*, he conclusively demonstrated that the mystics, far from being dreamy and unpractical persons, have led great reforms, championed momentous movements and saved Christianity from the alien influences of scholasticism and ecclesiasticism. He returns to this subject in the present book and reminds us that mystics have been saints who "through contact with God have exhibited indomitable spirit and energy for constructive tasks. They have revealed serenity, sanity, and sound capacity for leadership and cooperation with others" (p. 112). Our restless age, suspicious of contemplation and obsessed by action, needs to learn this true secret of effective Christianity. *The business of life is "to perfect the soul so that it itself may be beautiful within and harmonious with all that is beautiful"* (p. 43).

In this respect, the religion of Christ is unique. By this we mean the religion of the whole New Testament and not merely the Synoptic fragments. Here we find, as nowhere else, the absolute overarching and intrinsic values. These are happiness, beauty, love, goodness, truth, God, which add interest, dignity and sublimity to man's life. They are searchingly interpreted by Doctor Jones, in the light of what he has expounded in previous chapters on "The Quest for Fundamental Ends," "The Idea of the Good in Plato," "Fundamental Ends in the Gospels," "The Kingdom of Ends in Kant," "Mystical Experience as an End of Life." These values, moreover, are not to be merely discussed, pro and con, but to be experienced and lived. Such a firsthand knowledge of Reality gives the mystic a better equipment than the mere scientist. It is the privilege of whosoever willeth to submit to the terms of perfection in Christ. How it is to be done is convincingly set forth in this book.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

Cardinals of Faith. By OSWALD W. S. MCCALL. Introduction by Professor JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, \$1.50.

CAN doctrinal preaching be made interesting? Those who are inclined to answer that it cannot ought first to read this volume of sermons. There is, indeed, little about the book to suggest that it has a doctrinal character, but that is an advantage rather than otherwise. The stiff

unimaginative formalism which, with only too much reason, we have come to associate with doctrinal preaching, is not to be found here at all. Yet there are no greater subjects than those which Dr. McCall announces so simply, such as "God," "Jesus," "The Cross," "Salvation," "Prayer," and then treats in so vital and compelling a fashion that the understanding of them is felt to be a matter of the deepest personal concern. Doctrinal preaching that rings true to the New Testament without being the mere categorical pronouncement of traditional dogmatisms is one of the crying needs of the modern church, and here is a man who is meeting the need. It is a rare thing to find such a combination of literary strength, clear thinking, evangelistic emphasis, and loyalty to the "cardinals of faith."

One interest for Methodists in this little volume will be in the fact that the author is one of that large number of men who have transferred the exercise of their gifts from Methodism to a sister denomination. Doctor McCall was formerly a Wesleyan minister in Australia, and he did religious service with the Australian troops in the World War. Having come to this country, he was called in 1922 to the pastorate of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, California. These sermons, although delivered before conferences and student bodies, are declared by Professor Buckham to be representative of Doctor McCall's regular ministry. Methodism need not begrudge the gift to another church of this illustrious son, for while Congregationalism may rejoice at being able to attract men of the caliber of Doctor McCall, Methodism may rejoice with no less cause at being able to produce them.

EDWIN LEWIS.

Drew Theological Seminary.

Die Messianischen Weissagungen des Alten Testaments. By EDWARD KÖNIG. Pp. viii + 379. Second and third edition. Stuttgart: Belser.

THIS valuable book on the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament appears in a revised edition after only two years. Dr. König studies this important subject first as a whole, then in detail.

(I) The prediction of the future is not confined to Israel, but Old Testament prophecy presents only doubtful resemblances with the interpretation of omens and the ecstatic utterances common in antiquity. We cannot derive Messianic prophecy from Egyptian or Babylonian conceptions; it is not the outcome of popular eschatology; far greater than either it is an inseparable element of that revealed religion which was essentially redemptive.

(II) The divine plan of redemption was revealed to man from the earliest times (Gen. 3. 15; 9. 25-27; 12. 3; 49. 10). In the days of Moses God predicted Israel's triumph over its enemies (Num. 24. 17) and the religious eminence of the nation (Deut. 18. 15). With the establishment of the monarchy, the Davidic dynasty, divinely endowed, was conceived to be God's instrument in inaugurating the Messianic age (2 Sam. 7 and 23;

¹ Cf. König's article in the *Methodist Review*, vol. CVI, p. 963ff.

Psa. 110; 2; 72). In a time of growing hostility to the kingdom of God, the great prophets proclaimed the impending judgment of the nations followed by a glorious salvation of the elect. Some of them foretold the coming of a Davidic Messiah,² others announced a direct intervention of Jehovah to establish his kingdom.³ In the earliest oracles the Messiah was represented as a military hero; later his wise rule and impartial justice became more prominent (Isa. 9. 5f.; 11. 3-5); at last his humility (Zech. 9. 9) and his atoning suffering (Isa. 53) were described with striking vividness. Likewise, the future Kingdom becomes more and more spiritual and universal (this was, however, implied in Gen. 12. 3b.) although the earthly and national conception of the Messianic age did not disappear in later times. Daniel calculates the date of the establishment of the kingdom of God (9. 24-27), when "one like the Son of man" will come with the clouds of heaven (7. 14). With a brief survey of the Apocryphal and Rabbinical literature Professor König completes this investigation.

This meager synopsis cannot do justice to a large and informing volume written by a scholar whose erudition and diligence are nothing less than amazing, nor can it disclose the profound piety that pervades these pages and the thoroughness with which the views of a host of scholars are enumerated by the author. Having previously discussed in this REVIEW (Vol. CV, p. 968ff.) König's opinions on the historicity of the Old Testament, I can confine myself to a general criticism of the work as a whole. In his attempt to conciliate a traditional theology with exact modern scholarship, without mutual concessions,⁴ Professor König "darkeneth counsel" and becomes entangled in logical contradictions. In a recent letter to the reviewer he called himself "the old defender of biblical truth." He appears in this book in the dual role of *defensor fidei* and objective historian. He is interested both in faith and in facts. But the devout and the technical interpretation of the Bible should be kept distinct; theology and philology have not much in common; a *religio grammatici* is "more precious than rubies," but a religious grammar is an absurdity beyond imagination.

In deciding to write a book both for scholars and for laymen the author makes it unpalatable for both. It is tedious, to the scholar, to find explanations of words with which every theological undergraduate is well familiar; but the plight of the scholar is not to be compared with that of the unlucky general reader, who is supposed to take an interest in the most minute grammatical questions of the Hebrew, to appreciate innumerable bibliographical references, and to read passages in six languages (not counting the German) and translated words in four other languages!

If the book is to offer a detailed interpretation of the Messianic passages of the Old Testament, why are a number of important Psalms⁵ not

² Amos, Hosea, Zechariah 9-12, Isaiah, Micah, Jeremiah, Zechariah 1-8.

³ Zephaniah, Joel, Habakkuk, Ezekiel, Malachi.

⁴ The conflict between dogma and science in the field of Biblical interpretation has been ably stated by Professor Knudsen (*Present Tendencies in Religious Thought*, pp. 74-131).

⁵ 16; 22; 47; 97; 99; 102; 132.

even mentioned? Why is only one text of Isaiah (11. 6-8) adequately dealt with?

This ambiguity mars his conception of Messianic prophecy: on the one hand it is supposed to progress and develop, on the other hand it appears full grown in the days of Abraham, if not of Adam himself. And his conception of the task of biblical exegesis is no less confused: he advocates repeatedly the exact grammatical-historical interpretation, but occasionally, after giving the literal meaning of a passage, he lets an old allegorical explanation sneak in and have its say.⁷ Excellent in certain parts, this study of the Messianic hope is less objective, and much less clear, than the more general statement of Knudson in his book *The Religious Teaching of the Old Testament*.

ROBERT H. PFEIFFER.

Boston University School of Theology.

Psychology of Religious Experience. Studies in the Psychological Interpretation of Religious Faith. By FRANCIS L. STRICKLAND, Professor of the History and Psychology of Religion in Boston University School of Theology. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press.

DOCTOR STRICKLAND puts his finger on the crucial spot in psychology to-day when he says, "Psychology has been and unfortunately still is too much dominated by the viewpoints and methods of biology. The result is that the effort has been more or less persistent to explain the whole range of human conduct in terms of physiological process and organic reaction." This is even true of many who have written books upon religious psychology. The result is as the author says: "The implications of psychological analysis of religion in terms of mental structure and biological function alone are pretty disastrous to religious faith itself." Certainly if the psychology of religion is exhausted in physiological process and organic reaction, religion becomes a myth; and all psychology of religion becomes the psychology of mythology. And religious experience becomes a delusion.

Now the all-important involvement here is that those psychologists who confine their investigations in the psychology of religion to the field of physiological process and organic reaction have never known a religious experience; or if they have they have determined that it was a delusion. The author holds that he who undertakes to discuss religious experience should possess it. This is true if religious experience is genuine. But how can one say, viewing it objectively, that it is a delusion, a psychopathological phenomenon? Experience is essentially subjective. And no experience, strictly speaking, is ever studied by the objective method alone. The simple truth is all perception is apperception; for all persons in apprehending either objects or ideas do so in the light of

⁷The fact that the author hopes to publish a commentary on Isaiah (p. 199, note 2) does not make this lacuna less annoying to the reader who knows that this prophetic book is the most important of all, in a study of this kind: cf. K. Fullerton's article on *Viewpoints in the Discussion of Isaiah's Hopes for the Future* (Journal of Biblical Literature, 1922, pp. 1-101).

⁸Cf. pp. 109, 159f, 357. It is only by interpreting it allegorically that he can give a Messianic meaning to Gen. 3, 15.

their entire past history. That is, they interpret the objects or ideas according to their personal experience. So when we are careful enough in our alleged scientific investigations to observe what we are doing we shall see that in all our getting knowledge the final thing is our interpretation; and of course interpretation is always intensively subjective, it is the subject's own.

We know it is a horrible thing to say to those who worship with such pathetic devotion at the shrine of physical science that we would be much better off if we ceased to deceive ourselves and would frankly admit that we all approach every subject from some philosophical attitude. Each of us has his personal attitude toward the universe, and it is this attitude which determines his interpretation of the data of his science. Then if we were actually loyal to the scientific method we would state our position in the beginning whether we consider religious experience a delusion, and that we are seeking to understand the psychology of the delusion; or whether we believe it to be a genuine experience of God in the soul.

Doctor Strickland does just this. He holds that religious experience is genuine; it is not a delusion, for some persons have experienced God in their inner life. If one has never had such experience, of course, one cannot be convinced of its reality by any logical process. The best that can be done for such a one is show him the possibility of it. If he wishes to know such experience the only way possible is to experience it. And it is equally true that if one has ever experienced God in one's life there is no possible logical process that can prove that experience false for him.

Having cleared the ground of the underbrush the author proceeds to the work of allowing the living structure to develop. He examines scientific explanation, notes its self-imposed limitations, and shows that we must pass beyond the limits of physical science if we are to have psychology which "deals with facts in our conscious life." This does not mean that psychology is not scientific, for "in psychology we work with the methods of science—the empirical or experience methods." He then passes to experience, the psychological meaning of which is "all that takes place in our conscious life." There are two kinds of experience, outer or objective, and inner or subjective. It is the inner experience which is the highest. Here the self is seen as "a reality immediately experienced." And, strictly speaking, is there anything else immediately experienced? Then it turns out that the self, instead of being "a mere concept built up out of sensory material," is the most certain item of knowledge we have; and as Schopenhauer long ago said, "This foundation is essentially and inevitably the subjective, the individual consciousness. For this alone is and remains immediate."

The remainder of the book is given to the development of the factors in religious experience as they are found in childhood, adolescence, and adulthood. Such subjects as the subconscious and religious experience, conversion and evangelism, faith, worship, mysticism, and the continuance of personal life after death are considered with ability and thoroughness.

The work is singularly free from the fear of "the reproach of having some critics pronounce you 'unscientific.'" The philosophical attitude is that of personalism, or the belief that God is infinite personal intelligence. The author has written a work on the psychology of religious experience, by which he means Christian experience, that is in fact in harmony with Christianity, and which needs to make no apology for any lack of loyalty to scientific methods. The work is remarkably clear from stilted technical terms. It is a very able treatment of the subject, and one much needed.

FRANK W. COLLIER.

American University.

The Faith of Modernism. By SHAILER MATHEWS. New York: The Macmillan Company.

IN the current issue of *The Ladies Home Journal*—which even preachers may, on occasion, invade with profit, since it reveals the feminine mind (as it is in 1925) and lets them see where their wives' minds are likely to dwell off-Sundays—there is an article from the pen of Harry Emerson Fosdick, entitled "What Christian Liberals Are Driving At." If you will read the article—it is worth reading—and then turn to Dean Mathews' book, you will come to feel that these worthies ought to get together on the use of their words. For those whom Fosdick calls liberals, the Dean calls modernists. The confusion is intensified by the fact that Dean Mathews takes the liberals to task for their cold intellectualism, and for their psychological shortcomings in failing to meet the needs of life. But when he does so, he is speaking of Unitarians and the like, and has never a thought of chastising those Fosdick describes in his article and personifies in his life. Moreover, poor Machen of Princeton Seminary, in a book reviewed in these pages some time ago, pictures liberals as neither Fosdick nor Mathews would recognize them in their most lucid moments. It is all too confusing. Enemy and friend alike, they ought to come to terms on terms.

Most of us have been wary of calling ourselves modernists. But when you read the Dean's description of modernism, it is nothing else than the description of the liberal Christian of to-day. "The use," he tells us, "of scientific, historical social methods in understanding and applying evangelical Christianity to the needs of living persons, is Modernism." At this rate, modernism is not only within reach of Methodism, but bids fair (in time) to invade triumphantly the shocked sections of South Jersey, where some now live in breathless expectancy of Methodism's demise.

Dean Mathews is preeminently a fair man. He bears no ill-will toward those who do not accept his view: "The opposition to the Modernist interpretation of Christianity is not born of mere belligerency or unthinking reaction. In the minds of many earnest Christians it expresses a genuine desire to maintain orthodox Christianity as a vital religion, and a fear lest Modernists should be substituting sociology or scholarship or even unbelief for the Gospel. And with this fear a Modernist must confess

sympathy. A religion that psychologizes God into a personification of social values, that belittles sin and the need of salvation through the working of God's Spirit, that would merely substitute a liberal theology for a conservative, is impotent to help a bewildered and sinful world toward the kingdom of God."

Every Protestant pastor ought to read this book. He would come from the reading of it much better informed and, we venture to believe, deeply inspired. With ninety-five per cent of Dean Mathews' book the progressive Christian will agree. About the other five per cent he will probably quarrel. Dean Mathews rarely, yet occasionally, falls into the trap of words. He says a thing because it sounds nice, not because it rings true. For instance, he says in one place: "Christ does not save by dying, but he died because he saved." A statement like that is not quite fair to the fact, even to the Dean's later facts, for he heartily champions the atonement. But, in the large, his statements are logical, in good literary style, and free from rancor or a blasé desire to shock.

J. M. VERSTEEG.

Port Jervis, N. Y.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Interpretations New and Old. By ALFRED S. GEDEN (Scribners, \$2.50). These scholarly addresses of an able Hebrew professor, now advanced in years but not diminished in learning, are indeed more than old. They are a really optimistic treatment of many vital topics of scholarship and religion—such, for example, as "Divine Creation," "The Jehovah-God," "Inspiration," etc. The emphasis is not, however, on the academic interpretations of these problems but on their religious value. So these are sermons as well as addresses.

The Art of Preaching. By DAVID SMITH (Doran, \$2). A volume of simple but practical addresses, not only on homiletics, but on study, worship and pastoral work. It starts with chapters on the history of preaching, such as Jewish Preaching, Greek Platonic and Apostolic Preaching. And then it tells how to prepare and deliver the sermon. Doctor Smith, the well-known author of *The Days of His Flesh*, is himself a very successful preacher.

Songs of Sorrow and Praise. By DUNCAN CAMERON (Scribners, \$2.50). These addresses were delivered in the Hastie Lectureship of Glasgow University, Scotland. They deal with the Psalter as the Praise Book of the Israelites in the Temple after the Exile. That is one reason for the mingled sorrow and joy in this Hebrew hymnology. It deals with the form of the Psalter, shows its relation to the Covenant with Jehovah, the Law and Worship of Israel. It contains many excellent translations and discusses the use of the Psalter both in the Jewish and the Christian Church. The literary style of these lectures is admirable.

Du Bose as a Prophet of Unity. By J. O. F. MURRAY (S. P. C. K., Macmillan, 4s. 6d.). Doctor Du Bose was a teacher of theology in

Sewanee University, Tennessee. He was a notable contributor both to philosophy and religious thought. And he was also something of a prophet. He had quite an original form of Christological thought, especially as to the personal relation of Jesus Christ to every member of the human race. He teaches not merely a mystical but an actual organic unity of Christ to every individual in his Great Inclusive Church. Doctor Murray, in this memorial volume, delivers seven lectures in which the Du Bose doctrine is probably stated more systematically and lucidly than in the works of Du Bose himself. His contribution to religion was unique and this is an admirable outline.

Stewardship for All of Life. By LUTHER E. LOVEJOY (Methodist Book Concern, 75 cents). This recent addition to the Life and Service Series is probably the best textbook yet prepared for stewardship study classes. We are becoming rich in literature on this problem but the church is not yet becoming rich through its absorption by its membership. A majority of those who call themselves Christians are still robbing God. The Kingdom of God will not come in full power, until the teaching of Jesus is applied to all life. Doctor Lovejoy is a leading specialist on this subject and this treatise if read by all our membership would create a church mobilized in service, personal work and money for World Service.

Mary the Mother of All Mothers. By GEORGE MACADAM (Abingdon Press, \$1.50). Protestant faith must not lose the spiritual value of the personality of the Virgin Mother. This volume is an able statement of this truth, which Romanism has lost through perversion and exaggeration and Protestantism through neglect. The discussion is scriptural and sensible. And the author applies this holy motherhood to all motherhood. It is a lovely book, richly illustrated from both ancient and modern art; there is no better gift either for Christmas or Mother's Day.

Symphonic Sermons. By WILLIAM L. STIDGER (Doran, \$2.50, net). These sermons, unique in their character, were delivered to overflowing congregations in Saint Mark's Methodist Church, Detroit. It is called a New Method in Homiletic. It may not be wholly new, for every imaginative sermon should be the treatment of a theme in various movements, like those of a musical symphony. These charming addresses are based on a Scripture text associated with some poetical quotation. The latter has value as ornament and illustration but it is the Scripture which furnishes the real theme. And Bible truths can be developed into all forms of thought and feeling. They have no bottom and their treasure can never be exhausted. All preachers will not compose just such symphonies as Doctor Stidger, but all may and should give a like musical trend to their preaching.

Key to the Exercises in Davidson's Hebrew Grammar. By JOHN McFAYDEN (Scribner's, \$3.50). For most Hebrew students Davidson's is the most useful and comprehensible grammar. And this *Key* greatly simplifies it. It is somewhat more than a textbook on syntax and contains a number of illuminating interpretations of biblical passages; these are

necessarily brief but suggestive. It will impoverish the church if it loses all ministers who master the Hebrew and Greek books of the Bible. They really need a teacher, but this volume is in some measure a substitute for the Hebrew professor.

The Abolition of War. By SHERWOOD EDDY and KIRBY PAGE (Doran, \$1.50). Are these two men pacifists? Surely they are, in the sense of that word in the seventh Beatitude, peacemakers who are truly children of God. Sherwood Eddy tells the story of his own experiences during and after the World War. He began by thinking that some sort of war could be justified; he ended with these three convictions: War is wrong in its method; war is wrong in its results; war is un-Christian. No international disputes can or ever will be settled by this brutal method. And Kirby Page furnishes a brief but encyclopedic handbook on all the puzzling questions raised by this problem. Fifty questions are asked and bravely answered on such topics as the justification of force, the results of war, the causes of war, substitutes for war, the churches and war, the citizen and war. Whatever our blatant jingoists may call these two men, they are braver than any of our militarists, who seem to suffer from a fear complex.

Best Sermons, 1924. Edited by JOSEPH FORT NEWTON (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). This is the first of a series to be published yearly. Seven or more denominations are included in this volume. These are largely genuine gospel sermons. To review the book would require extended criticism of twenty sermons. One thing it reveals is that the great American preachers of every denomination present a living Christ to their congregations. The differences of opinion are shadows wholly extinguished by the splendor of spiritual reality in experience and life. Methodists will possibly be proud to note that four of these pulpit orators are of our church, but genuine Methodists will also rejoice to believe that John Wesley would accept quite all the rest into his holy societies. Has Doctor Newton presented a true picture of the American pulpit? If he has, this volume should strongly sustain spiritual optimism. We shall not state the rank of these sermons, but none is higher than Gaius Glenn Atkins' "The Price of the Best."

FLASHLIGHTS ON CURRENT LITERATURE

The Supremacy of the Spiritual. By HERBERT ALDEN YOUTZ (Macmillan, \$1.75). Very good essays concerning spiritual personality.

The Mastery of Manhood. By C. F. WIMBERLY (Revell, \$1.25). Quite vigorous presentation of religious factors for making mankind in an old-fashioned way.

Sermons on the Great Tragedies of the Bible. By ASHLEY CHAPPELL (Doran, \$1.60). Striking sermons by this able expository preacher.

Never Man So Spake. By HOWARD GROSE (Doran, \$1.75). Real reli-

gious education started with Jesus. Here we are taken to his school and "learn of him."

John Henry Jowett. By ARTHUR PORRITT (Doran, \$2.50). Excellent biography of a great preacher. A review can be found in our January issue (article by Doctor Hough).

The Way to the Best. By MILES H. KRUMBINE (Doran, \$1.50). Best sermons by an arousing Lutheran minister which lead to the best in character and life.

The Inner Circle. By TREVOR H. DAVIES (Doran, \$2.50). Fine side-lights on the Gospel are these portraits of the companions of Jesus. Pictures well also the historic atmosphere of that day.

Friendly Frolics. By OSA LENT DUNBAR (Methodist Book Concern, 50 cents). Rather rich recreational material for Epworth Leagues and young people generally.

George C. Stebbins: Reminiscences and Gospel Hymn Stories (Doran, \$3). Very entertaining personal memorial of musical evangelism. Sketches of song writing from as high up as William F. Sherwin to as low down as Homer Rodeheaver.

Life in the Fellowship. By JOHN P. MAUD (Macmillan, \$1). Good religious lessons especially adapted to college students, following quite closely the grounds of the Copece Conference.

History of the Christian Church: From the Earliest Times to A. D. 461. By F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON (Doran, \$3). An American reprint of this unsurpassed history, which some of us already own and others should.

Superintendent's Helper, 1924, and Lesson Handbook, 1924. Both by HENRY H. MEYER (Methodist Book Concern, 40 cents each). No better pocket lesson help for the Improved International Course of Sunday School Lessons.

L'Apocalypse. Par PAUL LOUIS-COUCHON (Editions Rossard, Paris, France, 21 francs). A French poetical translation of the Book of Revelation, largely based on Charles' English Commentary. A very scholarly introduction.

The Methodist Year Book, 1924. OLIVER S. BAKETEL, editor (Methodist Book Concern, 50 cents). Too late for review. Every official member (and the rest) should have and read a copy.

Literature of the Old Testament. By HERBERT R. PURINGTON (Scribners, \$1.25). No better handbook for class work, especially in public schools. It will persuade young folks to read the Bible.

A Book of Sunsets. By WILLIAM L. STIDGER (Abingdon Press, \$1). Pictures in poetical prose of divine artistry all round the world.

A READING COURSE

Contributions of Science to Religion. Edited by SHAILER MATHEWS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$3.

THE Conference of Modern Churchmen held in Oxford, England, in August, 1924, was one of the most significant gatherings in the history of the church. On that occasion professional scientists met with theologians to compare notes on the scientific approach to religion. The intellectual freedom and fearlessness without the reserve of suspicion, were to the good even when all the conclusions were not acceptable. The spirit of earnest sincerity and of unhampered devotion to truth was remarkably reassuring. It was evident that science rightly so called is not dogmatic and that "scientific investigation is just part of the struggle in which spiritual reality manifests itself." The desiccated science of much popular exposition, in so far as it manifests dogmatism, is desecrated science. May not the same be said of theology?

Professor Haldane doubtless expressed the sentiments of his scientific colleagues when he said: "There are very many who, like myself, are kept away from existing churches by dogmas which they cannot honestly countenance, and perhaps a still larger number who are actively hostile because they regard churches as hot-beds of superstition." He went on to affirm that, "the story of Jesus and his teaching appeals to all men, and influences them practically, because it touches what is deepest and most real in them." This teaching, however, needs to be supported by the widest philosophical and scientific knowledge. "The true function of the church," he concluded, "is to help men see reality as a whole and guide their actions accordingly, thus preventing social chaos, intellectual confusion, and artistic decay."

Surely the time has come when the church should renounce intolerance, not in the interest of a senile amiability which has no convictions but to commend the religion of Jesus Christ more effectively to the modern mind and conscience. We need both evangelism and enlightenment but neither will be benefited until we encourage laborious research and discourage alarmist misrepresentations, and insist on a frank and unprejudiced statement of all the facts, so as to remove misunderstanding and set the issue between religion and science in its proper perspective. The spirit of mutual suspicion and hostility has been due to a confusion of aims causing an incompatibility that has checkmated scientific advance and religious progress.

Let it be said at the outset that science is concerned with what exists. Its business is to deal with quantitative measurements, emphasizing the mathematical equation. Its attitude to facts is impersonal and existential and it gives what might be called "the grammar or anatomy of the universe." Religion, on the other hand, deals with values. It is personal and valuational, and takes note of intellectual, æsthetic and ethical interests as they affect the individual and society. Description is the function of science; its sphere is restricted even though it has stretched out space

and time and staggered us with the immensities of the universe. Science has, moreover, not yet reached finality and is in process of constant change, while recognizing the continuity of all the happenings which are related and inter-related under the control of general laws. Interpretation is the function of religion; it surveys the whole of experience, and in the higher forms of religious consciousness it substantiates its claim to be *en rapport* with the ultimate nature of things. We who accept the perfection of religion in Jesus Christ know that the last word has been spoken of personal fellowship with the Eternal. But this experience is not static and final, for the vitalizing process of communion with God is influenced by developing conceptions of God, as men understand the fuller significance of the Divine Fatherhood and its bearing on all life and destiny. Religion thus reckons what is more fundamental and inclusive, and uses the data of science for larger consolidations and more divers applications. Just as there is no conflict between grammar and language, so there need be no conflict between science and religion, when their respective spheres are understood and aligned.

Those who assume that science is anti-Christian and that it has nothing to teach the church, which is the exponent of religion, fly in the face of history, and impose tests that neither they nor their fathers were able to bear, and which their children certainly will repudiate. In view of what science has actually contributed to the sum total of knowledge and for the alleviation of life, it is a mark of scant courtesy to look askance at this benefactor. The trouble is not between science and religion but between the representatives of these two disciplines, as Andrew D. White so well showed in his two volumes on *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*. This careful recital, published in 1896, needs to be brought up to date. A supplementary chapter will surely be an amazing revelation of the crudities and cruelties of pugnacious dogmatism in both camps. It should be a salutary warning to religionists, not to run amuck against science and summarily deny all its conclusions. Such a course has largely been responsible for the amazing revival of the superstitions of spiritualism, theosophy and the like, and for the spread of irrationalism that threatens to be so serious a menace to the cause of genuine religion. The warning to scientists is no less timely, not to confuse their philosophical and religious views with their scientific method. This has led some to disparage religion, whose ideals, values and relationships are beyond the purview of science, so admittedly incapable of explaining all the facts. The failure to be considerate in these matters is responsible for the pseudo-scientific cults that witness to the confusion of religious beliefs caused by popular science. Truth may change its garb but not its character, and whether labeled scientific or religious it is always sacred. In a sense, religion and science are "incommensurables," and yet, as Professor J. Arthur Thomson puts it, "religious interpretation and scientific analysis are equally natural and necessary expressions of the developing human spirit" (*The System of Animate Nature*, Vol. I, p. 42). They should therefore be regarded not as competitors but as helpers who supplement each other's work.

These considerations bring us to the volume of essays edited by Professor Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago. Its aim is to consider the legitimacy of the religious life and world-view. The conclusion is that Christianity, as the most developed religion, does cohere with the modern scientific outlook. Some of its doctrines need to be modified or rather readjusted, but this does not affect the central verities of the gospel of redemption. Note the six elements of belief in the completed religious world-view of Christianity, not admitted by naturalism, and satisfy yourself why these six are decidedly necessary for a comprehensive understanding of all life, and how they are thoroughly exemplified and focussed in the experience and teachings of Jesus Christ (p. 9f.).

One is impressed by the conciliatory and courageous temper of the writers, who report findings in their respective departments. They acknowledge that the results are in no sense subversive of religion but rather contributory to its more effective influence. Another striking feature is the readiness to concede the greatness of human limitations in the presence of the vastness of the universe and of its unfathomed mysteries. These declarations testify to the spirit of humility and optimism characteristic of genuine scientists. Much has been discovered, but this is an earnest of more that remains to be made known to the diligent and earnest investigator. In such an atmosphere of suspended judgment, the lay reader is warned not to expect too much in the way of cogent proof (p. 167). He who patiently and deliberately reads through these chapters, not reluctant to accept scientific conclusions which contradict cherished notions, and not too ready to renounce traditional beliefs without due warrant, will find here a great deal to strengthen his faith in the God, who by divers portions and in divers manners has revealed his manifold wisdom through his works.

The first part of the book, on "The World Given by Science," consists of ten readable essays, which open up the wonders in the heavens above and on the earth below and beneath. The first one, on "The Method of Science," institutes a contrast between probable and absolute truth, and states that in all investigations and in all knowledge, scientific and common, faith has played an enormous part (p. 35). What sort of faith is here implied? The idea that matter is inert has been exploded by the physicist. The significance of the new world of electrons is certainly staggering, as we contemplate the fascinating picture of the ultimate structure of matter (p. 56). Astronomy has unfolded the vastness, oneness and orderliness of the universe, and given a new conception of boundless reality, all of which offer evidence that we live not in a multi-universe influenced by random forces but in a cosmos that has divinity in it and over it, such as to call forth our "wonder, love and praise." Geology produces a similar impression, as we think of the millions, perhaps trillions, of years required for the development of our own world (p. 115). Man is a late comer and physically insignificant in comparison with the past and present denizens of the earth (p. 123). What gives him high rank is in the vital energy to do useful things and control

the forces of environment and heredity, in a process of continuous adjustment with direction. Why is "control" the key to this entire process? (p. 139ff.). The wonder of plant evolution and plant sociology is described in a fascinating manner.

"Evolution is merely the philosophy of change as opposed to the philosophy of fixity and unchangeability" (p. 166). The controversy on this subject has unfortunately been onesided. Attempts to decide the question by the ballot box and by legislative enactments are among the curious phenomena of mob psychology. The increasing accumulation of biological facts has opened fresh pathways that constantly lead to changing vistas. Note the distinction between the principle of evolution and the theory of natural selection (p. 165). Social evolution must be distinguished from social progress. This is shown in a luminous essay which conservatively estimates that the oldest remains of our species are twenty-five thousand years (p. 213). There is a good discussion of the theories of independent origins of culture and of diffusion of cultures, with reference to the preliterate period, the mediæval period from the earliest civilization of Egypt, and the modern period dating from the Renaissance (p. 219ff.). The essay on "Mind and Evolution" takes us into psychology—physiological, experimental and abnormal—and argues that social theory in respect of human intelligence rises above biological evolution (p. 264).

Our gratitude to science is enthusiastically called forth after reading the second part, on "Scientific Cooperation with Nature." Here are convincing reminders of our permanent indebtedness to medical science; for what we have been taught in respect of eugenics and sanitation; and for what science has done for agriculture (p. 269ff.).

The third part is on "Religion, the Personal Adjustment to Environment." "Religion is life functioning in the interest of self-protection," by deepening the feeling of dependence and by conscious efforts after reconciliation with the powers or power above (p. 355). Such an experience has reached its high-water mark in Christianity, which continues to demonstrate its power to preserve and develop individual and social values (p. 386). Note the suggestive discussion of the crises which the church confronted and overcame in the fourth and fifth centuries, when civilization disintegrated; in the sixteenth century, when there was a complete dislocation of economic, political and social life; in the eighteenth century, of political and industrial revolution (p. 385f.). It was not by the assertion of authority but by the conserving forces of religion that the church was finally triumphant. So will it be in the present crisis. And to meet it, adequately equipped, such volumes as this one are decidedly helpful. It is encouraging to be told, on the basis of comprehensive study, that the values of religion have been greatly enriched by our increased knowledge of the universe. Religion is seen to be not merely a philosophy of values or of ideals, but "an active personally adjusted living with the value-producing elements of the universe" (p. 401).

The assertion that "science gives content to religious thought," which is the title of the eighteenth chapter, is well substantiated with reference

to the conception of God. The Christian doctrine of the Trinity is totally unlike the triads of eastern religions (p. 404). It has frequently been asserted that science has nothing to say about sin. To be sure, it does not use theological language, but sin as a mal-adjustment producing anti-social acts, is one of the inevitable teachings of biology (p. 410). So also with spiritual regeneration, the result of readjustment to the conditions set by the presence of personality in the universe (p. 413f.). Immortality is "the conservation of cosmic personal activity" (p. 417). All this finds conclusive indorsement in Jesus, "the revealer of an infinite and immanent but self-expressing personality" (p. 419). Here then is the call to the church, to make the fearless adventure of faith in the name of the Cosmic Christ, and become fellow-workers with scientists, seers, scholars and saints, for the universal establishment of the kingdom of God, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Side Reading

The Modern Use of the Bible. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK (Macmillan, \$1.60). It is not what Fosdick denies but what he affirms, not what he criticizes but what he constructs, not what he generalizes but what he specifies, that give to this volume unusual value. This is a candid and conciliatory interpretation of the permanent spiritual and ethical values of the Bible. The Holy Book is thus manifestly the unique message of God's redeeming love to human life. It furthermore offers a motive and momentum that cannot but captivate the modern mind and conscience, and give lucidity and stability to our faith in Jesus Christ.

The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature. By JAMES Y. SIMPSON (Doran, \$2.25). A thoroughly competent survey of all the factors from the standpoint of biology, maintaining that neither life nor evolution can be rightly understood, unless we reckon with a directive spiritual power which appears in all the successive stages of development. The chapters on Morality, Evil, Miracle and Immortality are specially good.

The Philosophy of Religion. By D. MIALl EDWARDS (Doran, \$1.75). The sections dealing with the relations between religion and science have reference to the origin, historical development and nature of religion. As regards both science and philosophy, religion is unique and independent. It is "not departmental but pervades all interests and sweeps all life into its orbit." The argument is conducted on a high level but special mention should be made of the chapters on "The Nature of Religion," and "Religion and Ultimate Reality."

[In this issue eight books on Religion and Science are reviewed by the Editor. This may properly be read in connection with the Reading Course.]

For further information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

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WHO'S WHO IN THE REVIEW

The frontispiece of this issue is from the famous painting by Raphael at Bologna, of Saint Cecilia, the traditional Christian martyr of the early church who praised God by instrumental as well as by vocal music and who is regarded as the patron saint of sacred music. The noble figure on the right of the picture represents the apostle Paul, who is listening both to her and the angels in the skies.

CHARLES S. NUTTER, D.D., is a well-known hymnologist who edited with Dr. Wilbur F. Tillett *The Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church*, an indispensable comment on *The Methodist Hymnal*.

Professor ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON has direction of the musical department of Harvard University. His article was delivered as an address before the Princeton Theological School, May, 1924.

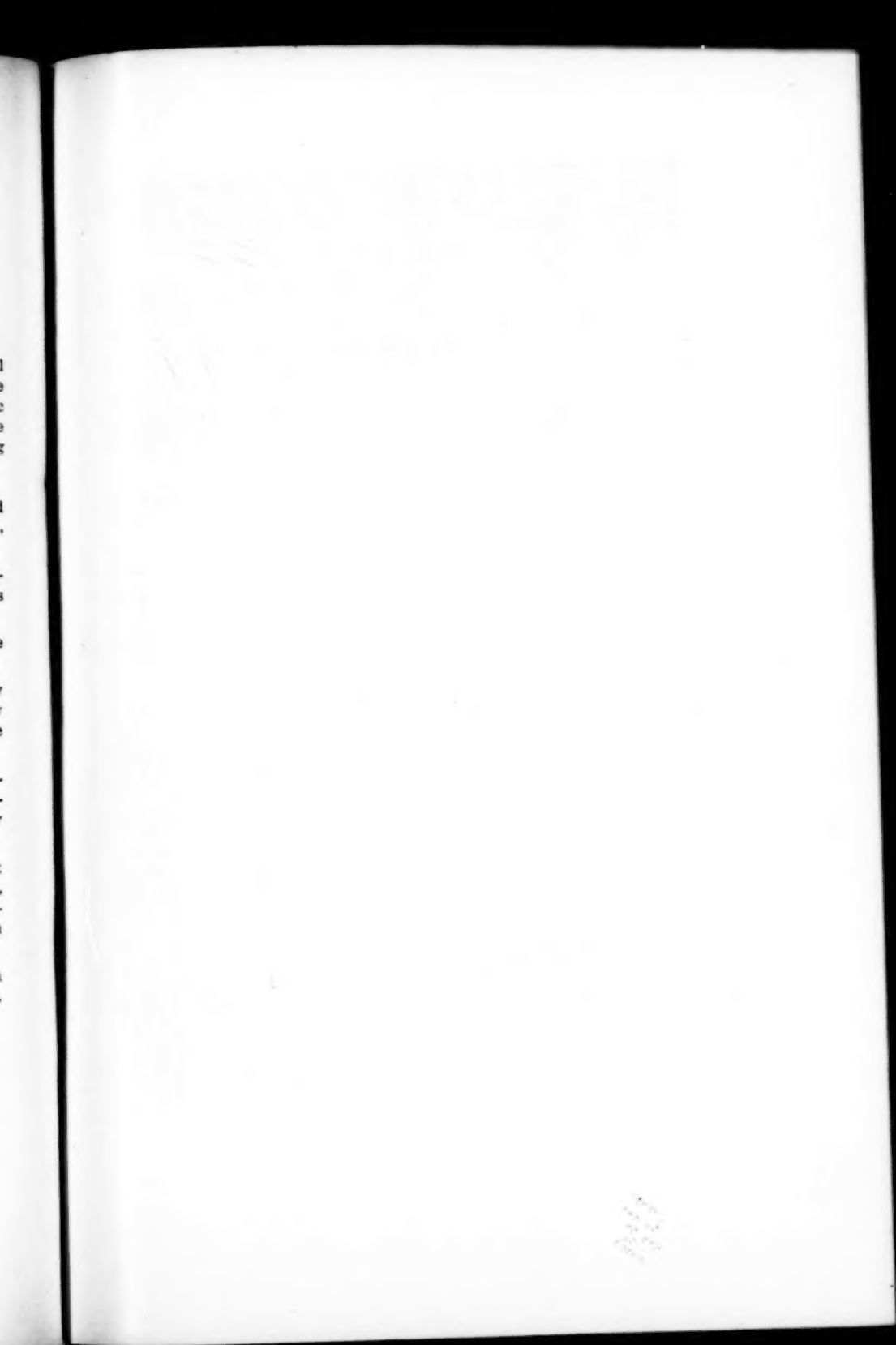
The contributors to the Symposium on "Verse and Voice" all have their Who's Who at the end of each contribution.

SAMUEL M. LE PAGE, Ph.D., is professor in the department of history in Iowa Wesleyan University, Mount Pleasant, Iowa. JENNIE ANDREW MOGG is the wife of the Rev. Dr. C. E. Mogg, now retired from the active ministry.

Bishop FRANCIS WESLEY WARNE, D.D., missionary to India for thirty-eight years, is now in charge of the Methodist Episcopal Area at Bangalore, India. JOHN H. WILLEY, D.D., is vice-president of the Lord's Day Alliance.

DWIGHT M. BECK, Ph.D., is professor of the English Bible in Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio. Professor WILLIAM HARMON NORTON, A.M., LL.D., of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, is a distinguished geological authority. But he is also an expert in Greek, in music, and in English.

MADELEINE SWEENEY MILLER is "mistress of the manse" of Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, New York. Her husband, the pastor, is the Rev. J. Lane Miller.





SAINT CECILIA: RAPHAEL